Worlds Ignite by beautiful_blue

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Summary:

Richie and Will move to Los Angeles in the hopes of completing their schooling and entering the world of their dream jobs. Not everything is as they expected, and very difficult trials await them. Can they make it into adulthood together, or will the big bad world divide them?

Warning: This isn't as much of a cute and fluffy story as it's predecessor 'Worlds Collide'. There is a lot more drama and a lot more action in this story. Please be advised things may get angsty as you go along.

1. Welcome to the City of Angels

Author's Note:

- For Shadowhunter4.

  > Welcome to a brand new part to this series! I hope you will all stick with it to the end! Things are about to heat up!

Chapter 1

The move from Orono Maine to Los Angeles California had taken a lot out of Richie and Will the first week of August. Unpacking and moving furniture around had left Will and Richie too tired to do much else besides relax on the beach together in the sunshine. Will had never experienced a California beach, but he was loving every second of the warm sun caressing his body.

The two of them had been lying together for at least half an hour before Richie was nudged by the plastic cap of the sun block Will had picked up before arriving in California like Max instructed. Richie looked up at Will confused for a moment before grinning, “You want me to rub that all over your body?” Richie waggled his eyebrows.

“You get me and then I’ll get you?” Will asked with a soft smile.

Richie sat up, taking the bottle in his hands before opening it. He poured a bunch of lotion on his hands before Will rested on his stomach, giving Richie access to his entire back. Richie rubbed the lotion onto Will’s back, caressing his body gently as he did so. Will moaned softly, enjoying the feeling of what Richie was doing.

Leaning down, Richie pressed his lips to Will’s neck, kissing him lovingly in just the way that always got to Will. “Hey…” Will warned as Richie continued to kiss him.

“Hey what?” Richie muttered kissing Will some more as he rubbed lotion onto his shoulders.

“You’re well aware what you’re doing to me right now…” Will

warned.

“You’re drilling your dick into the sand below?” Richie teased before sitting up.

Will giggled a bit, “I’m about to start excavation soon if you don’t be careful. “

Richie put on a British accent that sounded rather convincing, “I do say there is a hole that must be dug, good sir!”

Will smacked Richie’s leg as he laughed, “Stop that! You know your voices make me laugh and cringe at the same time.”

Richie chuckled, Rolling Will onto his back so he could get the front of him with sunscreen as well. “Will, have I ever told you how beautiful you look in the sunshine?”

Will smiled a little, his eyes closed, “You’re trying to get some action, aren’t you?”

“Fuck me in the water?” Richie asked.

“We have to wait fifteen minutes for the sunscreen to dry… but after that, I will gladly fuck you in the water.” Will giggled, knowing they could get away with it in the ocean.

“Damn right!” Richie smirked as he rubbed lotion on the rest of Will’s body.

Will made sure he got sunscreen all over Richie. Considering how pale Richie was, it seemed like he’d burn easily. Will loved how Richie was so pale with dark hair and dark eyes. Something about how beautiful Richie was made his insides flutter.

They had gotten into their programs in L.A. and as it was their final years, It seemed like it would be a nice place to graduate. Will was eager to get back to work on his comics. He was working on the eighth installment and Richie was continually telling him to talk to a publishing company about getting the first comic published. Will had agreed to seek out a publisher before the school year started.

Richie leaned over Will, kissing him sweetly as they lay together on the beach, waiting for their sun screen to set in. Will ran his fingers through Richie's hair, tugging at it gently only to hear Richie growl in response. Will nipped at Richie's bottom lip, knowing exactly how much he was exciting his boyfriend.

"You're asking for it…" Richie whispered in his ear.

"Am I? I thought I was just being mean…" Will said in a soft voice that drove Richie nuts.

Richie grinned, "I think it's about time I brought you into the water…" Richie said hovering over Will, blocking out the sun from his hazel eyes.

"Are you sure you want to?" Will teased.

"Am I sure I want to fuck you? Damn right I am." Richie wrapped an arm around Will's shoulders while hooking his other arm under his legs before Richie stood up fairly easily.

Will giggled, enjoying the feeling of being carried as he was brought into the water. The moment Richie stepped into the warm water of the ocean, he felt excitement rushing through him. Will wrapped his legs around Richie's waist as they got deep enough in the water that Will no longer could touch the floor of the ocean. Richie stood where he was, holding Will close. Their lips locked, Richie allowing his one hand to slide down Will's back and down his shorts.

Groaning softly, Will felt Richie's finger probing at his opening. Their tongues mingled, Richie sliding his middle finger deeply inside of Will before pulling it out slowly repeatedly. He knew he was driving Will insane, but he loved the way it made Will kiss him deeper. Sliding in his index finger, Richie moved his fingers a little faster, listening to Will's soft moaning all the while.

"Richie… put it in me…" Will begged, clenching around his fingers with arousal.

"Are you sure you can handle all this dick? It's pretty impressive…" Richie tormented some more before his mouth made it's way to Will's

neck.

Whimpering, Will gripped Richie's back. "Please fuck me…"

"Well, since you asked so nicely…" Richie grinned before he pulled down Will's swim shorts.

Will held them in one hand as watched Richie pull his own down low enough to free his erection. Richie pulled Will to him, locking their lips back together as Will's legs wrapped around him once more, only this time they were experiencing skin on skin contact. Will positioned the head of Richie's cock against his opening before he slid down on it.

Richie's eyes rolled back and he bit his lip as Will was gripping him tightly already. "Fuck… You're such a tight boy… I love it."

Will moaned into Richie's neck as he felt Richie's hips began pumping his erection in and out at a steady pace. His prostate was greeted with a heavy thrust every few seconds, making Will tremble as his own erect cock was pressing into Richie's abdomen.

"We're finally fucking in the ocean… that's another tick off the old sex list." Richie grinned, rather pleased they were far away from other people in the ocean.

Will arched his back, gripping Richie's shoulders as a long moan escaped him, "Oh my God! Richie!" Will felt both the arousal and excitement bubbling in his chest.

Something about fucking in the ocean felt so freeing. They were fully exposed, but no one was around them to witness what was happening as they made sure to stay near the less crowded parts of the beach. The warm ocean waves splashed against Will's body, his medium length blonde hair partially wet already.

Richie grinned as he fucked into him repeatedly, "You're so fucking beautiful, Will…" Richie leaned in, kissing Will's neck as he thrust his hips faster. "I love you…"

Will moaned, hugging Richie close, "I love you so much, Richie… oh my God. You feel so big…"

Richie couldn't help but smile when Will said things like that in the heat of the moment, "Oh yeah? You like my big dick, don't you?"

Will moaned, "I love it so much!" Will began moving involuntarily as he was building up, "Richie! Oh yes!" Will moaned.

"Fuck if only we had our video camera…" Richie grinned as they fucked at a faster speed, getting closer and closer to their climax, "I'd have to send the video off to your friends and family, so they'd see what a naughty boy Will Byers is…" Richie knew his teasing did something to Will.

"Richie!" Will moaned, the head of his penis leaking precum into the water.

"Yeah, I'll have to be sure to tell your best friends how much you love taking my cock in the ocean. They'd tell you how much of a slut you are for me, wouldn't they?" Richie spoke softly into Will's ear, listening to him moaning desperately with each thrust, "It's true isn't it? You're a slut for me…"

Will whimpered, "Yes! OH God! Richie! I'm going to come!"

Richie bit down on Will's shoulder as Will's nails on his free hand dragged down Richie's back. Will wailed loudly, his body releasing hard as his arousal was so intensely high. Richie couldn't handle the way Will's ass was milking his cock a second longer, he released deep inside of Will, grunting loudly, "Fuck!"

Will panted heavily, his arms wrapped around Richie's shoulders as he pressed his face into Richie's neck. "Mm…"

Richie combed his fingers through Will's hair with one hand as he groped Will's ass with the other. "You're so fucking perfect… I don't think I'll ever get over the thrill of fucking you." Richie told him honestly.

Will pressed his lips to Richie's neck lovingly, "I feel the same."

Richie smiled and leaned them both back so they could look into each others eyes, "Should we head back to the beach? Or did you want to swim for a bit?"

Will smiled and carefully pulled his swim shorts back on. “How about we go dry off in the sun? I could use a rest after that.” Will giggled, kissing Richie’s lips sweetly.

Richie grinned, “Tired you out did I? With my big fat cock?”

Will rolled his eyes, “Yes, yes… don’t stroke your ego too much or it’ll get so big we’ll have to charge it rent.”

Richie laughed at that, swimming with Will back to the beach. They walked up the sandy hill towards their towels before lying down on their backs. Richie pulled his sunglasses on, enjoying the feeling of the sun drying his wet skin.

Will laced his fingers with Richie’s as he lay back, enjoying the euphoria that filled his body after their sex in the water. He was fairly certain no one would ever make him feel the way Richie did, so he felt lucky to be still dating Richie after being together two years.

It didn’t take long for Will to find himself so relaxed he was almost passing out next to Richie. The sounds of the waves were almost hypnotizing, and Will found himself nodding off before Richie woke him up with a hand on his bicep. “Hey, let’s get home. Layla should go for a walk soon.” Richie reminded.

Will smiled at him, nodding, “Yeah.”

The two of them gathered up their things, Will pulling on his t-shirt over top of his swim shorts as he headed to Richie’s truck. Richie drove through the mid-afternoon traffic rather calmly. It seemed nothing really bothered him about Los Angeles drivers thus far.

“So, what would you rate having sex in the ocean?” Richie asked him suddenly, “I’d give it a solid eight out of ten.”

Will giggled, “I really liked it so I’ll say eight out of ten is fair.”

“Ah, but what kind of sex has been your favourite so far?” Richie questioned.

“I think our slave and master sex does it for me the most.” Will confessed, “It’s such a good feeling when we play together like that.”

“I agree with that, but I think for me, the best sex was the sex on my birthday last year where you cuffed me to the bed and rode me to insanity.” Richie grinned, “I still jerk off to that sometimes.”

Will giggled, “Well I’m glad you liked it. I came several times so I definitely enjoyed it.”

Richie parked in the underground parking lot beneath their apartment building. They got out of the truck and headed for the stairs leading up to the third floor. Once they opened the door, Layla came bounding over to them, whining and licking at them excitedly.

“Look at that tail going. She’s so happy we’re home.” Richie grinned as Will hugged her and rubbed her fur.

Next she jumped up onto Richie’s chest, “Oh, hello beautiful.” Richie rubbed her fur, “Aren’t you a pretty girl? Look at you, all excited because both your daddies are home.” Richie spoke to her like she was a baby, making Will giggle.

“You made fun of me for talking to her like that and now you do it all the time.” Will laughed as he got Layla’s leash, hooking it to her collar immediately.

“Yeah well… she’s cute so I get it.” Richie smiled rubbing the back of his neck as they got Layla ready for their walk. “Alright, let’s go girl.”

Richie smiled as Will led the way with the leash, leading Layla out into the warm sunshine of the Los Angeles streets.

2. Sweet and Sour Chicken

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will discuss their upcoming year of school together over a couple bowls of sweet and sour chicken.

Chapter 2

Will was a little bit disoriented with how big UCLA was in comparison to his old university. It was a huge building with so many winding corridors that didn't always make his travels to class easy. Will eventually found himself a proper route to class that didn't send him off in the wrong direction.

Richie found his way around the school rather easily as he could see over peoples heads a lot easier than Will. Richie's classes were rather fun and he was looking forward to attending his final year in Los Angeles.

The first week was tough to get through but Richie came home on Friday night with some news. "I guess my entire class is going up for some radio station internships starting in two weeks."

Will looked up at him as he spoke before smiling a little, "So you'll finally get to be part of the business, huh?" Will smiled, "I'm happy for you."

"Well, it's not exactly a big part of the business, its just me going to work in a radio station without official status so I could be doing anything from managing sound boards to part time hosting if I'm lucky." Richie shrugged.

Will stirred the rice he was working on making in a small pot on the oven top. "Well that's still pretty amazing. Who knows, when you're working with this internship they might even hire you outright."

"I just hope they like me enough." Richie nodded as he sat at the kitchen table, waiting patiently for Will to finish their dinner.

Will began scooping the finished rice out of the pot and placing it inside of two bowls before he turned to his frying pan in which Will was cooking up sweet and sour chicken. Placing the chicken and the saucy mixture over top of the rice, Will headed over to the table placing the bowl in front of Richie before grabbing utensils to eat with.

“This looks really good, Will.” Richie smiled at his boyfriend as the steaming bowl emitted a sweet yet savoury scent.

“Thank you.” Will smiled sitting across from him.

“How’s your course going so far?” Richie asked before taking a bite of his dinner.

Will shrugged a bit, stirring the rice and the sauce together in his bowl, “I think each year is very similar to the last, but I’m learning a few new complex things which might help out with my comics.”

“Speaking of those…” Richie smiled at him.

Will giggled, “Don’t worry, I’ve got an appointment for the end of the month to actually have a one on one meeting with a publisher.”

“That’s great! When did you make these plans?” Richie questioned curiously as he scooped more delicious food into his mouth.

“I called today just after class. I’m really nervous though… I mean what if it falls through?” Will asked.

“Then you try another company until you find one that will take you on.” Richie said to him seriously, “Your comics are amazing, Will. People are going to go absolutely insane over them, I just know it.” Richie assured him.

“Thank you.” Will looked at him softly, feeling significantly better after talking to Richie about his insecurities.

“Also, I was wondering, did you ever come up with a name for your series?” Richie said with his mouth somewhat full of food still.

Will swallowed his mouthful, nodding his head, “Yeah… I’m thinking

of naming it ‘Stranger Things’ to be totally honest.”

“Stranger Things… well that might work.” Richie smiled, “Stranger Things is going to be huge, I just know it.”

“I’m glad you think so.” Will smiled.

Layla walked over to the table, her tail wagging happily as she stared up at Will with a desperate look in her eyes, “No, baby. You can’t have my dinner. You’ve just had yours.” Will told her.

Walking over to Richie she sat before him with a desperate expression in her eyes, “Oh no, don’t you start on me next…” Richie shook his head.

“She knows you always give into her, so she’s going to keep at you.” Will giggled as he continued to eat.

Richie tried to ignore her, but Layla made whining noises and pawed at his lap. Richie sighed, picking up a piece of chicken and feeding it to her, “There, now stop.” Richie said to her.

“See? This is why she targets you. She knows you’ll give into her.” Will couldn’t help but laugh, “She knows your weak.”

“She has cute puppy eyes, I can’t say no.” Richie smiled a little as Layla continued to stare up at him looking for more.

“This is why you’re going to starve.” Will giggled as he finished up his bowl.

Richie attempted to eat the rest without giving into Layla a second time, but once again her whining pleas got to him. “Ok, ok… fine…” Richie sighed handing a piece of chicken to her before he finished his bowl. “Jesus, you’re a needy little dog.” Richie said as he took his and Will’s bowl to the kitchen to begin doing the dishes.

Will cleaned off the kitchen table before heading over to Richie as he cleaned the final item in the sink. Wrapping both arms around Richie from behind, Will pressed his face in Richie’s back. “I’m so ready for the weekend.” Will said, muffled by Richie’s black hoodie.

Richie smiled, looking over his shoulder at Will, “You know, we could go ahead and have a relaxing night in the tub if you’re feeling it?”

“Oh, I do like the sounds of that…” Will smiled a little, “How about I start the water and you come join me when you’re ready?”

Richie chuckled, “Yeah, I’ll be right there.”

Will headed to their bathroom, it was bigger than the one back in Maine. Even the tub was an upgrade as it had much more room in it. Richie headed to the bathroom just as Will began filling the tub. Richie watched as Will turned to face him, “Ready to get naked?” Richie waggled his brows in a silly way that always made Will laugh.

“Of course.” Will smiled pulling Richie’s hoodie off followed by his white t-shirt.

Richie got undressed first before he began pulling Will’s clothing off. Once they were both naked, Richie wrapped his arms around Will, pulling him into a warm embrace, kissing the top of his head. “You’re so beautiful, Will…” Richie smiled closing his eyes.

Will kissed Richie’s chest, enjoying the feeling of being enveloped in his strong arms. “Mm… I love you, Richie. You’re the handsomest man I’ve ever met.” Will smiled as they pulled apart, only to press their lips together.

Smiling at each other, Richie rubbed Will’s arms before letting go of him to turn off the water flowing into the tub. Richie climbed in the tub first before Will climbed in, sitting between his long legs. Richie held Will against him, his arms around Will’s shoulders while Will held his arms. “Oh… this is so nice…” Will relaxed in the water, enjoying the way the heat was soothing his sore muscles.

Richie kissed Will’s shoulder, “It is.” They allowed themselves to enjoy the warmth of the bath before Richie decided to start soaping Will’s back gently. “So, what will you think when I’m a big time radio show host?” Richie asked with a grin.

“I’ll think you’re the sexiest radio show host I’ve ever seen.” Will

smiled.

“You won’t love me any more for all that cold hard fucking cash I’ll be making?” Richie questioned with a grin.

“Richie, you know I only love you for your body.” Will joked.

“It’s this face isn’t it? It’s fucking beautiful.” Richie winked.

“More like that dick of yours.” Will reached back, gripping it gently, only to feel it begin erecting.

“You know the rules, Will… you wake up the monster and you face it’s wraith.” Richie chuckled before leaning in to kiss Will’s neck.

Will bit his lip, “Alright, but let’s stay in the bath…” Will turned around and straddled Richie’s lap, rubbing himself against Richie’s forming erection as he pressed their mouths together.

Gripping Richie’s shoulders in his hands, Will grinded gently against his building erection. “I love you.” Will said softly.

Richie smiled, “I love you too, babe.”

Will reached under him, carefully stroking Richie’s erection. Richie leaned in, slowly kissing along Will’s neck as his member stiffened. Shivering, Will bit his lip at the way Richie’s mouth felt on his neck. It seemed Richie always knew how to turn him on in an instant.

Sliding onto Richie’s erection, he heard a soft grunt escape the raven-haired man beneath him. “Oh… your cock is amazing…” Will muttered, as he slowly shifted his hips up and down.

Richie’s head leaned back until it pressed against the wall of tiles surrounding the tub. “Mm… Will…”

Smiling a little, the blonde moved up and down on Richie, attempting to elicit more noises from him. Richie’s hands trailed up and down Will’s hips, watching him with half glazed eyes, “You’re so beautiful…”

Will leaned in, trailing kisses along Richie’s neck. “You’re so sexy, I

love your body so much." Will sucked on Richie's earlobe, the sensation making Richie shiver.

Thrusting up into Will, matching his pace, Richie moaned. "Fuck!" He panted heavily as he stared into Will's half lidded hazel eyes.

Will's cheeks were flushed, his desperate moans echoing off the white tile of their bathroom. "Oh God…" Will gripped Richie's shoulders, riding him a little faster.

Richie let out a low groan, "You're fucking amazing… don't stop!" Richie begged desperately as Will moved on him almost involuntarily.

Will gripped around Richie tighter, making Richie whimper as he wrapped both arms around Will, pulling him in for a hug. "Baby, I'm gonna fucking come…" Richie groaned, kissing down Will's neck in the hopes of getting his boyfriend there too.

Luckily for Richie, Will was already close to his climax. "Oh! Oh! Yes! Riche!" Will moaned between his bouncing.

Will arched his back, moaning loudly as he released on Richie's abdomen. Richie released into Will, thrusting a few final times before the two both stopped moving. Will clung to Richie, panting heavily as he came down from his intense high. "So good…" Will whispered, kissing Richie's cheek.

Richie smiled pulling Will back to kiss him. "You wanna take a shower now that we've soiled the fucking tub?"

Will giggled, "Yeah, good idea." Will reached back to drain the water from the tub; that was one way to end a Friday night.

Notes for the Chapter:

> This chapter is fairly mediocre, but I promise things are going to get more exciting soon enough!

3. Sushi Date

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie gets used to the sound board at his placement.
> Will takes Richie on a date to a sushi restaurant.

Chapter 3

Learning how to use the sound boards at the radio station he was interning at had been rather simple. Although there were tons of buttons, Richie managed to memorize a vast majority of them on the first day. While the on-air host was speaking Richie was in charge of the background sounds, and playing anything that seemed appropriate on the soundboard he was using. He was a bigger hit than he thought.

“I don’t know who you are, kid, but you’re pretty good.” David, the host, said as he finished his shift.

“Thank you, I’m Richie Tozier.” Richie smiled as he stuck out his hand to shake hands with the man confidently.

“This can’t be your first time using a sound board.” David looked at Richie for a moment.

“No, this is literally the first time I’ve used one. They’re pretty simple to me.” Richie shrugged as he sat with the headphones hanging from his neck.

David looked a bit impressed, “So, you’re from UCLA?” Richie nodded in response, “Well, what’s your goal in the radio station business?”

Richie smiled a bit, “Well, I’m hoping to be a host one day, it’s pretty much been my dream since I was a kid.” It was true, it was Richie’s dream job that had inspired him with many of his voices.

“I’ll put in a good word for you, maybe we can get you reading off the prompter soon.” The host gently clapped a hand to Richie’s shoulder, “Keep up the good work.”

Richie smiled as the man headed off. He felt a bubbling in his chest at the prospect of getting on the air and having a million people hearing him. Getting up out of the comfortable chair he was in, Richie took off the headphones, knowing the next person from the university was going to be arriving soon.

Richie headed out to the main lobby, his backpack slung over one shoulder as he walked. For a first day, it hadn't been bad. Richie had initially been nervous, but once he got into the studio and began practicing on the equipment, it turned out to be no big deal at all.

He waited at the front desk for the receptionist to get off the phone. She looked up at him upon hanging up. Richie looked at her, "I'm done my intern hours. I just wanted to clock out." Richie said to her.

"Oh, of course. Mr. Tozier?" The blonde asked him.

"That's my fathers name. You can call me, Richie." Richie couldn't even help himself sometimes.

The blonde looked up at him and laughed a little, "Alright, you're free to go." She told him.

"Thank you, ma'am." Richie said before heading out of the lobby towards the front doors.

As the week continued, Richie was completely comfortable with the sound board, knowing it inside out with all its functions. It wasn't until after his shift on the Friday that things took a rather unexpected turn for Richie.

"Mr. Tozier!" Richie heard someone call for him, he turned around to see one of the other radio show hosts named Kevin coming towards him.

"Did I forget to do something?" Richie questioned confused.

"No, I wanted to ask if you'd be willing to come in a little earlier for a screening. We'll tell you a little bit about some topics we're going to be talking about on air, and then we'll have you come on air with us. What do you say?" Kevin asked.

Richie smiled, “Yeah! I can come in an hour early or sooner than that even if you need!” Richie couldn’t believe it, he was already being asked about going on air and it was only his first week.

“An hour beforehand is fine. Come any earlier and you’d just be sitting around.” Kevin chuckled, his dark blonde stubble looking like it needed to be shaved by the following day.

“Sure! Yeah! I’m really excited for the opportunity!” Richie really was, he couldn’t wait to get on air and see how things went. “Thank you, so so sooo much!”

Kevin waved a hand, “Hey, no sweat it kid, you’re doing great. See you Monday.” Kevin pointed at him as he headed back to the elevator.

Richie bounded out to his car, practically glowing the entire way home. It was Friday night which meant he and Will were going to have their date night. He smiled a little, wondering what they would decide to do together. Parking in his usual space, Richie headed up to the apartment, sticking his key in the lock before entering his place. “Will? I’m home!”

Will came out of their bedroom wearing a clean blue buttoned up shirt and black pants beneath it. “Hey, honey.” Will smiled, wrapping his arms around Richie, kissing his lips gently, “How was your shift?”

Richie couldn’t help but stare at Will, he looked so handsome as he stared up at Richie with those big beautiful hazel eyes. “It was great! I got asked to go on the air for the first time on Monday!” Richie smiled brightly.

Will’s eyes lit up, “That’s great! I’m so proud of you, Richie!”

Richie could always count on Will’s support when it came to his dreams. Richie smiled, “I really can’t wait. They’ve got to have me come in early for a screening and then from there I guess I’ll be put on the air!”

“I hope I’m home when it happens. I want to hear you.” Will smiled excitedly, “This is so wonderful, babe.”

Richie kissed Will again, “You look so nice, did you want to go to a restaurant?”

Will smiled, “We could. I mean, I’d love to go out somewhere at the very least. Layla had her walk and we played so she’s fine to be home alone.” Will gestured to their sleeping white lab in the living room.

Richie smiled, “Let me go get changed and we’ll go.” Richie kissed will’s forehead before heading to their bedroom.

Richie pulled on black dress pants and clean white buttoned up shirt that seemed to make him look a little more dressed up like Will. Coming out of the bedroom, Richie looked at Will, “So where did you want to go?”

“How about the fancy sushi place down the street? We haven’t been there yet.” Will smiled as he looked over Richie’s outfit, “You look nice.”

“Thank you. I had to try my best to keep up with you.” Richie winked as he grabbed his keys, “I’ll get the truck ready.”

“Why don’t we just walk? It’s not that far. Plus then we can drink.” Will suggested.

It wasn’t often that Will suggested drinking and that was typically because Will became slutty when he drank more often than not. It meant good things for Richie either way, “Well that sounds good to me, beautiful.” Richie smiled as he and Will put on their nice dress shoes before heading out of their apartment together.

The walk really wasn’t that far. Richie didn’t even break a sweat as they walked up the small set of stone steps. Standing in front of the podium, Richie and Will waited for someone to come over and greet them. After a few seconds of waiting an Asian woman approached them with a kind smile, “Table for two?” she asked.

“Yes.” Richie smiled back.

She nodded, “Follow me.” She led them up a staircase meaning they would be put on the second level rather than the main floor.

Richie was rather pleased as he realized the upstairs tables were much more secluded from everyone else. They were seated at a half booth. Richie sat on the chair side of the table while Will sat on the booth bench. There were many bonzai trees and other beautiful plants that made them feel much more secluded. The deep crimson tablecloth was long, going down to the floor as they sat in their seats, Will sitting down a little more carefully than Richie.

“Your server will be by very soon. Please enjoy!” she smiled as she placed the black leather menus down before them.

Richie looked over at Will once she left, “Are you feeling ok?”

Will smiled, “Yeah, very much so. Why?” Will asked as he took the menu into his hands.

Richie looked a t him, “You just… you looked like you were sore when you sat down.”

Will giggled a bit, making Richie eye him suspiciously, “What’s going on?” Richie questioned.

Will reached into his pocket, pulling out something small and black before handing it to Richie. Upon taking the item into his hand he realized it was the remote for one of Will’s vibrating butt plugs. “Oh, my fuck… are you serious right now?” Richie looked a bit excited.

Will smiled sweetly nodding his head, “Yes. I wanted to make the night a little more fun for both of us.”

Richie licked his lower lip, pressing the plus button on the remote before watching Will shift a bit with a small whimper. Biting his lip, Richie grinned, putting his finger on the minus button for a moment before pressing it so it stopped tormenting Will. “Will Byers, you’re one kinky boy.” Richie said quietly with a grin as he shoved the remote into his pocket.

“Only for you, Richie.” Will smiled fondly before looking back at the menu in his hands.

The waitress came by and took their drink orders. Richie and Will decided to split a full bottle of white wine together. The waitress was

fast as she came back to the table with two glasses and a chilled bottle of wine. Will looked up at her with a smile, not noticing Richie's hand in his pocket as he spoke, "Th-ank you!" Will covered his mouth as the waitress giggled a bit, not realizing why he just shouted his thanks to her.

Richie shut off the plug and opened the wine as he snickered, "She probably thinks you're super nervous talking to pretty girls." Richie poured Will and himself a glass of wine, enjoying the flush of Will's cheeks.

"That better be what she thinks rather than what's actually happening." Will giggled taking a drink of his wine.

"No one will have a clue." Richie smiled taking a drink of his own wine.

"Richie, I really am proud of you for following your dreams. I can't wait to hear your live debut on the radio this Monday." Will smiled brightly at Richie, looking at him with such admiration it made Richie's heart swell.

"Thank you. I really can't wait for it. I don't know what I'm going to say but, we're supposed to go over that in the beforehand prep." Richie said with a shrug, "I'm not going to lie, I'm kind of nervous I'm going to suck." Richie smiled a little.

"Richie, you won't suck. You're so talented and so funny. You're going to blow them all away with your skill." Will smiled warmly at him.

"You always know just what to say. I love you." Richie smiled at him.

"I love you too." Will smiled before taking another drink from his wine glass, "I actually have some news of my own."

Richie looked at Will, "Oh my God, you're pregnant!"

Will giggled cutely, laughing at the look of mock excitement on Richie's face, "No, definitely not. I've gotten a call back from a publishing company."

“Really?!” Richie looked at him more seriously, his eyes wide, “So they’re going to take Stranger Things?!”

“Shh.” Will smiled trying to get Richie to lower his volume, “They said they’re interested in the comic’s storyline and they’d like to discuss it with me further. I’ve sent in the sample and the summary of the story, so they want to set up a meeting with me to see if they’re going to publish it or not.” Will explained.

“Oh baby, I’m so proud of you.” Richie smiled at him, their feet touching under the table.

Will looked like he was practically glowing, “I can’t wait to see how it goes. I mean, I know its not one hundred percent going to happen, but I’m so excited to have this opportunity.”

“Me too. Cheers to your comic.” Richie held up his glass.

“Cheers.“ Will clinked their glasses together before the two of them took another drink of their wine.

The waitress came by not long after to take their sushi orders. They ordered a combination of shrimp and crab meat sushi as it was their favourites from what they’d tried in the past. The two were having a great night together, between the wine, the good food and the kinky toy Will had brought along, it was one of the best nights in California thus far.

About three glasses in, Will was giggling at nearly everything Richie said, but it could have also been that Richie was doing his impersonations for Will. “You’re so cute, Richie.” Will smiled warmly, the wine making his smile much less controlled as it stretched wider than usual.

“I can’t wait to go home and have fun with you. You’re the best drunk ever.” Richie smiled, feeling about as inebriated as Will.

“Well… we don’t have to wait.” Will had a devious grin on his face as he looked Richie over, a look Richie only often saw before they had sex.

Richie smiled a bit, turning his head to scope out the washrooms, “I

think the washrooms are-" Richie paused as he realized Will had vanished from his seat.

He felt hands spreading his legs indicating Will had slid under the table. "Oh fuck… here?" Richie questioned.

A little giggle came from beneath the table as Will undid his pants, setting his erection free. Richie felt Will's warm mouth around his erection. Groaning into his hands, Richie clenched his eyes closed for a moment before looking around to see if anyone noticed what was happening. The size of the table cloth had kept Will hidden entirely, it also helped that he was small enough to fit under the table.

Richie turned on the vibrator, setting it on high, feeling Will's moans around his cock. Will deepthroated him swallowing around the head of his cock repeatedly. Richie was getting close just as the waitress came over to the table, "Did you or your friend want anything for dessert?"

Richie clenched his jaw and shook his head, "No." He said quickly trying to sound normal as Will sucked him deep into his mouth, the head of his cock greeting Will's tonsils once again.

"One bill or two?" She asked, seemingly unaware of what was going on under the table.

Richie held up one shaky finger before the waitress smiled and nodded before heading off. Gripping the table he felt Will moaning a bit more around him, indicating he was about to come. Richie gripped so hard his knuckles were turning white as he bit his lower lip, grunting softly as he came into Will's mouth.

Will swallowed before pulling off him. Richie shivered feeling Will put his penis back in his pants before doing them back up again. Richie turned off the plug and waited patiently for Will to return from below him. Climbing up from beneath the table, Will grabbed a napkin, wiping something wet off his hands. Will smiled at Richie who looked quite mind blown, "You can tick that off your to-do list."

"No fucking shit…" Richie said still trying to come down from his high, "Fuck… that was amazing…" Richie sighed with relief.

“Good, I aim to please.” Will giggled cutely as he finished his wine.

“Did you… jerk off under there?” Richie asked in a quiet voice.

Will nodded a bit with a smile, “Yep. That was fun.” Will said, the drunkenness clear in his voice.

Richie grinned a bit, blushing slightly, “I can’t even believe we just did that…” He covered his face a bit as Will smiled up at the waitress who brought them their bill.

“Thank you.” Will said to her as she headed off.

Richie grabbed the bill before Will could and pulled out some money from his wallet. “It’s my turn to pay.” Will reminded him.

“Fuck… after that? No. I’m paying.” Richie said before getting up with Will as the waitress came by again.

“Have a good night!” She smiled waving at them.

“Thanks!” Richie smiled as he and Will headed out of the restaurant quickly. “Move your ass, I’m ready to fuck you senseless the moment we get home.” Richie whispered to Will as they made it onto the street.

Notes for the Chapter:

Did you enjoy this? LET ME KNOW!

4. Calvin Silverman

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie takes Will to a radio station Halloween party. They meet Calvin Silverman, the owner of a stand up comedy lounge. Will gets a bad feeling about him.

Chapter 4

Monday rolled around, and Richie showed up early for his pre-air meeting with the other two hosts of that coming hour. The meeting had gone well as Richie was informed of the topics they were going to discuss on air. He was given very important instructions as to what he could and could not say on the air. Overall, Richie knew most of the rules, such as no swearing on the air which was a hard one for him to abide by.

Once he was sitting in his seat between the hosts, he felt a bubbling in his chest, and a twitching in his toes as he felt this was exactly where he belonged. Richie knew that as soon as the red light turned on in the room, they were live. “That was Bon Jovi ladies and gentlemen and we are back, this time with one of our new interns, Richie Tozier.” Kevin spoke up first before turning to his co-host Paul.

“It’s great to have you here, buddy. Tell us a bit about yourself.” Paul said looking at Richie for a moment.

“It’s so cool to be here with you guys.” Richie started off, feeling like he was glowing from the inside out, “Well there’s not a lot to say, I grew up in Derry Maine and I just moved to California this year to finish up my schooling.”

“How are you liking California so far?” Paul asked, his bearded smile rather comforting to Richie.

“Well it’s pretty awesome here, I haven’t been mugged yet so that’s probably a good start.” Richie said making his co-hosts chuckle a bit.

“Indeed it is.” Kevin said before looking to his cue cards, “So we’ve invited our new intern into our discussion of the day which, today we have a bit of an interesting news story. Watch out parents, there’s a new hot item on the market known as the Tamagotchi.”

Richie’s heart was thudding in his chest, he couldn’t believe he was part of a radio show team, even if it was just for his school training. Even so, none of his other classmates at the radio station had been invited into an on-air discussion yet. It made Richie feel a little bit better about himself knowing he was the first.

Paul and Kevin talked for a bit about the new digital toy that was coming out. Richie raised a brow as Kevin explained the toy in detail. “Wait, wait, wait… so, this is actually something people are buying for their kids?”

“Yeah.” Paul nodded.

“Why would anyone want that as opposed to a real pet?” Richie questioned with furrowed eyebrows.

“Well, it’s less responsibility, there’s no picking up after it and it’s just electronic so no one’s going to be too heartbroken if it dies.” Paul explained.

“Is there a version of the Tamagotchi for parents who would like to have a baby without the responsibility?” Kevin asked with an amused expression on his face.

“Yeah, but it lost popularity because the owners couldn’t collect child support off it for eighteen years.” Richie said making Kevin and Paul crack up immediately.

Richie couldn’t help but laugh a little as he realized how harsh what he’d just said was. “Well, we will definitely be keeping an eye out for an adult version of this toy.” Kevin said before trailing off to get another song cued up for the station.

When the music went on the Red light shut off. Richie looked between the two hosts, “Was that too far?” Richie asked, “I hope I didn’t fuck everything up by saying that.”

“Oh my God, no! You’re great. We find so many interns are afraid of speaking the truth, especially an ugly truth. We like you, kid.” Kevin smiled at Richie, reassuring him that he hadn’t messed anything up.

“Yeah, you’re definitely sticking around until we’re done with our segment together.” Paul smiled at him.

Richie felt relief spread over him. They loved him. He was a big hit. He held that feeling in his chest all the way home. As he entered the apartment only for Layla to run over and maul him with affection.

Wrapping his arms around Layla he kissed her face, letting her lick his. “Who’s my good girl? Who’s my good girl? You are!” Richie said in a cute voice as Will came around the corner with a big smile on his face.

“Oh my God, Richie! You were amazing!” Will smiled brightly at him.

Richie looked up at him with a big smile, “You heard it?”

“All of it, from start to finish. I am so proud of you baby.” Will smiled, wrapping his arms around Richie the moment he let Layla go.

Richie held him close, “It was so cool, Will… it felt so right sitting in that room with them and just talking… fuck I just… I can’t wait to do it again!”

“Did they say when they’d have you back on air?” Will questioned.

“Yeah, tomorrow! They’re really impressed with me I guess. They told me to just keep doing what I’m doing.” Richie smiled before kissing Will on the lips. “Just so happens, I’m doing you…”

Will giggled, “I just put a frozen pizza in the oven… we have thirty minutes…” Will purred in his ear.

“Fuck, those were the sexiest words I’ve ever heard…” Richie picked Will up, carrying him to their bedroom bridal style.

***

The following week had been a big hit for Richie. The radio station insisted on having him on air five days a week with Paul and Kevin. One of the biggest defining moments for Richie was when he let it slip that he could do impersonations.

Richie had improved his abilities over time, constantly practicing different voices, and now was his time to shine. Will had to admit, when Richie first started dating him, his impressions were just alright, but now that he'd been with Richie for a few years, he'd seen his impressions become top notch.

It seemed like more and more people were tuning into the radio station he was on, especially midday when Paul and Kevin did their regular hosting with him. Richie's popularity had become so notable in just a month that his professors at the university were even tuning in when he was on. Will couldn't help but to swell with pride every afternoon as he'd listen in to hear what Richie would do that day.

Halloween rolled around, and Richie was asked to come to the radio station's Halloween party. "It'll be on Halloween night at 'The Velvet Room' around ten." Kevin told him before Richie was ready to head home.

"My boyfriend is allowed to come right?" Richie questioned.

"Absolutely. I wouldn't mind meeting the man who puts up with you on a daily basis." Kevin elbowed him watching Richie laugh.

"Alright, we'll be there. Should I bring anything or… what should I expect?" Richie asked.

"Expect an open bar and lots of finger foods." Kevin said, "Oh, and karaoke."

"Sounds like a great time to me! I'll see you then!" Richie smiled as he headed out of the radio station.

Will of course was impressed that they were both invited to a Halloween party with an open bar. It wasn't something they were used to that was for sure. "Are you sure these costumes will be alright?" Will asked from inside the bedroom as Richie waited

outside for his big reveal.

“Just come out so I can see it.” Richie said wondering why Will was so nervous in the first place.

The bedroom door opened, and Will walked out wearing a doctor’s outfit that could have been convincing enough to anyone who didn’t know Will. “Do I look stupid?” Will asked Richie who was wearing an undone straight jacket.

“No, I like it. You’ve got major sexy doctor vibes to begin with.” Richie winked.

“You have insane maniac written all over you, so this works.” Will giggled leaning in to kiss Richie’s lips gently. “Ready to go?” Will asked.

“Yeah, lets get going.” Richie smiled heading out the door with Will, his straight jack straps dangling as he walked to the underground parking garage.

Will got into Richie’s truck, watching Richie start it up, “Are you nervous?” Will asked Richie noting he was somewhat more quiet than usual.

“A little. I don’t really know what to expect.” Richie laughed a bit, “Maybe that’s silly.”

“I don’t think so. It’s all your co-workers… sort of. You’re still looking forward to getting a job there after the course, so it makes sense that you’re worried.” Will reasoned, “You don’t have to be nervous though. You’re amazing, Richie.” Will smiled at him warmly.

“What would I ever do without you, Dr. Byers? You’re my cure.” Richie winked as he drove out of the parking garage.

Will giggled, “I’m just worried I’m going to get fired for this very illegal doctor patient relationship.”

Richie laughed, “Well, I can always plead insanity at least.”

Will smiled, “I love you.”

“I love you too, beautiful.” Richie smiled as he drove towards the location of the work party.

After getting lost several times on the way up to the party on the second level of ‘The Velvet Room’ in the classier part of the city, Richie and Will entered a large room in which a few people were on a stage singing karaoke in costume. Looking around the room, Richie realized it was lit up with red lights. There were booths all around lined with black leather and beautiful girls dressed in red cocktail dresses and devil horns went around with serving treys.

“Woah…” Will whispered looking around as everyone in the room looked pretty happy as they held their drinks in hand.

“Fucking right…” Richie smiled as he led Will into the room with him, hand in hand.

Will felt quite out of his element as he walked with Richie through the crowded room. Heading over to Kevin and Paul, Richie smiled “Hey guys!”

Kevin was dressed up as a magician while Paul was wearing clothing that strongly resembled the cast members of Grease. “Hey Richie! You made it!” Paul smiled brightly.

Richie smiled, “Yeah, I brought my boyfriend with me.” Richie gestured to Will next to him.

Kevin moved to shake Will’s hand, “It’s nice to meet the one man who can put up with him all day long.”

“All night long too.” Richie joked receiving an elbow from Will who just smiled, rolling his eyes.

“You picked a great costume. You’re a mental patient right?” Paul laughed at Richie who smiled and nodded.

Will giggled a bit and shook Paul’s hand next, “It’s nice to meet you guys.”

“Thanks for inviting us.” Richie said, “So when are you guys gonna get on stage and sing something fucking awful?” Richie asked making

them laugh.

“Hopefully never.” Kevin laughed before taking a drink from his glass of brandy.

“Yeah, I’m not much of a singer, so I’ll just pass on it.” Paul decided.

“Richie, you should sing something.” Will smiled at him, “You actually have a good voice.”

“I don’t know…” Richie shook his head.

“Well one of these days you have to, because your boyfriend just outed you.” Paul joked making Will smiled a little bit wider.

“Maybe, if you’re lucky enough for me to bestow my amazing singing abilities upon you.” Richie joked in a dramatic voice.

“Yeah, yeah.” Kevin smiled, “Why don’t you two grab a drink? Live a little.”

“Good idea.” Richie chuckled before taking Will’s hand, “Come on, Will.”

Will smiled, following him, “They seem really nice.” Will said as Richie led him over to the bar while someone on stage destroyed a Bon Jovi song.

“I’m glad you like them. They’re really fun to be around, especially seeing as I want to be in their position someday.” Richie explained.

“Well, when you do end up a radio host, you’ll nail it. You’re already nailing it as an intern.” Will smiled, rubbing Richie’s arm gently.

Richie looked at him fondly, “Thanks, babe. You are always so supportive of me. What did I ever do to deserve you?” Richie kissed his forehead gently.

“We’re just perfect for each other I guess.” Will smiled with a wink.

Richie ordered himself and Will both mojitos since they were free and one of their new favourite drinks. Heading back over to Kevin

and Paul, Richie noticed them talking to a man who appeared to be dressed up like James Bond… or perhaps he wasn't even dressed up at all.

Paul looked at Richie, "Hey, Richie. There's someone here you should meet." Richie looked at the man curiously as Paul continued to speak, "This is Calvin Silverman, he's the owner of Spotlight, the club in the main district. He's a fan of your work."

Calvin was a middle-aged man with light brown hair that was slowly turning grey, despite this he kept his hair medium length and combed back. He had brown eyes and pale skin. "Hello, it's nice to meet you." Richie smiled shaking the man's hand firmly.

"The pleasure's all mine. I've heard you several times on air and I have to say, you're really entertaining." Calvin said in a smooth voice before he eyed Will, "Is this your friend?"

"Oh, this is Will, he's my boyfriend." Richie smiled taking Will's hand.

The look Calvin gave Will lasted the duration of a single second, but it only took Will a second to realize Calvin wasn't fond of gay relationships. Remaining neutral, Will decided he would tell Richie how he felt later.

"You should try out for stand up sometime, you'd knock it out of the park." Calvin said to Richie before taking a drink of his scotch.

"You… you really think so?" Richie smiled a little, scratching the back of his head looking quite flattered by the compliment.

"Oh yeah, you're a lot funnier than a lot of the guys we've got hired on already. Plus you're not afraid to talk about things that most people consider taboo. It'd be a nice refresher if you were part of the team." Calvin said seriously. "Come on down to my place after your segment on Monday. I'll get you in for a try out. What do you say?"

"Oh I… I don't know, I mean I wanna finish my schooling at the radio station at least." Richie said seriously.

"That won't be affected in the least. Any work we do is at night. Four

in the afternoon at the earliest." Calvin persuaded.

"Well…" Richie smiled a little, "Alright."

Richie talked more with Calvin, Will silently listening to their conversation without saying a word. It seemed Calvin's business was a starting point for plenty of big name comedians and actors. It was a perfect place for Richie to exercise his comedy skills, even if Will hated the idea of Richie working with a homophobe. Will scolded himself mentally, hoping he was just misjudging the look Calvin had shot him.

By the end of the night, Richie had only finished one drink willingly, but he had been pressured into drinking more so Will decided to stop at one drink, so he could drive he and Richie home by the time the Velvet room was closing for the night.

"Can you fucking believe it, baby? I've got a stand-up audition… what the fuck?" Richie laughed a bit as they got back to their apartment.

"Yeah, I hope you do well." Will said helping Richie inside the apartment before locking the door behind him.

Richie pressed Will against the wall, locking their lips together. Will closed his eyes, melting into the kiss. "Mm… Richie… wait." Will pressed on Richie's shoulders.

"What's wrong?" Richie asked, trying to look at him properly through his obscured vision.

Will looked down a bit, "That Calvin guy…"

"Calvin Silverman?" Richie asked in a way that would normally make Will laugh if it wasn't for the weight of the situation.

"Yeah… he… doesn't like that we're together I don't think." Will told him seriously.

"Why not?" Richie asked.

"I don't know… its just when you introduced me… he gave me this

uncomfortable, unimpressed look… I felt weird. He also didn't say anything to me the entire time I was there." Will pointed out.

Richie made a face, "Shit… should I not go to the audition?"

"No." Will shook his head, suddenly feeling bad, "No, if you want to do that, I don't blame you. It's an opportunity. I don't want you to miss out on one because of me."

"You sure? I mean, I'm already pretty happy at the radio station." Richie grinned, "I'm your sexy radio host…" Richie leaned in kissing Will's neck, making him giggle.

"You should go to the audition… just be careful ok? I don't trust him." Will warned Richie.

"Is that doctors orders?" Richie purred in his ear, pressing his pelvis into Will's.

Will smiled, "That is… as my patient you shouldn't be doing this you know?" Will ran his fingers along Richie's torso gently, deciding to give into him.

"Too bad. I'm too insane to care." Richie laughed, sucking a large hicky onto Will's soft pale neck.

Will moaned loudly, "Richie! Come with me…" Will pulled Richie to their bedroom, not wasting anymore time or thoughts on Calvin Silverman.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thoughts? Feelings? Tell me all about it!

5. The Audition

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie goes to Spotlight for his first audition to see if he can get into the club. Will and Richie have a bit of fun after.

Chapter 5

Richie finished his audition with much success. Every single person who sat down to judge him had at the very least cracked a smile as he told his jokes to them. One of the judges couldn't help but laugh out loud even though it wasn't something they were supposed to do.

"Where the Hell did you come from anyway?" One of the taller judges with short dark hair and facial stubble asked curiously.

"I'm from Derry Maine. It's a special kind of Hell." Richie said with a smile.

"You're in. Can you come up with a routine by Wednesday and show it to us on Thursday?" The blonde female judge in her mid thirties asked.

"Yeah, absolutely!" Richie smiled brightly.

"Great, we'll see you Thursday at four?" The blonde asked him.

"Yeah, I'll be there." Richie smiled, "Thank you." Richie got off the stage before heading out of the building in complete shock.

Walking into the building had been so stressful for Richie as he realized how ritzy the club was. It had lots of comfortable seating and could hold a crowd of three hundred or more people at a time. He wasn't sure immediately that he was cut out for the job, but once he walked onto the stage, he gave it his all.

By Wednesday he had finished an entire routine and decided to perform it in front of Will first to see what he thought of it. Will giggled plenty of times, thoroughly enjoying his routine. "Richie, it's

so good! You're so talented!" Will smiled at him warmly from their couch.

"Are you sure? I mean… it wasn't too much? Or too cheesy?" Richie asked curiously as he was clearly very stressed about how his impressions were going to be perceived.

"No! Your alien impersonation is honestly one of the best I've seen. Your part about sea world was really funny as well, Richie, like REALLY funny. You have no idea how entertaining you really are." Will giggled, "I think you're going to do so well, baby."

Richie smiled holding out his arms to Will to stood up, wrapping his arms around Richie, holding him close. "This all seems like a dream… I can't believe how everything is coming together for me out here…"

"It's been good to me too, my comic is approved, but it'll take about six months before they can start making the copies and from there, I'll have to see when it can be launched in actual stores." Will reminded Richie as he'd gotten the news rather recently.

"I know, and people are going to love your comic, Will. It's amazing. Just like you." Richie smiled before kissing Will gently.

Will kissed him back, "You know… it's been a long day for you… did you want to spend some time together?" Will asked him.

"What did you have in mind?" Richie asked, holding Will around his waist.

"Well…" Will looked him over pointedly, "I was hoping something that doesn't involve clothes…"

Richie grinned, "You got horny over my alien impression, didn't you?"

"Oh, how did you guess?" Will joked, kissing Richie's lips.

Richie kissed him back, "You were hoping I would probe you with my alien technology." Richie said doing the voice.

Will laughed, “Only if you don’t do the voice in the bedroom.”

Richie chuckled, “Who said anything about going to the bedroom?” Richie picked Will up by his hips, setting him on the kitchen table.

“Richie… are you sure you want to have sex on the table?” Will asked curiously.

Richie went to the fridge, grabbing the cool whip spray can before shaking it, “Remove your shirt, Earthling. I’m about to lather your human skin in a refreshing layer of…” Richie then proceeded to make strange clicking noises with his mouth, “Which directly translates to: mating foam.”

Will laughed loudly and covered his eyes, “Stop it!”

Laughing loudly, Richie pulled Will’s shirt off with one hand as Will finally shed himself of it to reveal his smooth torso. Richie kissed Will, laying him back on the table as they kissed. Richie sprayed a cold line of cool whip on Will’s chest before dragging his tongue along it slowly. Will moaned softly, “Richie…”

“That’s my human name… don’t wear it out.” Richie said making Will laugh again.

“Oh my God!” Will covered his face as he tried to hold back a big smile, “This is so embarrassing…”

Richie laughed, knowing the torment was also fun for Will. Pulling off Will’s jeans, he hooked his fingers in Will’s boxers next to ensure Will was entirely undressed. “It’s hardly fair, you’re still dressed.” Will told him looking over Richie.

“Don’t worry… I’m not going to be clothed for much longer…” Richie said before unzipping his sweater and pulling it off, so he was in a black Guns and Roses t-shirt.

Will grabbed the can of cool whip and sprayed some in his mouth before watching Richie press their mouths together. Licking the cream out of Will’s mouth as they kissed, Richie ran his hands down Will’s firm body. Will pulled up Richie’s t-shirt, forcing him to take it off.

Richie let it fall to the floor, so he was just in his black jeans, hovering over Will as he pressed his lips to Will's chest repeatedly. Will ran his fingers through Richie's hair as Richie took the spray can back, spraying a long line of it down Will's navel.

Moving lower, Richie began using his tongue to lick up the line of whipped cream, listening to Will's soft moans as Richie hovered close to his hard erection. Biting his lower lip, Will stifled a groan as Richie sprayed his cock with whipped cream before allowing his mouth to wrap around Will's entire length. Gripping the table, Will whined and bucked his hips unintentionally as his body reacted to Richie's warm wet mouth. "Oh God!"

Richie pinned down Will's hips before swirling his tongue around the tip of Will's penis, "Oh! Richie! Don't stop!"

Wetting his finger first, Richie pressed his index finger against Will's opening, making sure to press against his prostate with each thrust. "Oh! Yes! More!" Will begged desperately as he wreathed on the table below Richie.

"Are you sure you want more? I don't think you're ready for the big probe yet." Richie didn't use the alien voice this time, but he smirked as he watched Will roll his eyes a bit with a smile.

"Oh, I can handle the big probe… it just needs to be wet first." Will purred.

Richie pulled Will up before setting him on the floor at his feet. Will took the spray can, watching as Richie pulled off his pants and boxers. Will sprayed whipped cream into his mouth before wrapping his mouth around Richie who shivered at the feeling of something cool and wet around his erection before Will's mouth and tongue warmed it up. "Oh… fuck…" Richie groaned as Will got to work pumping his head back and forth to ensure his hardness.

Slick with the lubrication from the whipped cream blowjob, Richie laid Will on the floor, rolling him onto his stomach. Sliding himself into Will's opening, Richie pressed kisses to Will's shoulders and back slowly before he rocked his hips. Will whimpered with delight as Richie pushed against his prostate. "Richie…"

Lying still, Wills hands gripped the carpet below as Richie rocked his hips a little faster, enjoying the noises Will made under him. “You like this, baby?” Richie asked, kissing Will’s neck and ear gently.

“Yes! Oh my God… why don’t we do this more often?” Will asked, enjoying the feeling of being face down on the floor with Richie pumping into him mercilessly.

“I’ll be sure to give it to you more often.” Richie grinned with amusement, “Are you getting close?”

Will nodded, gripping at the floor, “Yes! Oh my God! I’m so close…”

Richie slammed his hips into Will, getting ready to come soon himself as Will began moaning loudly into the carpet before his grip around Richie’s cock tightened. “Oh! Fuck!” Will screamed.

Richie grunted, releasing into Will before he let his body lie down on top of him. Will and Richie laced their fingers together, panting heavily as they lay on the floor together. “My God… you’re fucking amazing… I love you so fucking much…” Richie kissed Will’s back lovingly, enjoying the feeling of still being connected to Will.

“You’re fucking amazing…” Will smiled a little, his eyes closed as he came down from his high.

Richie smiled, slowly sliding out of Will. “So… you wanna come see my skit on Friday night?” Richie asked, “I can see if I can get you in.”

“That would be so great if you could! If not, I get it, but I’d love to be there for it.” Will nodded to Richie, hoping he’d be able to attend.

***

The weekend rolled around quite fast. Will got back from his science class, loading his text books onto his desk. They were so heavy, but he knew they possessed a lot of important information he’d need. Will turned on the radio, deciding to listen to Richie’s hour on air while he got to work on one of his papers for bio-chem.

He giggled every so often as Richie told a few of his jokes on air. By the end of the hour, Kevin began speak, “Everyone, if you’re going to

Richie's show tonight, you're in luck. This handsome devil will be on stage at Spotlight on the main strip."

Paul began speaking next, "He's going to be opening up for the main acts since he's so new, but in no time at all, I am next to positive he'll be closing the shows with that sharp with and fun sense of humor."

"You guys are sweet, but you're not really my type. You two on the other hand seem like a match made in Heaven." Richie said with a smile Will could practically hear over the radio.

"Oh Richie…" Will smiled a bit, feeling like the luckiest man on Earth.

The trio signed off the air and Will only had to wait thirty minutes for Richie to shove his key in the door. "Will?!" Richie called out to him.

"I'm at my desk!" Will closed his bio-chem work and turned to look at Richie as he entered the living room, "Are you excited about tonight?" Will asked Richie with a smile.

"I can't fucking wait!" Richie smiled brightly.

"You're going to do so good, Richie." Will wrapped his arms around Richie's shoulders as he looked up into his dark eyes, "You make me so proud, you know?"

"I hope so. I love you so much." Richie leaned in for a kiss on the lips.

Will kissed him back before smiling, a slightly bashful expression on his face, "I can't believe I'm dating a local celebrity."

Richie chuckled, "Well I wouldn't say I'm that. I'm just listened to a fair bit."

"Still, it's pretty sexy." Will giggled as he rubbed Richie's shoulders, "When are we heading to Spotlight?"

"I'm going to go get changed, and then I'm ready." Richie told him.

“Good. I’ll do the same.” Will and Richie both disappeared to their bedroom to find something suiting for the evening.

Richie went with Black pants and a matching jacking. He had a white buttoned up shirt and a black tie on, hoping it was good for the show. Will wore black dress pants and a blue shirt under a red tie and black jacket.

When they were ready, Richie drove them to Spotlight. It was extremely early for Will to be there, but he offered to wait in the vehicle until the doors opened. “Wish me luck, baby.” Richie smiled at him.

Will leaned in to kiss him, “You don’t need it, you’re amazing.”

Richie headed inside disappearing out of sight. Will’s chest tingled, he couldn’t have been more proud of his very funny, very talented boyfriend.

Notes for the Chapter:

Whipped cream blowjob anyone?

6. Aerophobia

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie manages to upset Will after a night of partying with his new coworkers. The two eventually head to Hawkins for the holidays.

Chapter 6

Richie wasn't sure what day it was when he woke up, or exactly how he'd gotten home from the night before. His memory was a haze of dance music and flashing lights. He didn't remember anything clearly.

He realized he was lying on the couch in the living room, a blanket over him. Across the room, Will was sitting at his desk, working on something, but Richie couldn't see anything clearly. Reaching around for his glasses he realized they were on the floor. Picking them up he slipped them on his face. "Will?" Richie asked.

Will didn't immediately turn around. "Hey… I don't really remember what happened last night… do you?" Richie held his pounding head feeling sickly.

"Yeah I remember." Will said with such bitterness in his voice it left Richie speechless, "You were invited to some party after your big debut show at 'Spotlight' but I wasn't because I wasn't an employee at the place. So, you went there and I went home alone in your truck… then I got a call from you at three in the morning to pick you up because you didn't know what was going on or where you were… So I did and then you proceeded to brag about the cocaine you were doing last night." Will said venomously.

The memory of Calvin and his employees resurfaced. They had taken Richie to a penthouse club by the ocean. There was a long line of people trying to get in, but Calvin and the members of 'Spotlight' were able to get in for free without waiting in line. Calvin had brought with him several beautiful women and they seemed to cling to all the men that partied with them.

Drinking down five alcoholic beverages had lowered Richie's guard immensely as Richie remembered Calvin approaching him with his cocaine, offering him some for free if he wanted to do lines. Richie had said no at first, but Calvin pressured him so much Richie finally gave in. Snorting three lines, Richie vaguely remembered the toxic drip of the cocaine in his nasal cavity but eventually he blacked out.

"Was I the one that called you?" Richie asked furrowing his brows.

Will turned around, a look of anger and disappointment all melded into one expression. "Richie what were you thinking?! How could you do cocaine?!"

"I… I don't think I was thinking, Will. I was really drunk by the time Calvin offered it to me. I… I guess I felt like I had to. I figured just doing it once couldn't kill me…" Richie looked at him, remorseful.

Will sighed, "You regret it?"

Richie nodded, "I do."

Will got up, sitting down next to Richie, "You scared me you know? I've never seen you high on that shit before. You were paranoid and you thought someone was following you around and that I had to hurry to find you. When I got there, I realized you were quite literally scared of your own shadow because it was next to you on the brick wall."

Richie looked at Will for a moment before smiling a little. Will gave him a stern look, "It's not funny."

"It's a little funny…" Richie said watching Will's face soften.

Richie suddenly felt his stomach lurch. "Oh shit…" Richie got up immediately and ran for the bathroom.

Will could hear Richie expelling the contents of his stomach from the living room. He sighed, hoping this was just one stupid mistake that Richie would never make again. "Oh, my fucking God…" Richie moaned with regret from the bathroom. "Kill me…"

Chuckling under his breathe, Will shook his head, "Never gonna

happen, Richie." Will decided to let the bad part of the night go.

"Hey Will, how was my show?" Richie asked once he returned to the living room, "Did you like it?"

Will smiled, "I loved it. You were so funny, and the crowd was going wild for you." Will rubbed Richie's arm as he sat beside Will on the couch again.

Richie smiled at him despite how sick he felt. "I guess it wasn't a total bust then. I'm glad you enjoyed it."

Richie remembered last night Calvin speaking to him on the way to the party. He felt it was a good time to mention it to Will. "So, Calvin said now that I'm part of the staff at 'Spotlight' I'll be getting paid for each show I do. Last nights show included. Looks like I can drop my part time job with the money I'll be making." Richie smiled confidently.

"Really?" Will looked at him surprised. "How much money?"

"Double what our rent is per month. You can even quit the coffee shop if you want and just focus on your school." Richie suggested.

"Oh my God." Will covered his face, "You… you mean that? We're going to make that much?"

Richie nodded, "That's just for regular shows like last night. If I do events it could be double that even." Richie smiled a bit, "This is honestly the best thing I've ever gotten myself into."

Will looked at Richie with a sympathetic expression, "Want me to make you some plain toast? You should probably drink some water too…"

"You don't have to do that, baby. I pissed you off last night and I totally get it if you don't want to go easy on me." Richie said feeling a bit bad for his behavior.

Will shook his head, "No, you didn't mean to upset me. There's no reason to punish you for it, you're already suffering."

Richie looked at him softly, “I don’t deserve you.”

Will waved a hand dismissively as he headed to the kitchen. Richie rested on the couch for a bit as he willed his headache to go away. He felt like he had just closed his eyes and Will was tapping him on the shoulder, offering him a plate of toast and a big glass of water. Richie took them with a weak smile, draining the glass quickly once he finished his toast off. “Mmm… you’re the best boyfriend ever. I love you.” Richie said looking at Will fondly.

“I love you.” Will said in response.

The next four weeks that followed were very similar for Richie. He worked on a routine to present every Thursday and did his placement with the radio station in the early afternoon every week day. Richie had been invited to several parties every Friday after his shows, but each time Richie declined, stating the Cocaine had adverse affects on him. Calvin was upset he wasn’t joining in on the party life, but he seemed to be letting it go for the first month.

As December rolled around, the snow began to fall. Richie and Will decided to take a plane to Hawkins that year. It just made sense for them considering how long of a drive they’d have to make. Even the train would take longer than they wanted. Richie didn’t realize it was going to be so difficult for him until he was seated on the plane next to Will. The fear of flying had never occurred to him before, but suddenly it terrified him. The idea of being in the air with the potential of falling made him feel sick. He breathed heavily, Will clenching his hand gently, “Are you going to be ok?” Will asked.

“I fucking hope so…” Richie said, his hand shaking a bit as he half covered his face with his free hand.

Will looked at him sympathetically. “We’re safe. I promise you, nothing will happen to you.”

Although Will could understand how scary it would be to crash, he knew the odds of it were slim. He wasn’t worried, and likely wouldn’t be unless the oxygen masks suddenly came down. Richie swallowed nervously as the plane began moving on the runway. “Oh fuck… fucking shit…” Richie whispered under his breath his eyes closed as

he feared for the worst despite trying to think of anything but flying.

Will leaned closer to him, knowing he had to distract him to keep Richie calm. “Breathe…” Will whispered in his ear, “Focus on me ok?” Will’s whisper in his ear sent shivers along his shoulders, but he was more than happy to continue listening.

“Mhmm…” Richie nodded, trying to steady his breathing.

Will pressed a kiss to his earlobe, “I had a lot of fun last night, Richie…” Will purred, stimulating Richie’s brain, making him forget his fears for a second as he thought about their previous night together.

Richie thought back to the night before in which Will rode him hard for about half an hour. The look of desire in Will’s eyes always got him going. He smiled a little at the thought of it again. “You felt so good inside of me. I can’t wait to get you in my bed tonight… I want you in my mouth…” Richie focused on Will’s whispering as they ascended into the air, his ears popping a bit.

“Oh shit… Will…” Richie whimpered a bit, gripping his hand nervously.

“Shhh… it’s ok baby. I’m going to take really good care of you tonight.” Will whispered, soothing him as the plane reached the proper height in the sky. “Feeling any better?”

“Thank you…” Richie said softly, his voice a bit more relieved, “I don’t know how people do this…” Richie covered his face with both hands as Will rubbed his arm.

“You’re ok. It’s a common fear.” Will assured him.

“I’m glad you’re here with me.” Richie said to him with a small smile as he rested his head on Will’s shoulder.

Will smiled, kissing his forehead gently, “I’ll be here the whole ride, so you’ll make it.” Will giggled a bit making Richie smile as he closed his eyes.

“I’m going to try and sleep… I don’t think it’ll work but… it’ll take

about an hour to get to Hawkins so I might as well tune it out…" Richie muttered loud enough for Will to hear.

Will played with Richie's hair gently, "Sleep honey. I've got you." Will assured him as he soothed Richie with his fingers in Richie's dark curls.

Richie passed out a lot quicker than he expected, but Will's soothing fingers were the main cause. By the time they were landing, Richie began to wake up again, gripping Will's arm nervously. It felt strange to be the brave one in Will's opinion. Perhaps it wasn't that Richie was any less brave or that he was any braver but had everything to do with the fact that Richie was relying on him for once. It felt nice to be the supportive person who gave the comfort.

They got off the plane and Richie was shaking a bit as his nerves settled down. "Are you happy to be on land?" Will asked him sweetly.

"Yes, more than you can imagine!" Richie smiled, holding Will's hand in his.

They immediately went looking for car rentals just outside of Indianapolis International Airport. Though the selection of vehicles wasn't super amazing, Richie managed to find a Volkswagen car that would fit their basic needs.

As Richie drove he thought back to the night he did cocaine at the party with Calvin and his other coworkers. Part of him felt uneasy about the memory. He had said no repeatedly, but they still convinced him to do it. It made him worried. He didn't know if he could attend another party with them just in case they did the same to him again. On the other hand, if he never went back out with them, there was a good chance they'd stop wanting him to work there. It was a hard decision, and although he knew what Will would think, he felt like he should give them another shot soon, especially after his last conversation with Calvin.

"Are you ok?" Will asked after a bit, "You're really quiet."

"Yeah, I'm just… thinking about some things." Richie assured him,

“Nothing to worry your pretty head over.” Richie smiled at him.

Despite what he’d just said to Will, he couldn’t help but feel an ominous cloud roll over him the more he thought about his situation. He was indeed stuck between a rock and a hard place.

Notes for the Chapter:

How are you guys liking it so far?

7. Family Time

Summary for the Chapter:

Will and Richie spend some quality time in Hawkins with their family. Richie's mind keeps wandering.

Chapter 7

Sitting around the Wheeler's living room with Will, Joyce, Karen, Mike and his mother playing games wasn't what Richie had expected for Christmas evening, but it was turning out to be a fun evening. The night before Will and Richie had attended Steve's Christmas Eve party as per usual. Steve even had complimentary lubricant in the bathroom for them this time since he knew what to expect.

Each son was paired up with his mother for the game they were playing. The object of the game was to guess as many correct answers as possible within a thirty second time frame. Each of them had come up with several words, writing them on paper before tossing them into the hat they would draw from.

"I hope to God you didn't put anything perverted on these slips of paper." Mike sighed at Richie as he pulled ten from the hat.

Richie simply snickered, "Maybe…"

"I'm opting out if I get one of your words." Mike told his cousin as he sat in front of his mom to do the first round of their game.

"Alright, you ready?" Will asked as he held up the timer.

"Ready." Karen nodded along with Mike as she watched her son look at the paper slips before him.

Will pressed the timer, "Go."

Richie waited patiently, hoping he would end up with one of Richie's cards. "It's yellow, it takes kids to school." Mike said.

"Bus?" Karen guessed as Mike nodded moving onto the next card.

“What came first, the chicken or the…?” Mike asked.

“Egg!” Karen smiled excitedly.

Joyce and Maggie were on the edge of their seats to Richie and Will’s amusement. It seemed their moms were really enjoying playing games with their children. Richie had to admit, he loved spending time with his family.

Mike looked over the next card with a grimace, “I… Everyone has this body part… it’s also what I’d consider Richie to be.”

“Um…” Karen studied Mike’s face, after moment noticing the blush growing on his face, “An asshole?” Karen asked laughing suddenly at how absurd it was.

Mike nodded looking embarrassed as he put the card aside in the pile. Richie was laughing so hard his eyes were tearing up as Mike shook his head at him. “Alright, it’s a zoo animal. A Type of bear, but black and white.”

Karen smiled a bit, “Panda bear?” Mike nodded.

“Fifteen seconds.” Will said.

“It’s a bird, it’s a plane, it’s…” Mike paused.

“Oh its! Um… Batman? No… Oh shit…” Karen covered her mouth and laughed along with Maggie and Joyce.

The timer beeped, and Mike turned the card over, “Superman. It’s Superman, mom.”

“Oh I was so close…” Karen smiled, “Well I got four so that’s something.”

“Alright, it’s our time to shine.” Joyce said confidently as Will and Joyce faced one another, Will taking the hat next before picking out his ten slips of paper.

Mike held the timer in his hand next. “Ok, are you ready?”

“Yeah, ready.” Will smiled.

“Ok, go.” Mike said starting the timer.

Will pulled up the first card, “The instrument Richie can play.”

“Guitar.” Joyce said.

Will pulled up the next one, “When a person takes off their clothes and runs around.”

“Streaking.” Joyce was quick to answer, knowing they were limited on time.

Will sighed as he pulled up another of Richie’s answers, “You have one, I don’t. I don’t even want to touch one.” Will said quickly.

“Oh, um… Vagina!” Joyce said quickly making Richie laugh again.

“What’s the game Mike and I have played for years?” Will asked.

“Dungeons and Dragons?” Joyce asked.

“Fifteen seconds.” Mike announced.

“It’s round and in the sky at night.” Will said quickly.

“The moon!” Joyce said just a moment before the timer went off.

“Yes!” Will smiled as they had gotten five right.

“Team Byers is in the lead! Let’s see if team Tozier can snag the win.” Richie said taking the hat from Will, “Also… you guys didn’t pull out as many of my dirty cards as I expected so… this could be an interesting round.” Richie chuckled as he sat in front of his mom after drawing cards out.

“Ready?” Mike asked.

“Yes.” Richie nodded before looking at the card as Mike pressed the button.

“Our first pet.” Richie said quickly.

“Cat.” Maggie said.

“A pretty bug.” Richie looked at his mom as he spoke.

“Butterfly.” She smiled a bit as she was correct.

“That thing you and dad didn’t use the night I was conceived.” Richie said quickly.

“Condom?” Maggie questioned.

“Yes.” Richie smiled a little at the next card, “I have one and I love them. Think dirty.” Richie said.

“Penis?” Maggie was quick with her answers, quicker than Joyce even.

“Red shit you put on your lips.” Richie said.

“lipstick!” Maggie smiled.

“Often referred to as ‘The clap’ if you know what that means…” Richie said quickly.

“Gonorrhea?” Maggie made a grossed-out face.

“Fifteen seconds.” Mike said.

“Your upper undergarment.” Richie said knowing his mom would get it right away.

“A bra!” Maggie smiled brightly before the timer went off. “Yes! We won!”

“Only because you’re a bunch of perverts.” Karen laughed.

“That was horrifying… I’m glad I didn’t get some of those cards.” Mike said wiping his face a bit with one hand.

“Hey, you said you had some news for us when we visited over the break. What is it?” Will asked Mike suddenly.

Mike smiled a bit, “Oh yeah…” He looked at everyone, “I got a ring

for Eleven… I want to ask her to marry me."

"What?!" Karen's eyes lit up, "Really?! Can I see it?!"

Mike rolled his eyes with a grin and headed to his backpack in the corner. "That's awesome dude, I was waiting for the big proposal." Richie smiled.

Mike came over with a ring box, opening it. The band was somewhat thick yellow gold with a large diamond in the middle that was also in the shape of a flat diamond. "I've been saving up for years…" Mike explained as he watched his mother and Joyce examine the ring.

"It's beautiful, Mike." Joyce smiled warmly at him, "She's going to love it."

Mike smiled, "I hope so…"

"Oh, I can't believe it… my baby boy is finally going to get married!" Karen's eyes watered as she pulled Mike in for a hug.

"Mom… calm down." Mike hugged her before she let him go.

"I'm sorry, I'm just so proud of you, honey." Karen smiled wiping her eyes as Mike carefully put the ring box back in his backpack.

"When are you going to ask her?" Will questioned.

"New Years Eve." Mike decided, "It just seems like the best time."

"I can't wait to be your best man." Richie said jokingly.

"Sorry, Rich. That's Will." Mike said pointing to his best friend who smiled brightly at that.

"If you need any sexual education before the big day, hit me up." Richie said watching Mike turn several shades of red.

"Richie!" Mike glared at him watching as Richie nearly busted a gut laughing as he leaned into Will on the couch.

***

Richie and Will stood outside of the Byers residence together on boxing day. It had been a busy couple of days for the two as they found themselves surrounded by family and friends for the Christmas holiday.

It had been nice to see their mothers again, especially for Richie, getting to tell his mother about his success in L.A. as of recently. Joyce had also been proud and supportive of Richie, happy to see the two of them were doing well in Los Angeles. They of course left out the cocaine incident.

Will had his own news, telling his mother and Jonathan about his publishing success. Jonathan especially was excited for him. Mike Wheeler and the rest of the party seemed rather pleased to hear that 'Stranger Things' was going to be released fairly soon. Will promised them each a copy of his first comic.

Lacing his fingers with Richie's Will stared up at the sky as the snow fell down around them. It was one of their favourite activities, just watching the snow fall around them. "Richie…" Will said quietly.

Richie looked over at Will, "Yes?"

"You've been pretty quiet for the past couple of days. What's been bothering you?" It was always amazing to Richie how Will always just knew.

"Am I that obvious?" Richie smiled softly at him, "You're like a fucking psychic…"

Will smiled a bit, "I just can tell with you. I know you so well by now."

"Fuck… well…" Richie sighed, "I guess I'm at a crossroads…"

Will furrowed his brows, looking at Richie, "What do you mean?"

"I'm going to be honest with you, Will. I think I'm screwed if I go to more parties with my work crew, but I also thing I'm screwed if I just avoid parties." Richie tried to explain.

Will listened quietly before speaking, “What do you mean?”

Richie looked down, “I… I keep getting cornered by Calvin and he says that my appearance at parties will help boost my career. If I keep declining parties, I might not last long in this business. He keeps talking about introducing me to some of his friends in the business… I could have a fucking spot on TV if I tried for it… I just have to be able to meet these people.”

Will looked thoughtful as he considered what Richie was saying, “So… you don’t have much choice if you want to succeed…”

Richie shook his head, “Not at all… I mean I could just stick with my radio show hosting, but I’m starting to make a name for myself. I really don’t want to lose all that when it’s only just begun.”

“What about the drugs, though?” Will questioned, almost afraid of the answer Richie might give him.

“I don’t know… I don’t want to do them, but I know they’ll pressure me into it one way or another.” Richie said honestly, “I mean, I’ve only done cocaine once about a month ago. If I only use it periodically, I don’t see myself getting addicted.”

“I don’t know Richie, I don’t like it.” Will said with a sadness in his eyes.

“It’s only until I can hit it big. Once I’m famous enough, no one can make me do anything.” Richie assured Will.

“…Are you sure you won’t get addicted?” Will asked, looking at him sternly, “Your mother was an alcoholic… addiction runs in your family.”

Richie sighed a bit, “I know… I’ve thought about that already.”

Will didn’t know what to say. He didn’t agree to Richie using drugs, but he also didn’t want to be the reason Richie lost his career. “I…” Will looked away, “I guess if you have to… but there have to be rules.” Will told Richie seriously.

“Rules?” Richie asked, a bit surprised that Will was even reluctantly

agreeing.

“There absolutely will not be any drugs in our home first off.” Will said pointing a finger at him, “Also, if you do get addicted, we’re taking you to rehab immediately.”

Richie looked at him, nodding, “I got it.”

Will looked into his eyes, “I’m not ok with this, I hope you know.”

Richie nodded his head, “I know. I appreciate what you’re doing though. You’re doing a lot more for me than anyone else. You’re the best boyfriend ever.” Richie wrapped both arms around Will, holding him warmly in both arms.

Will held onto him, letting the snow fall on them as they remained outside together for a little longer. “I worry about this whole direction you’re going, Richie… what if it isn’t as wonderful as you think?” Will couldn’t help but pose the question.

Richie rubbed Will’s back slowly, “I don’t really know where it’s headed, but I could make a lot of money doing this… it’ll get better with time, Will. You’ll see.”

“I hope you’re right, Richie. I really do.” Will said, not feeling so confident in Richie’s words.

“We’re already making lots of money now… they’re talking about getting me into bigger things and when that happens, we won’t have to worry about anything.” Richie assured him.

“It’s not all about the money you know? I want us to be happy. If you’re risking yourself like this for cash, it’s not good for either of us.” Will looked into his eyes, the two still embracing in the snow.

“I’ve got control over this. Don’t worry, Will.” Richie assured him.

“I’m still going to worry.” Will rubbed his shoulders, “I love you.”

Richie leaned down, pressing their lips together, “I love you too.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please leave me some love!

8. New Years For One

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will prepare for New Years Eve. Something comes up.

Chapter 8

The first thing Will and Richie did when they arrived back in Los Angeles was pick up Layla from the kennel they'd left her in. She looked so happy to see them, jumping around and licking at their legs. "I missed you too baby. You're a good girl." Will rubbed her fur as they got her into Richie's truck.

Richie smiled at them, "You two are so fucking cute."

Will let Layla lick his face as he cuddled her. Layla's whining noises were both sweet and a little sad as she clearly missed them. Richie laughed as Layla kept coming over to him to lick his cheek as well. "I love you too, girl. I'm driving though, so I can't pet you as much as you'd like."

Will giggled, hugging Layla to keep her still between them. Their first day back home was relaxing as the two spent most of their day watching TV once they were unpacked. Richie held his arms around Will, his head resting on Will's shoulder lazily. When the phone rang, Will reached over and picked it up, ruining Richie's resting state. "This is Will speaking."

Richie heard nothing before Will handed the phone over to Richie. Taking the phone confused, Richie put it to his ear, "Hello? This is Richie."

"Richie! It's good that you're home already. We've been asked to send a few people to The Charleston tonight for a New Years Eve party. We were hoping you'd be able to go." Calvin's voice said on the other end of the line.

"Oh…" Richie looked at Will, "I… I had some plans tonight with my

boyfriend."

Will looked over at him, seemingly aware of what was being asked of Richie. "I see. Well, the people hosting the party at The Charleston are desperate, so they're willing to pay us extra for coming in and entertaining last minute. Would your boyfriend be willing to part with you for one night if it meant you earning a grand?" Calvin asked persuasively.

Richie bit his lip, covering the receiver before looking at Will. "Some people backed out of a show downtown. They want us to cover it last minute. They're willing to pay me about a thousand dollars for one show. Do you mind if I go?"

Of course, Will minded. They were going to spend the night in together for once. They were going to order some pizza and watch the New Years Eve special together. Even with their plans, Will felt like it was impossible to say no. He'd be cheating Richie out of money and success if he did that. "You can go." Will said looking down.

Richie uncovered the phone again, "When do you need me to show up?"

Will got up, heading into the kitchen silently. He couldn't believe it, he was going to be alone for New Years Eve. It was the first time for him. Richie got off the phone and walked over to Will, "Hey… I'm really sorry about this." Richie said, truly feeling bad for the position he put Will in, "I… I really wanted to spend tonight with you." Richie told him sadly.

"I get it. When are you leaving?" Will asked as he turned away, reaching up into the cupboard for a box of crackers.

"Right now… I've got to go figure out what we've got planned and improvise with what I can." Richie looked at Will who bit down on a cracker slowly, looking depressed.

"Ok." Will said in a quiet voice.

"I'll make this up to you, I swear." Richie said placing a hand on

Will's shoulder.

Will nodded, "Ok."

Richie looked at him with a guilty expression before heading to his bedroom to change into some formal clothes. Will had stopped asking if he could go to shows Richie was at. They didn't want him there, so Will didn't bother. Calvin seemed keen on making Will feel as uncomfortable as possible when ever he did show up at shows.

"Did you want me to see if I can get home before midnight?" Richie asked, the guilt tearing him apart inside as he stood by the door.

Will shook his head, "Go have fun. I'll be here with Layla."

Richie nodded a bit, "Ok… see you next year." Richie smiled a little before his expression dropped knowing Will wasn't having any of it. "Ok my ride will be here soon… bye."

"Bye." Will said watching Richie leave the apartment, locking the door behind him.

Crossing his arms, Will looked at the floor silently. He wasn't sure what to do with himself. He didn't feel much like anything. He stood still for several minutes until Layla wandered over to him, her face nudging his leg. Even she could tell something wasn't right.

***

Around ten that evening, Will got a call. For the first few seconds, he thought it might have been Richie, so he picked up the phone. "Hello?" He answered, hopeful that Richie had changed his mind and decided to come home to him early.

"Hey Will! It's Eddie!" Eddie Kaspbrak's voice on the other end of the line was oddly soul soothing.

"Oh, hey Eddie. What are you up to?" Will asked sitting down next to the phone.

"Bill and I are with Bev, Ben and Stan. Mike actually came to New York to visit, but we missed you and Richie. We wanted to wish you

a happy new year!" Eddie was happy, his happiness making Will feel a little less alone.

"Oh, well thank you. Richie isn't here right now, but I'll let him know you called." Will said.

"What do you mean he isn't there? It's New Years Eve." Eddie sounded confused.

"He's got a gig tonight. He couldn't be here." Will said curling his fingers around the phone cord sadly.

"So wait… you're all alone? On New Years Eve?!" Eddie sounded shocked.

"It's no big deal. Richie's getting paid for being there so, it's worth it for him." Will said trying not to sound sad.

"No, that's bullshit! What the fuck?!" Eddie was pissed, "I'm going to give him a piece of my mind when I call here next time!"

"No, don't do that." Will shook his head, "He asked me and I told him to go."

"Of course you did, because you're a fucking sweet heart. I would have told him to stop being such a dick. This is a big night. You two already had plans too." Eddie groaned with annoyance, "If you weren't so far away, I'd tell you to come join us."

"I wish I was there with you guys. I miss you a lot." Will said feeling his eyes welling up with tears, "It's so lonely here…" Will slipped without meaning to let out his emotions.

"What do you mean, honey? What's going on? Are you and Richie ok?" Eddie asked.

"Yeah, we're fine." Will sniffled a bit, "I just miss us being the way we were before he got his stand-up job…"

"Will, you need to talk to him." Eddie said seriously, "He needs to know you're not happy."

“I’ll talk to him… I just don’t know when… I should let you go though, you guys should be having fun, not listening to me whine.” Will said.

“We care about you, we’re here for you any time you need us.” Eddie told Will softly.

“Thank you. I’ll call you sometime next weekend. Have a good night.” Will bid him.

“You try to as well, Will.” Eddie said before Will hung up the phone.

He decided to watch the New Years special alone, Layla cuddled into his side on the couch. He continued watching even after the new year was rang in. He didn’t know what to do with himself as he was fairly certain Richie would need a ride home.

Will began to dose off next to Layla, feeling her warmth against him was comforting. The ringing of the phone at Two thirty in the morning made Will’s eyes open wide. Looking around he realized what was going on as he picked up the receiver, “Hello?”

“Heeeey babe! Can you come get me?” Richie’s voice was on the other end of the line.

Will sighed a bit, “Where are you?”

Layla got off Will as he sat up more, “I am currently standing at a phone booth outside of that club on the main strip. The one with the coconut trees?”

Will could tell Richie was anything but sober as he spoke, “Lola’s?”

“Yeah! Can you get me? I’m starving…” Richie whined a bit.

“Yeah, give me a minute to get ready.” Will said before he hung up, not waiting for Richie’s response.

Heading down to the parking garage, Will got into Richie’s truck, starting it up. He headed down the main L.A. strip looking for the popular club for people with lots of money and status. It was becoming no surprise that Richie was getting into clubs like that with

his boss's help.

Richie was leaning against the side of the building when Will showed up. He smiled at Will as he climbed into the truck. Will said nothing as Richie climbed in and closed the door. He drove towards their apartment again feeling angry he had been left by himself for the night. "Hey baby… can we stop for food?" Richie asked, reaching over to touch Will's shoulder gently.

"No. There's food at home." Will said shifting so Richie let go of him.

Richie looked at him, having trouble focusing on Will, "Are you pissed?"

"I am." Will said as he drove.

"You said I could go… should I not have?" Richie asked confused.

"We had plans… sure maybe they weren't exciting enough plans considering you're into parties at expensive clubs now, but we had plans none the less." Will stated firmly, "I'm not enjoying this new lifestyle you have going on… not one bit."

Richie looked at his knees, "I… I'm really sorry…"

"You can say you're sorry, but it doesn't erase the fact that I spent New Years Eve alone while you went out to a bar after your show…" Will said sternly.

"I… I ran into someone at that bar though. They told me I'd be perfect for-" Richie started.

"I don't care." Will shook his head as he turned the corner, "I really don't. I just miss the way things used to be, when I actually mattered to you."

Richie swallowed, "Ok… I'm sorry… If it's any consolation you do matter a lot to me. I love you."

"You have a funny way of showing it." Will wasn't used to being so bitter with Richie, but after the call from Eddie, he knew he was in the right to say something. "How many drugs did you do tonight?"

Richie closed his eyes, “I had some molly but I’m fine…”

“Molly huh? Lovely…” Will shook his head as he pulled into the parking garage, “Here we are.”

Richie got out of the car and walked with Will silently. Neither of them wanted to speak, Richie out of stress and Will out of anger. Once they got into the apartment, Richie looked at Will, “I um… I really am sorry… is there anything I can do to make this up to you?” Richie asked, placing both hands on Will’s arms.

Will sighed, looking down a bit, “Just, go to sleep, Richie.” Will said before heading to the couch.

“Aren’t you coming to bed?” Richie asked.

“No. I’ll sleep here.” Will responded as he sat on the couch.

“Baby it’s not fair… I should take the couch… I’m the bad one…” Richie stumbled into the doorway looking over at Will.

“My nights already ruined, Richie. Just enjoy the bed.” Will said lying on his side.

Richie bowed his head, stumbling into the bedroom quietly. Will could hear Richie sobbing from the living room, but he didn’t do anything to comfort Richie. Instead, he shed a few tears on the couch. Layla rested beside him, offering her own comfort as best as she could. It was better than nothing, but even still, Will wished he was with Richie. He just knew if he went in there, he was encouraging the bad behaviour.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thoughts? Feelings? Angry venting?

9. Friday Night, Date Night

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will work at getting their relationship back on track. They have a nice date together.

Chapter 9

Richie had spent about two weeks feeling down on himself. He'd gotten reamed out on the phone by not only Eddie, but Stanley as well. They told him how stupid he was for leaving Will alone on New Years Eve after they had planned to spend it together. They told him he was being irresponsible, not willing to listen to any of his arguments. Worst of all, Richie admitted to doing drugs and both told him he had better stop or else he'd end up dead. At that point, Richie didn't mind the idea of being dead.

Will worked hard on his school work while Richie was around, often not coming to bed until well after Richie was already snoring and asleep. That morning, Richie tried to spoon Will only for Will to grumbled and push him away. It bothered him, because he knew he'd fucked up.

Richie sat in the living room when Will finally made an appearance that morning. "So… are we ever going to be ok?" Richie got right to the point the moment Will walked in, "I feel like we're not even a couple anymore… you don't talk to me, or kiss me… we haven't had sex in about three weeks… I just want to be on speaking terms with you again if nothing else. I love you and I miss you." Richie said to him seriously.

Will sat down on the couch across from Richie, "You hurt me, Richie…"

"I know. I'm sorry. I really truly am. I should have said no to Calvin. I don't really know why I didn't." Richie looked down, "I guess I was just worried he wouldn't help me climb the ladder if I denied him."

"I know. Sometimes though, I feel like I come in second to your

career. I shouldn't. I was here first." Will told him honestly.

"I can stop. I can just quit that place and just focus on my school. We could both just find jobs again to pay rent." Richie suggested, "I just thought this was perfect for us. It gave us time to do what we both wanted."

"I won't ask you to stop, I just ask that you actually spend time with me and… maybe not ditch me anymore." Will said honestly.

"How about I stop going in for Friday night? How about those are our nights?" Richie suggested, "Also, if we have plans, I won't cancel on you. Never again."

Will nodded a bit, "Alright."

"So… are we good?" Richie asked concerned.

Will shrugged, "I guess we'll find out…"

Richie sighed, knowing it was the best he was going to get out of Will for the meantime. When Friday night came around, Richie took Will out to dinner. It was a nice restaurant that served a lot of sea food options. "So, what are you planning on getting?" Richie asked as he looked over the menu.

"I don't know… maybe the crab?" Will said looking over the menu curiously.

"Crabs, just what everyone wants on a Friday night." Richie said before he could stop himself.

Will looked over and smiled a little. It was the first time he'd seen Will smile in weeks. He looked so beautiful when he did it. "I think I might get the same…" Richie closed his menu, "…you look really beautiful tonight, Will." Richie said as Will wore one of his nice sapphire coloured sweaters over a white buttoned up shirt.

Smiling softly, Richie felt his heart thud a bit faster, "You look handsome too." Will said as he put his menu down.

Richie smiled, "I've missed this… us talking… it's nice."

Will nodded, “Me too. I wasn’t sure at first if we’d actually have a date night again but… I’m glad we are.”

Richie wrapped his feet around Will’s under the table. Will giggled a bit at the feeling, “Richie… I love you.”

“I love you too, so much.” Richie smiled warmly, feeling like he could breathe again.

The waitress came by to take their orders before leaving them with a bottle of white wine. “Are you totally sure you want to drink tonight? We’ll have to cab it home…” Will questioned.

“I mean, you could drink, and I could stay sober if you wanted to.” Richie offered, “I’m usually the one that’s drunk so we could switch it up.”

Will looked at the bottle, “I don’t know if I can finish a whole bottle myself.”

Richie smiled, “It’s up to you. I don’t mind cabbing it home.”

“Alright, then let’s just both drink.” Will decided as Richie poured Will’s glass first before his own.

Richie grabbed his glass, watching as Will took the first drink. He smiled a bit, “Hey um… do you think… maybe tonight we could make out?” Richie asked before taking a drink.

“That’s all you want to do?” Will smiled a little wiping his lips with a finger.

Richie smiled a little more, “I want to do a lot of fucking things, but I know I’m sort of in the dog house right now.”

“I think tonight we could do something more. Besides you got me drinking and you know how I get when I drink.” Will told him with a small smile.

“Is it too early to call for the bill?” Richie grinned as Will giggled a bit.

The waitress brought them their crab legs. It was two pounds worth for them to share together. They began cracking the legs, extracting the meat. As they became more and more drunk it got harder. Will was laughing so hard he could barely hold onto his crab leg, “This is too hard, Richie… why did we order these?”

“Because they’re fucking amazing!” Richie smiled as he appeared to be performing surgery on his crab leg using the tiny fork to cut along the sides of the shell.

Will finally got the meat out of his crab leg using the tiny fork to scoop it out. “I have never actually tasted crab leg meat warm before… have you?”

“Never.” Richie chuckled a bit, “Oh well. It’s good cold.”

The two ate their meal once their meat was fully extracted. Richie paid the bill before heading outside with Will. The two managed to find a cab nearby. They sat in the back together, both of them eager to get home.

The moment they entered their apartment, Richie’s lips were on Will’s as he locked their door. Will wrapped his arms around Richie’s shoulders, kissing him deeply. Richie reached down, undoing Will’s pants and pulling them down while Will tossed his shirts to the floor. Wrapping his mouth around Will’s erection, Richie bobbed his head slowly, enjoying the moans escaping Will’s lips.

The feeling of Will’s slender fingers gripping his dark curls as more than enough to get him fully erect as he continued sucking Will’s cock eagerly. “Mm… Richie… I want you…” Will moaned.

Getting to his feet, Richie pulled off his shirt and got out of his pants as quickly as possible before picking Will up. Carrying the blonde to their bedroom, Richie set Will on the bed, kissing him passionately as he let his body lay over top of him. “Fuck, you taste so good…” Richie smiled as he reached in the dresser for their lubricant.

“So do you. Don’t tease me, I want it.” Will pleaded, grasping Richie’s erection in his hand.

Richie grunted a bit at the feeling of being touched by Will in his drunken state. Richie drenched his finger in lubricant before rubbing it around his opening. Will moaned as he felt two fingers slide into him. “I want your cock… give it to me.” Will begged.

Grinning, Richie shook his head, “You’ve go to be patient baby. I don’t want my massive cock to rip you in two.”

Will grumbled with an amused look on his face, “You know I can take it. Just give it to me, Richie.” Will pleaded with sweet desperation in his eyes.

Richie kissed his lips before lifting Will’s legs. Inserting himself deep inside of Will, Richie bit his lip quickly as he began rutting his hips, “Fuck! Oh shit! Oh God yes!” Richie moaned, enjoying being back inside of Will after going so long without sex.

“Richie! Oh my God!” Will arched his back, gripping around Richie tightly as his prostate was banged into repeatedly.

Their bed creaked loudly from the force of Richie’s thrusts. “Will… I fucking missed this…” Richie whined a bit before he let Will’s legs wrap around his waist, holding them together rather tightly to Richie’s excitement.

Hovering over Will, Richie was pulled by Will’s hands over to kiss him. Richie continued rutting his hips smoothly. Licking Richie’s lower lip, Will grabbed it with his teeth, listening as Richie moaned in response while he kept rutting. “Fuck, Will…” Richie groaned, enjoying his playful drunk side more than he would ever admit.

Richie nipped Will’s lower lip, enjoying what they were doing to each other. “You’re mine, baby…” Richie purred, “I love you so much.”

“Richie…I love you. ” Will gripped both of Richie’s shoulders, rubbing them as he breathed heavily.

Will could feel himself building up inside. He gripped around Richie hard, making Richie groan with sheer pleasure. “You’re the fucking tightest boy ever…” Richie panted heavily, still moving hard into Will’s tightness.

“Oh my God, don’t stop! Don’t stop! Richie!” Will cried out desperately.

“Come on baby, say my name when you come.” Richie egged Will on, knowing it was only a matter of time before he blew.

“Richie! Oh yes! Richie!” Will screamed loudly as he coated Richie’s abdomen in his semen.

Spurred on by Will screaming his name, Richie came inside of Will, groaning deeply as he pressed his lips to Will’s neck lovingly. “You’re so fucking good, Will…”

Will giggled a bit, a soft smile on his face as he lay spent beneath Richie. Cupping Will’s face, Richie began kissing him slowly. Their tongues mingling together. Richie felt like he could kiss Will forever as he immensely enjoyed Will’s soft lips and tongue on his.

After he’d fully softened, Richie pulled out of Will but remained kissing him. Will hugged Richie’s middle, encouraging Richie to stay on top of him. After a few minutes, Richie pulled back with a smile as he and Will stared into each others’ eyes despite their drunk state, “You’re the most beautiful person I’ve ever met.” Richie told Will as he stared into his hazel eyes.

Will smiled warmly, “Richie, you’re everything to me.” Will ran his fingers gently over Richie’s arms.

It felt good to be back on good terms with Will. Richie had to admit, he hated every second of not being able to even hold him at night. At least now, he could sleep easy, snuggled into Will.

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave me your thoughts!

10. Assaulted

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie's boss Calvin manages to get Richie into more trouble. This time, things go too far.

Chapter 10

“Thank you very much, you’ve been great!” Richie waved at the crowd of people who were cheering for him as he walked off the stage at ‘Spotlight’ with a smile that was slowly melting off his face as he headed towards the back hallway that led to the dressing room.

He sat down in front of the mirror, looking at himself for a long moment before he looked down at his cue cards. He’d been forced to cut plenty of material out of his final show as Calvin and his other coworkers didn’t like that he was making it known that he was bisexual and living with a man. He’d been forced to rewrite an entire routine Wednesday night to be ready for Thursday afternoon. It wasn’t fair, and the stuff he went with instead didn’t have his heart in it. He was growing weary of the lack of control he had.

Heading into the room behind Richie was Calvin himself, “That was a good show you put on, Tozier. You ready to hit the club after Jamison gets off stage?” Calvin asked with a toothy grin on his face.

“Thanks, but, I felt like heading straight home after this.” Richie said, still feeling quite down from everything weighing on his mind.

Calvin looked at him for a moment, “What’s wrong kiddo? Something on your mind?” Calvin asked in an awkward way.

“It’s just…” Richie picked up the cue cards, “These bits were really good and well thought out. I hate that I can’t present them just because some people might not take kindly to homosexuality. Why should I care what homophobes think of me?”

“The reason I had them cut from your final show was because I’m worried the kind of danger it might put you in. People who are

openly gay in the business have a tendency to die young in rather gruesome ways. It's a lot like being black in racist America, but in your case, you can hide it. I don't want you to lose fans or to lose your success over your relationship. I'd never want that for you, Rich. You're one of a kind and I want to keep you around as long as I can." Calvin reasoned with him.

"Times are changing, Calvin. People are becoming more open minded. We should really get with the times." Richie spoke confidently, but his words fell upon deaf ears.

"Maybe in another decade you can use those jokes, but for now, just pretend you only take interest in women." Calvin placed a hand on his shoulder, "It's for your own good."

Richie sighed, standing down as he knew this conversation wouldn't go anywhere he wanted it to. Watching Calvin take something out of his pocket and hand it to Richie, Calvin smiled a bit, "Here, Rich. Take this. It'll make you feel better."

Looking at what Calvin placed in his hand, he realized it was ecstasy pills. "Why now? In the dressing room?" Richie questioned.

"You're stressed right now. It'll make everything feel wonderful." Calvin walked over to the small table with bourbon and two glasses on display.

Pouring a glass of bourbon for Richie, he handed it to him. "Go on. Drink it down with one of the pills."

Richie swallowed down the dryness in his throat as he held the bourbon in one hand and the ecstasy in the other. He didn't want to do it. He didn't want Will to drive him home again while he was reeling from drugs. Richie just wanted to come home from a show sober. He missed being sober. It made him wonder how disappointed his mother would be if she knew.

"What are you waiting for?" Calvin asked him.

Richie closed his eyes and popped one of the pills into his mouth, swallowing it down. Calvin seemed pleased as he headed towards the

door, “We’ll come get you before we head down to Dulane’s Lounge.” Calvin said.

Placing a hand to his eyes, Richie held them closed, not bothering to answer back to Calvin as something felt strange. He wasn’t sure how fast the pill would kick in with the bourbon, but he’d learned never to take two pills at once or he’d overload himself with ecstasy. The second pill was for later, at least that’s what Calvin had taught him last time he made Richie take some.

Drinking down the rest of the bourbon, Richie waited as he began feeling the affects taking over. Calvin did come back a little later, a girl with soft brown hair and blonde highlights. Richie looked up at Calvin curiously, “This is Tanya. She’s the daughter of Simon Cavelli. He’s an executive producer over at the comedy central.”

Richie smiled at her warmly, looking into her doe eyes, “Nice to meet you. I’m Richie Tozier.” Richie greeted.

She smiled sweetly, “Nice to meet you finally. I’ve been enjoying your shows for quite some time now. My father might be able to get you into television as you’re incredibly talented.”

“Oh, thank you.” Richie said, absentmindedly stroking the fabric of his jacket as the ecstasy was in full affect.

“She’s going to be accompanying us to the lounge tonight. She’d like to get to know the real you better before she consults her father about your potential in the business.” Calvin informed him, making it clear to Richie that there was something in it for him if he ensured her happiness for the evening.

“Oh yeah, of course.” Richie nodded, a permanent smile on his face as he nodded.

Before long the group was seated in a limo, headed towards Dulane’s Lounge, which was located closer to downtown L.A. where Richie was rather unfamiliar with its surroundings. Drinking with the rest of the group, Richie couldn’t help but feel himself losing more and more control. He didn’t remember moving from one room to the next, nor did he have any concept of time. One of his co-workers tapped him

on the shoulder after a couple hours, telling him to take the second pill. Richie complied without thinking.

The pill, at the very least, woke him up enough to keep his awareness. Richie couldn't remember what he and Tanya had been talking about previously, but she seemed happy sitting with him as he and his co-workers conversed. "Hey, can you walk me to the bathroom? I'm a little dizzy." Tanya asked Richie.

"Yeah… hold on…" Richie said getting up with Tanya who adjusted the short navy skirt of her dress.

Richie held onto Tanya's arm, helping her to the bathroom despite the fact he was just as off balance after the drugs and alcohol he'd been doing. Richie brought her to the small hallway that divided the men and women bathrooms. "Alright, here you are." Richie said.

"Thank you…" Tanya smiled deviously before pulling Richie into the women's restroom with her.

Richie stumbled in looking quite confused, "I um, I don't think I'm supposed to be in here…" Richie said, feeling his head spinning.

Tanya pressed him against the door, locking it with her free hand. Richie furrowed his brows, "What are you doing?" He asked looking down at her.

"Just having a little fun." She smiled before leaning up and pressing her lips to his.

Richie quickly pressed on her shoulders forcing her off him, "Tanya, I'm taken. I can't." Richie said quickly as she stared into his eyes.

"Well what she doesn't know won't hurt her…" Tanya reached a hand down the front of his pants as she pressed her lips back to his.

Richie groaned, feeling her hand on his penis. He pushed her back, sending her flying towards the sink with a look of confusion on her face, "What's your fucking problem? You're about to get laid and you're being a bitch about it!" She shouted at him, completely removing her angelic mask from the evening.

Shaking his head quickly Richie unlocked the bathroom door, “I live with a man. I love him. I’m not interested.”

Tanya looked at him like he was insane, “You’re seriously choosing another dick over my pussy? You really are sick…”

“I-I have to go.” Richie pulled open the door and quickly exited the washroom. He headed out the front doors, only for his co-worker Mitchell to follow him outside.

“Hey, are you alright, Richie?” Mitchell asked him.

Richie looked back at the slightly overweight balding man, “Tanya just grabbed my dick in the bathroom and tried to fuck me even after I told her not to.”

“Pfft… that doesn’t sound so bad.” Mitchell laughed it off, “Come on, I’ll get you a drink.”

“No. This isn’t ok, Mitch. I didn’t want that, and she tried to force herself on me… she called me disgusting basically when I told her I was with Will…” Richie’s chest was thudding hard as he tried to come to terms with what just happened.

“Tanya’s good looking, I wouldn’t have stopped her if I was you. I hope that doesn’t ruin any chances for you.” Mitchell said, ignoring the real issue.

“I’m going home…” Richie said before he began walking the eight blocks that it took to get back onto his street.

Richie felt numb. He didn’t know to feel. Everyone was telling him he should be happy he was assaulted by a beautiful woman. Everyone found it strange that he didn’t let it happen despite being in a relationship. He didn’t understand why it wasn’t looked down upon. Had he been a woman and a man came onto him the way Tanya did, the man would have been in the wrong. For Richie, it was a different story it seemed.

Making it to the steps of the apartment just before sunrise, Richie sat down on the steps, feeling the full weight of what happened hit him hard. Pressing his hands to his face, Richie felt himself starting to cry.

He sobbed so hard his shoulders began to shake, and he drooled a little onto the concrete below before he wiped his mouth, looking around through his tear-soaked eyes for anyone who might be watching. No one was present, so he let himself cry into his hands for a few more minutes.

When the crying stopped, he was left with a dizzy haze that made him want to get into bed immediately. Walking up to his apartment, he shoved his key in the door and stared at it for a moment before remembering he had to twist it and turn the door knob. Closing the door behind him, he saw Layla run over to him. Sinking to his knees, Richie wrapped his arms around her, allowing Layla to lick the tears off his face as he began to cry again.

The light in the bedroom came on and Will walked out of the bedroom with messy hair and a tired look in his eyes, “Richie? Are you ok?”

“No… I don’t know if I want to talk about it…” Richie said despite Layla licking his face.

Will came over to Richie, wrapping his arms around him, “Richie, is this because you’re high and drunk?”

Richie shook his head, holding Will close, “Someone… someone tried to fuck me…”

“What?!” Will looked down shocked, “Who?!”

“Tanya Cavelli… her father’s Simon Cavelli an executive producer and-” Richie was cut off.

“Did you fuck her?” Will asked suddenly a bit shocked by what was happening.

“No! No… I’d never… I love you too much… but she tried so hard. She put her hand down my pants and tried kissing me.” Richie’s eyes watered again, tears dripping down his face, “I told her to stop, that I had someone, and she didn’t care… She kept trying.”

“Oh, Richie…” Will looked at him, his eyes brimming with sympathy, “I’m so sorry…” Will hugged him warmly.

“You don’t think there’s something wrong with me?” Richie asked sniffling a bit.

“Wrong with you? How?” Will questioned.

“For not fucking her…” Richie’s lip quivered, “Tanya and Mitchell both thought I was fucked up for not letting it happen…”

Will lifted his chin, so Richie would look at him, “As your boyfriend, I’m glad you didn’t do what she wanted. I know you and I have done a lot of swinger type things together, but that’s the thing, we were together when it happened. I wasn’t aware of any of this, so you did the right thing in saying no. She’s in the wrong… you were sexually assaulted.”

Richie closed his eyes, pressing his face into Will’s abdomen as he remained on the ground. Will held onto him, stroking his hair gently. “Richie… this business is dangerous…”

“No, it’s fine… I’ll be fine. I just… can’t let girls drag me into bathrooms anymore.” Richie wiped his eyes.

Will sighed, helping Richie up. “Come get into bed ok? You need to sleep.”

Richie walked with Will to the bed and laid down. The ecstasy was wearing off, but the bedding still felt so good to him. “This bed… its so soft…” Layla climbed onto their bed, snuggling into Richie’s feet.

“Ecstasy?” Will asked as he got into bed with Richie.

“Yeah…” Richie sighed, “I’m sorry… I didn’t want to… Calvin made me…”

Will looked at him sadly, cupping Richie’s face. “Baby… you don’t need this job.”

Richie held Will’s hand. “I do. It’ll get us where we need to be…”

Will rested beside Richie, watching him start to drift slowly. It was heartbreaking to see Richie go through so much. It bothered him even more that much of it wasn’t Richie’s desire either. Richie

wanted the success, but it seemed the party life had to go with it in order to get anywhere. It wasn't fair and although Will wasn't with Richie during the nightlife, he was also experiencing similar agony.

Closing his eyes, Will held Richie's hand, following his love into a deep sleep.

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave me your thoughts!

11. Overdose

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie begins struggling with his addictions. Will gets a terrifying call late in the night.

Chapter 11

By late Spring, Will Byers was feeling like there was something he was missing. He couldn't explain it, or even begin to understand why he felt a nagging feeling in his stomach, but for the most part he tried to ignore it.

Richie got himself dressed up in a nice outfit, feeling ready and fairly confident for the jokes he had made up for that evening. He pulled on a nice gun metal grey tie Will had gotten him for his most recent birthday just a month ago. It looked good against the black material of his buttoned-up shirt. His hand shook a little as he adjusted his tie. He knew what the problem was, but he tried to ignore it.

Richie looked at himself in the mirror, his wild hair in its usual state. Adjusting his glasses, Richie decided he looked as good as he was going to. Heading into the hallway he spotted Will working at cleaning up his bookshelf in the living room. "Hey, I'm about to head out to 'Spotlight' for the evening. Did you want me to come right home after my set?"

Will looked up from his spring cleaning and shook his head, "You don't have to do that. I know how Calvin gets when you don't go partying with him." Will was used to the drill by now, they'd had their date the night before, so Will felt like he would be asking too much of Richie to come home instead of going clubbing.

"Alright." Layla came over and licked at Richie's hands, causing him to start petting her lovingly. "I'll miss you too, Layla."

Will smiled as Richie rubbed her ears and gave her as much love as she wanted before he left. "She loves you so much." Will said softly.

“I love her too. She’s my baby.” Layla whined affectionately, her tail wagging excitedly, “Yes, you are.” Richie let Layla lick at his face much to Will’s amusement.

Will giggled a bit as he watched them. Richie finally stood up fully, “I should get going.”

“Are they still not letting you use your bisexual or gay jokes out there?” Will couldn’t help but ask, he knew how much it bothered Richie.

“Nope. They still want me to seem super straight. It’s a pain in the ass…” Richie sighed, “I’ll see you later?”

“Yeah. Have a good show, Richie.” Will said watching Richie leave the apartment.

Will got back to his cleaning. By later in the night, Will got a call. Glancing at the clock he realized it was two in the morning. He figured it had to have been Richie calling so late. Picking up the phone he sighed, “Alright, where are you now?”

“Is this Will Byers?” An unfamiliar male voice asked on the other end of the line.

Will froze for a moment, “Yes.”

“It’s St. Mary’s Hospital calling. You’re the emergency contact of a Richie Tozier. He’s been emitted to the hospital for a drug related incident. He’s in stable condition now, but we wanted to let you know.” The voice told him.

“What happened to him?” Will panicked nervously.

“He experienced respiratory arrest at a night club and had to be removed by ambulance. Mr. Tozier was lucky that a doctor was on the scene at the time or he could have very well died. It seems to be from taking too much cocaine in a short period of time. I would consider getting Mr. Tozier to an addictions therapist.” The man told him seriously.

“I’m going to come to the hospital now. I’ll be there shortly.” Will

said before hanging up the phone.

He couldn't believe what he'd just heard. For a moment he stared at the phone wondering if what just happened was real or a hallucination. His head felt like a huge bubble, nothing made any sense. He realized he had been just standing in one spot, so he quickly ran to pull on his running shoes before taking the spare key to the truck.

Will had trouble focusing on his drive to the hospital, but he made it without an accident. Once he'd made it to Richie's room, he spotted his extremely pale boyfriend lying on a bed with an IV sticking out of his arm and an oxygen mask on his face. "Richie…" Will broke into tears the moment he saw Richie lying there.

"Will." Richie reached out to him, his eyes watering at the sight of his boyfriend.

Will laced their fingers together, bringing Richie's hand to his lips to kiss the back of his hand, "I can't believe this… how did this happen?"

Richie looked regretful. "I didn't want to tell you… I… I thought things would get better and that I could control it… but I couldn't."

"Baby, we need to get you some help." Will said sadly as he sat in the chair next to Richie.

"Please… I can't…" Richie shook his head, "I can't go to one of those places… not like mom did… please, can we just do this together?"

Will listened to Richie begging him and his insides churned a bit, "I… I don't know if we can do this on our own, Richie. You should be going to a doctor."

"Please, Will. Don't make me go…" Richie sobbed, begging desperately.

Will gave in, not willing to push him further, "Alright. You can't go to any more of these parties though. You know that, right?"

Richie nodded, "I know… I won't."

Will was satisfied with his answer, knowing the parties were the big problem that caused all of the heartache he was currently experiencing. Not wanting to move from where he was, Will sat with Richie, holding his hand throughout the night.

When morning finally broke through the window, Richie looked over at Will sleepily. Will looked at him softly, his hazel eyes rimmed with red from his tears. “Will?”

“Yes?” Will responded in a scratchy voice.

“Can we go home?” Richie asked.

“I’ll go find the nurse and see.” Will gave Richie’s hand a squeeze before heading into the hallway.

When Will returned a doctor accompanied him into the room. She checked Richie over before letting them know that he was able to leave but had to be in bed for the day. Will helped Richie to the truck, his arms wrapped around Richie’s arm to keep him stable. “I’m so embarrassed that this happened…” Richie admitted once he was in the truck.

Will climbed into the driver’s seat, “I bet you are. I just hope you learned a lesson.”

“Yeah, believe me I did…” Richie closed his eyes resting against the seat. “I miss Layla…”

Will drove towards their apartment, “I’m sure she misses you too, and me for that matter.”

“Will… I’m sorry this happened.” Richie looked at him sadly.

“I am too.” Will said as melancholy laced his voice.

Getting out of the car, Richie and Will headed back to the apartment. Layla was on Richie and Will the moment they entered. Her tail was beating on the wall as she wagged it excitedly to see them both. “I’ll get you some food, Layla.” Will said softly as he headed for the kitchen.

Richie hugged Layla warmly. He closed his eyes, enjoying how much his dog loved him.

The moment the dog food was poured into the bowl, Layla ran from Richie to the kitchen. Richie smiled a little, “Picking food over your dad. I see how it is.”

Will looked over at Richie and headed over to him, “How are you feeling?”

“Hungry. Tired. Horny.” Richie smiled a little.

Will looked at him with a small smile, “So the usual then.”

Richie leaned down, pressing his lips to Wills. The two kissed gently. “I love you.” Richie said softly.

“I love you too.” Will rubbed Richie’s shoulders gently, “Go sit in the couch, I’ll make something while you watch TV.”

Richie sat on the couch carefully, feeling quite guilty. He’d known for a little while that he was growing addicted to drugs, but he hadn’t told Will. He’d let it get so bad that he nearly died instead. It bothered him a lot that he hadn’t been honest about the addictions when they started, but on the plus side Will wasn’t acting mad at him, he was just happy to have Richie with him now.

Will brought over a plate with some cream cheese bagels and sat down beside Richie. He took one of the bagels for himself, leaving the other for Richie. “Are you ok?” Richie asked Will nervously.

“Me? Nothing happened to me. You’re the one who almost died.” Will looked at him sadly.

“I know but… this is my fault and I shouldn’t have let it go this far.” Richie owned up to what had happened, but it didn’t erase what had occurred last night.

Will nodded a bit, his eyes looking Richie over for a moment, “I just hope you learned from all of this. All I can ask is that you stop going out with those assholes. You wanted success, but they’re not exactly bringing you success. They’re almost killing you.”

“I did. I’m never going to party with them ever again.” Richie nodded at Will.

“Good. I can’t lose you. Not like that.” Will shook his head before he bit into his bagel, eating it quietly.

Richie ate next to him, not exactly tuned into the program on the TV. All he could think about was how his lungs just stopped working. He hated himself for it the moment it happened. All he could do was avoid the drugs, hoping there was a better way to become more and more successful. He hoped Calvin would understand.

Richie caught himself for a moment. It shouldn’t have mattered what Calvin thought, especially not after he nearly died. Calvin had to understand whether he actually did. That was all Richie knew for sure.

After he ate, Richie wrapped both arms around Will’s middle, resting his head on Will’s shoulder. Will reached up, gently stroking his hair, “You should have a rest in bed. You’re probably worn out.”

Richie nodded a bit, “I am pretty tired…”

“Go get into bed. I’ll wake you up a little later.” Will promised.

Richie kissed Will on the lips gently before getting up shakily and wandering into their bedroom. Will watched him go before covering his face. His eyes began to pour tears, but he remained silent, not wanting to alert Richie. He didn’t know if he’d made the right decision by agreeing to not taking Richie to see an addictions therapist. It was possible Richie might still be addicted or experiencing withdrawal. He really didn’t know why he agreed, perhaps it was because he was so relieved Richie was alive at all. He considered rethinking his options tomorrow with Richie.

Will was used to the feeling of helplessness. It was present most of his childhood, but in this situation, it was one of the absolute worst times. He just wanted everything to stop.

Notes for the Chapter:

Let the crazy begin.

12. Graduation

Summary for the Chapter:

> Mike Hanlon visits Richie and Will for their graduation. Their family also stops in for the occassion!

Chapter 12

Richie had talked to Calvin following his incident that caused him to be admitted to the hospital. Calvin understood that Richie would no longer be going out after the shows with the rest of the crew. They would just have to deal with it. Richie was pleased that Calvin didn't fight him on it, he just told Richie to take it easy.

By the end of May, Richie and Will were pleased to be graduating. Will had passed both bio-chemistry and his art classes with flying colours. Joyce, Maggie and Jonathan even came down for the ceremony while it was just Mike Hanlon that showed up from Derry as the others were still in New York. Richie hugged Mike with a big smile on his face, "Mike! I fucking missed that handsome face." Richie teased as Mike met them at the airport.

Will smiled brightly, "Mike, it's good to see you." Will hugged Mike next.

"This is my first time to L.A. guys. I'm glad I can hang out with people who live here and know the best spots to go." Mike chuckled a bit.

"You're gonna get to meet my mom and Will's mom and brother." Richie informed Mike.

"That's alright with me." Mike said.

"They're staying in a hotel though because there's not a lot of room at our apartment." Richie explained as he helped Mike with his bags as they got to Richie's new four door car.

Richie had given his old truck to Will for something a little better for

carrying around multiple people. Will agreed it was a better idea but wasn't aware he'd actually get his own vehicle out of the switch.

"I'm looking forward to this summer." Mike told Richie, "I get to have Stan back finally."

"You must miss him a lot during the school year." Will said sympathetically.

"I do… he's so hard to live without. I miss how uptight he is sometimes." Mike chuckled a bit at that.

"You really do have it bad if that's what you miss." Richie laughed as they drove back to the apartment.

"Our family won't be here until tomorrow so I'm glad you came a day early. We can take you out to see the city." Will smiled brightly.

"I'd be most interested in seeing the ocean to be honest." Mike informed them.

"Don't worry, that can be our first stop." Richie said as he pulled into the apartment building. "Get ready to meet our dog, she's really loveable."

Richie helped Mike carry his things up to their apartment as Will unlocked the door. Layla bounded over eagerly, sniffing Mike curiously before he leaned down to pet her, "Hey baby girl, what's up?"

Layla panted heavily, excited to meet someone new. "Layla's happy to see you it looks like."

Richie chuckled, placing Mike's bags into their bedroom. "So did you want to sleep with us in our bed or on the couch?" Will asked curiously.

"Oh… well either is fine." Mike said having not thought about it much.

"With us then? Will can sexually pamper us before bed like the good little slave boy he is." Richie teased as Will tickled his sides to make

him stop.

“Jerk.” Will smiled a little before Richie leaned down to kiss him, “I love you too.”

Mike chuckled, “Just like old times, huh? I did enjoy those kinky sleepovers.”

“I think we all did.” Richie grinned as he wrapped an arm around Will’s shoulders, “You want to go to the beach now or did you want to wait for a bit?”

“We could go now.” Mike nodded, “I’ll just get my swim shorts on.” Mike went into his bag and began digging out his light blue swim shorts.

“As for you, you can swim naked.” Richie joked as Will shoved him with a smile, “Hey that’s an order from your master.”

“You’re so embarrassing.” Will laughed before he went to find his own swim shorts.

“That’s it then, tonight you’re going to be paying for it. Mike and I are going to take advantage of you.” Richie smirked.

“I’m shaking.” Will purred sensually before he winked at Richie who looked a little surprised at his reaction.

“I should have known you’d be into this.” Richie smirked as he pulled his dark brown swim shorts on.

The group of three headed to the beach immediately, Will putting on sunscreen with Richie before sitting on their towels in the sand. Mike was enjoying the view immensely, “This place is amazing guys. You two are so lucky to live here.”

“We love the beach, but we don’t always get to come here.” Will said, “We’re usually in class or he’s at work.”

“We’ve definitely got to get the other losers here sometime. It’s a great place to hang out.” Mike smiled as he looked at Richie and Will who still had to let their sunscreen dry.

“This summer, it’ll happen.” Richie smiled.

The group finally made their way into the water together. Will relaxed on his back, floating as the waves rocked them gently. For the first time in several months he felt safe and secure. Things had gotten back to normal again after that horrible night at the hospital. Richie was no longer pressured into the parties and the two of them felt happy together.

Richie wrapped his entire mouth around the side of Will’s neck making him gasp and melt into Richie. “Mm… don’t do that…”

“Do what?” Richie grinned.

“Use my weakness against me.” Will smiled, cuddling into Richie, arms around his waist.

“Oh please, that’s half the fun of my day.” Richie said before leaning down and biting Will’s neck enough to get a squeal out of Will.

“Hey, you’re going to get me going…” Will warned him, pressing on Richie’s shoulders.

“Good.” Richie smirked as he grabbled Will’s ass under the water with both hands.

Will rolled his eyes. “What’s going on over here? Are you two fucking already?” Mike asked with amusement in his voice.

“I’m trying for it, but Will’s just not giving it up. We have to use his weakness against him if we want anything.” Richie smirked.

“Oh yeah? What’s the weakness?” Mike asked swimming closer to them.

Will struggled in Richie’s grasp, giggling a bit, “Stop it.”

“It’s his neck. That’s what gets him super worked up and horny.” Richie informed Mike who pressed his torso to Will’s back.

“Really now? Let me give that a try…” Mike placed gentle kisses along Will’s neck.

Richie watched Will bite his lip and shiver. Grinning, Richie enjoyed the soft moans from Will as Mike licked and nibbled at his neck. “You two… I’m going to need to go home…” Will muttered desperately.

“Go home why? To masturbate?” Richie teased, “You can jerk off right here if you need to.”

“No, for sex… not masturbation.” Will giggled a bit, “This is both of your faults… you have to fix it.” Will moaned as Mike sucked a hicky into the side of his neck.

“Oh yeah? You think we’re just gonna get you off and that’s that?” Richie clicked his tongue disapprovingly, “No, you’re going to have to work for it.”

Mike pulled of Will’s neck and grinned, “You are. We’re going to have fun with you.” Mike groped Will’s ass, “Now go get to the car, it’s time to go.”

Will whimpered and headed to the shore with Richie and Mike. His erection was hard to miss, so he gathered up their towels, holding them in front of himself so no one on the beach would see his boner.

Richie got into the driver’s seat of the car. Will went to get into the front passengers seat but Richie shook his head, “Nope. Slave boys ride in the back seat. You’ve got a dick to tend to, because I’m taking the long way home.” Richie said watching Will’s face go a bit pink at the prospect.

Mike got into the back seat and opened the other door for Will, “Go on, he’s paying me good money for a good time so better treat him good.” Richie said as Will got into the back seat with a blush on his face.

Sitting beside Mike, Will looked at Richie in the mirror, “Are you sure this is a good idea? The police could catch us.” Will reasoned.

Richie shook his head, “Nope, the windows are tinted enough.”

Mike looked Will over as Will began getting more into character, enjoying the slave game he usually only played with Richie. “Is this what you to do together? This is pretty hot.” Mike grinned.

“That we do.” Richie looked in the mirror at Will as he started the car, “Now be a good boy, you’re being rented out tonight.”

Will was hard. He reached down, pulling Mike’s large erection out of his pants. Will couldn’t even believe what he was doing as he leaned down, wrapping his mouth around Mike’s erection. Richie grinned a bit as he looked back at them, “Enjoy that sweet mouth, Mike. He’s getting better and better each time he uses it I swear.” Richie said before pulling onto the road.

Richie was enjoying what was happening, but it didn’t seem to distract him from driving as he coasted smoothly through the city. Mike had his fingers laced through Will’s hair as he groaned softly at Will’s fluid motions. “Oh my God… I’ve missed you two a lot…”

Richie chuckled a bit, “Yeah, we’ve missed you too. Haven’t we, Will?”

“Mmhmm…” Will vibrated around Mike making him groan louder.

“Fuck… how close are we to your apartment?” Mike asked biting his bottom lip.

“Pretty fucking close if you want me to get there fast.” Richie told him.

“Yes…” Mike nodded watching as Richie turned onto the next street to take them home.

Will was enjoying himself despite the fact he was so horny it hurt. He pushed Mike to the back of his throat, swallowing around him repeatedly. Mike moaned loudly, closing his eyes as Will pulled more noises out of him.

Richie pulled into the parking lot of the apartment, “We’re here you crazy kids. Now get off his cock and let’s get inside.” Richie watched as Will pulled off Mike.

Mike got himself back into his shorts before grabbing his towel to help conceal it as best as he could on their way inside. Will did the same. Richie unlocked the door to their place and smacked Will’s ass as he walked inside. Will pulled off his swim shorts immediately and

headed to the bedroom. Richie grinned at Mike, “How was the ride?”

“It was great, man. Now let’s go get some together this time.” Mike suggested as they followed Will into the bedroom.

Will was already naked, sitting on the bed with the biggest hard-on Richie had seen him with in months. “Wow, someone’s ready for some dick.” Richie said to Will who fidgeted uncomfortably.

“Please don’t tease… I’m really horny.” Will said in an adorably frustrated tone.

Richie smiled a little and looked towards Mike, “What do you say we sandwich him between us? You give him the dick and I take the dick from him?”

Mike nodded, “Sounds like a good plan.” Will watched as Richie got the lubricant and a condom out for Mike.

Will watched as Richie laid on his back on the bed, holding his arms out to Will with a grin, “Come on, baby. Time to give it to me good.”

Will bit his lip, rubbing lubricant onto his solid erection. He moved between Richie’s legs, pressing a finger inside of Richie to make sure he was ready. Mike rolled on a condom, lubricating himself while Will prepared Richie. “Put it in. I’m ready.” Richie assured him.

Hovering over Richie, Will slid his erection inside with a soft moan. “Oh my God…” Will pressed his face into Richie’s neck.

Richie rubbed Will’s back soothingly, “Ready for Mike to fuck you?”

“Yes…” Will muttered into Richie’s ear.

“Have at him, Mike.” Richie gave his friend the go ahead.

Mike let his tongue drag up Will’s spine. Will whimpered at the intensity of his arousal as he waited for Mike’s next move. Slipping one lubricated finger into Will, Mike rubbed against his prostate before sliding in a second finger. Will moaned into Richie’s neck, Making Richie chuckle softly. Richie wasn’t quite used to seeing Will so desperately aroused; normally that was him.

Pressing his erection against Will's opening, Mike slid deeply inside of Will's tightness. "Oh yes… That feels amazing…"

Will began to move his body, almost involuntarily. He fucked Richie slowly, simultaneously fucking Mike as well. "Oh… oh yes!" Will moaned as Mike gripped his hips, encouraging his movements.

Will was used to Eddie and Bill sandwiching him, but this was one of the first times Richie had been part of it. It felt good to be inside of Richie. "Oh fuck! You're so good, Will." Richie moaned loudly as Will continued fucking into him.

Richie locked lips with Will, kissing him passionately as Will moaned into his mouth with each thrust. Mike didn't have to do much as Will was desperately doing most of the work in his attempt to get off. Mike nibbled Will's shoulder, kissing his pale skin gently.

"Richie… oh my God… Mike… I won't last." Will breathed, indicating he was getting close with his desperate tone.

"It's ok baby, come when you need to." Richie said before groaning softly as Will moved a bit faster.

"I sure as Hell won't last long…" Mike said, making Will feel a bit better for not taking long before needing to climax.

"Will… oh, you're fucking amazing!" Richie moaned as he felt Will stroking his cock with one hand as he moved. "Oh shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Fuck!" Richie came first much to Will's surprise as he felt Richie's semen in his hand.

"Oh! I'm coming! I'm coming!" Will cried out as he released hard into Richie.

Mike grunted, releasing into Will with a satisfied groan. "Fuck… that was worth the long ass plane ride."

Will giggled a bit, looking back at Mike, "You can come here any time you want to… I mean… to L.A. not necessarily in me…" Will laughed realizing how it sounded.

Mike chuckled, slowly pulling out of Will, "I'll be right back." Mike

said heading off to their bathroom.

Richie smiled at Will, “Hey champ. How you feel?”

Will laughed, “I feel good. Want me to pull out now?”

Richie shrugged, “You can stay in me if you like. Although your penis is starting to feel like bubble gum or something so… maybe you should.”

“I’ve never heard someone compare a limp penis to bubble gum, but… alright.” Will laughed pulling out carefully.

Richie cupped Will’s face in both hands, kissing him lovingly before rubbing Will’s arms, “Wanna take Mike and go somewhere nice for dinner?”

“You make the money so that’s up to you, babe.” Will kissed him with a smile.

Richie watched Will climb off him before getting dressed. Mike returned to the room, entirely naked. “Wanna go for food, Mike?” Richie asked getting off the bed.

“Yeah, where you wanna go?” Mike asked.

“We’ll take you to our favourite sea food restaurant down the road. It’s amazing there.” Richie smiled, knowing they all enjoyed sea food.

“It really is.” Will nodded in agreement as he pulled out some clean clothes. “I’m going to rinse myself off, I’ll be really quick.” Will promised going to the washroom.

“I’m gonna second that.” Richie laughed before heading to the washroom with Will.

***

The graduation ceremony had been more emotional that Will expected. He was just so proud to have come so far. Having everyone who loved him at the ceremony certainly made it an even better experience.

Richie decided to take everyone out to an Italian Restaurant in town. Jonathan was most amusing to see entering the restaurant as he looked around a bit unsure. Will and Jonathan both had a tendency to seem unsure if they belong where they were. Will knew it was nothing for Richie to pay for everyone considering how much he'd been putting away since he got his stand-up job. "Richie, I can't believe you can afford to eat at this place… Are the chandeliers made of real crystal?" Maggie Tozier asked as she looked around in the entrance of the restaurant.

Richie laughed a bit, "Mom, when was the last time you even went to a restaurant?"

"Well I've never been to one this nice, but before your father and I were on bad terms he once took me to an Olive Garden." Maggie said looking around still.

"I thought those places were fancy until now..." Jonathan said with a shrug.

"Well this is going to be much better than that I'm sure of it." Joyce smiled at Maggie and Jonathan as Richie got them their table.

Will followed Richie and Mike as they headed to their table. Mike politely pulled a chair out for Richie's mom leading Richie to do the same for Joyce. "Such gentlemen." Maggie smiled sitting down.

"You know, it's pretty nice to finally get to know you, Maggie." Mike said to her as he sat between Will and Richie. "We never knew the extent of what you were going through with your addictions."

Richie looked over the menu quietly while Will glanced over at him. He hadn't wanted to mention it, but Richie seemed tired that day. Considering the cuddle pile they'd had the night before with Mike, it seemed like they all got plenty of sleep, but Will decided to let it go as he picked up his menu. Jonathan and Will made casual conversation together about Will's comic books as they looked over the menus.

"I'll tell you, it wasn't an easy road, but I owe it all to Richie and Will for saving me." Maggie smiled, placing a hand on Richie's.

“Huh? Oh.” Richie smiled a bit, “Nah, it was all Will.” Richie said nodded to the blonde nearhim. “He’s the one who saved the day.”

“You drove me to meet her, so I would say its your doing too.” Will smiled warmly at him.

“Well I’m glad our boys helped you out because I’m enjoying having you around.” Joyce smiled warmly at Joyce.

“Thank you. I’ll stick around as long as I can.” Maggie smiled.

The waiter came by, taking their order. Something about his slicked back dark hair reminded Will of the 20s era films he’d seen with his mom. They each gave their orders to the man, Will was excited to have some of their rose pasta with chicken. He’d had it before and it was hands down one of the best things to eat in L.A. to date.

Richie’s hand began to shake a little, he covered it with his other hand, but Maggie noticed. “Are you ok? You’re shaking.”

“I’m ok, I think I’m just tired… I kept having nightmares last night.” Richie told them as he looked at the table.

Will knew something was off. He was glad Richie admitted it on his own as he typically didn’t unless Will caught him screaming in the night or something. “Was it.. the clown?” Mike asked nervously.

Richie looked at Mike for a moment, “What? No. It wasn’t the clown… I’ll be right back.” Richie got up quickly, heading off to the bathroom.

Will watched him go, hoping he was alright. Richie walked into one of the fancy stalls that were made of stained wood. He sat down on the toilet, locking the door immediately. Richie dug into his pocket for his wallet. He unzipped the change section and pulled out a small vial of white powder. He took the cap off and gently shook the powder out onto the back of his hand before snorting it. His eyes rolled back a bit and he swallowed, feeling the drip in his throat sooth his withdrawal.

Richie didn’t want to be doing drugs at a family dinner like that. He was ashamed that he’d had to do drugs at all still, but he couldn’t

fight the symptoms that came with not doing cocaine. He should have gone into a rehab center, deep down he knew that, but he refused. He decided to instead try to quit on his own. It was impossible. Calvin had provided him with small amounts of cocaine here and there, to which Calvin liked as it kept Richie under his thumb at all times.

Standing up, Richie flushed the empty vial down the toilet before putting his wallet away. He headed out of the stall and immediately washed his hands clean. Bracing himself on the counter, he looked at his reflection in the mirror. How he hated the person staring back at him.

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave me some of your thoughts if you will!

13. Rock Bottom

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will finds Richie's drugs in his wallet. Things get intense.

Chapter 13

The summer heat hit them hard at the end of June. Richie managed to buy them a decent air conditioner to make their apartment bearable. Will had finished washing the dishes that were left in the sink. Richie changed his outfit a few times, trying to find something he liked before he went to work. It was just a typical Saturday night, but Will had an uneasy feeling in his chest like something was about to go wrong.

“Does this tie work with this outfit?” Richie asked coming out of the bedroom in a black suit and matching pants, he had a red buttoned up shirt and a white tie.

Will furrowed his brows, “No.”

Richie sighed and walked back to the bedroom. “I don’t know why you’re so worried about it. People watch you for your comedy skills, not for your fashion sense.” Will called after him as he dried off his hands once the last plate was in the dry rack.

“Yeah well, I want them to laugh at my jokes, not at my outfit.” Richie called back before changing his tie.

Will spotted Richie’s keys and his wallet on the island counter, making him remember something. “Hey, Richie. I might do the laundry tonight so I don’t have to wake up early and do it in the morning. Do you have any change for the laundry machines?” Will asked from the kitchen.

“Yeah I think so.” Richie said.

Walking over to the wallet, Will opened it up before unzipping the change pouch. He stuck his fingers inside to dig out some quarters

before he felt something strange inside. Will pulled out a small vial. Holding it in his hand, he stared at it for a moment as he assessed what it was. When he looked closer at the white powder inside he felt his stomach lurch. Before he could think, Will was marching towards the bedroom, standing in the doorway as Richie did up a plain black tie.

Looking over, Richie spotted the vial, his mouth opening then closing as he realized what Will was holding. “I thought I told you not to bring drugs into our apartment. Better yet, I didn’t think you were still on any drugs since you stopped going to the after parties every Saturday.” Will felt like his skin was on fire as he spoke to Richie.

“Will… It’s not what you think.” Richie tried.

“Oh yeah? So, this isn’t cocaine?” Will asked pointedly.

“No… it is cocaine, but it’s because I’m… trying to fight off my addiction.” Richie looked down, “Look, I can’t get into this now, I have to go.”

Will blocked the doorway with both arms, staring up at Richie with a serious expression on his face, “You agreed that if you got addicted, you’d get help. You told me you wouldn’t bring drugs into our home. You lied to me twice. You can have the decency to figure this out with me now, not later.” Will said assertively.

Richie didn’t want to say it, but Will was oddly intimidating. “Will… please.” Richie looked at him pleadingly.

“Richie… you need to get checked into the hospital. Forget your job, you need out of that fucking place. They’ve fucked you up enough.” Will said seriously.

“I’m not going to a rehab center, so you can forget it.” Richie snapped, moving Will’s arm so he could get by.

“Are you fucking kidding me, Richie? What’s so bad about those places? Your mom went. She got better.” Will couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“I don’t need rehab. I’m going to get better on my own.” Richie

grabbed his keys and his wallet.

“You almost died! How can you possibly think you have any control over this if you keep putting that shit into your body?!” Will shouted angrily.

Richie had never seen Will so upset in his life, but he didn’t want to feed into it. He was determined to remain strong despite the fact Will was making him regret not going to rehab immediately after his last hospital trip. “Will, I can’t talk about this now, I don’t have time. I’m the only one in this household working and I have a very big deal person in the audience tonight so if you’ll please excuse me, I have to fucking go.” Richie said slipping into his shoes.

Will glared at him, “Richie… don’t you walk out that door.”

“Will, we can talk about this tonight when I’m off.” Richie looked at him with determination in his eyes, “You’re making a bigger deal out of this than you need to be.” Richie hated himself for saying that, but he said it none the less.

Richie turned to head out the door and Will felt a fire in his chest, “Richie, I swear to what ever God there is, if you leave, I won’t be here when you come home.”

Pausing for a moment, Richie assessed the odds of what Will said in his mind. Deciding Will was just pissed and would calm down over a few hours away, Richie turned back to Will, “You need to calm down. This problem doesn’t concern you and I’m dealing with it the best that I can. I’ll see you tonight.” Richie said opening the door and exiting the apartment.

Will broke into tears, his hands balling into fists angrily. A strangled sob choked out of him and he covered his mouth with both hands, backing into the wall before slowly sliding down to the floor. He sobbed harder, his crying loud and uncontrolled. He’d never been so upset before, not even when he was fearing for his life. It felt like his heart was shattered into a million jagged pieces.

A wet nose nudged at his hands before he felt a tongue licking them. Uncovering his face, Will wrapped his arms around Layla, hugging

her close. “Baby… it’s going to be ok, baby…” Will wasn’t sure if he was talking to himself or the dog at that point.

It felt like he was dying inside. The one person he had fallen deeply in love with didn’t love him enough to make the right decision, even when he demanded it. Will never demanded anything of Richie. It should have been the one time Richie called his work and told them he wasn’t coming in and that he was going into rehab. It was what should have happened, but instead, Richie told him he was overreacting and left.

How could Richie think his addiction to cocaine didn’t concern him? Richie was his everything, of course it concerned Will. Perhaps he didn’t mean as much to Richie has he had previously thought. Sure, maybe Richie loved him once, but the fame had undoubtedly changed him and not for the better. Will knew it was time for a change. Every fibre of his being was aching, but he knew what he had to do.

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Richie pulled into the apartment complex with a feeling of dread flooding through him. He didn’t want to face Will. Everything inside of him just wanted to climb into bed and go to sleep. Deep down, he felt sick to his stomach, knowing Will was right to worry about him.

With a heavy sigh, Richie got out of the vehicle. Heading up to his apartment he unlocked the door finding the place to be in complete darkness. He could only guess Will had given up and gone to bed. Richie figured a night on the couch might not be so bad so long as he was able to just crash without an argument.

Flicking on the light he closed the door, finding it odd as Layla didn’t tackle him like she usually did. Stepping on something made of paper, Richie noticed an envelope that had to have been slid under the door. Picking it up, Richie opened it finding a letter inside. Opening the letter, he half expected it to be from the superintendent.

‘Dear Richie,

I tried. I really tried, but you let me down. I just wanted to help you

and I wanted you to get better. The path you've chosen isn't the one I can follow you down. What you're doing is wrong, anyone can see that. You're afraid of going to rehab, but it would have been the best place for you. You need to stop acting like you can do this on your own, because you can't. You left me with no choice, so I had to go back home.

I think the hardest part about me leaving is that I still love you very much. You're the person I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. You're everything to me. I couldn't watch this slow suicide any longer. It was tearing me apart.

You once dreamt of being a radio show host, not a comedian. Sure, you're amazing at comedy, but that place is stealing your soul. They don't let you be yourself out there on stage. They don't want you to be bisexual. You are though, but now you try to hide it even in public. I barely recognize you anymore. You're so talented Richie, you could do anything, but yet you still choose to be in that toxic environment, working for people who almost got you killed.

I'm going to miss you more than anything in the world. You're my favourite person to be around and you're the person I turn to when I'm upset. You broke my heart, Richie. I didn't know you could do that to me. I'll never forget you for as long as I live. You're my first love and the first person who made me feel whole.

Please take care of yourself. My worst nightmare is reading about your overdose in the news. Don't let that become a reality. I couldn't take it.

Don't look for me. Don't contact me. Let me go. It's my last request.

-Will Byers'

Richie looked down at the silver key that had been placed in the envelope; it was Wills. "No… no no no…" Richie dropped the letter, rushing towards the bedroom to turn on the light.

To his horror, Will's paints and his brushes were absent from his desk. Opening the drawers, Richie was greeted with emptiness. He felt sick, his vision blurring as tears took over his eyes, "Will… no…

you didn't…" Richie ran out to the living room. Layla's dog bed was gone, as was her bowl and her leash that hung on the wall.

Running to the closet, Will's coats and sweaters were all gone along with his shoes. Richie ran to the bathroom, unable to stop himself from vomiting into the toilet as reality gave him a hard kick in the stomach. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck! No… no I fucking fucked this whole thing up…." Richie sobbed gripping his dark curls as he banged his head off the wall angrily.

Not only was Will absent from the apartment, but so was Layla. His dog. Their dog. He'd somehow managed to lose everyone he loved the most all in one night. He shook violently as he cried. He didn't care if people next door could hear him sobbing. He didn't care if people next door could hear him screaming either. Richie stood up and headed down the hallway, punching the mirror on the wall so hard it shattered. His knuckles bleeding, but he was too numb to feel the pain. He walked into the living room, looking around for anything that Will might have left behind, but he found nothing, no traces that Will had ever even set foot in that apartment.

His insides twisted violently his fingers moving under his glasses to rub at his crying eyes. "Will what the fuck?! How could you fucking leave me?!" Richie shouted angrily, knowing full well it was his own fault, not Will's.

Kneeling down by the front door, next to the broken mirror, Richie picked up the letter once more. He read it over twice more. He couldn't get through it entirely without having to pause to sob into his black suit jacket.

Everything Will said was right, and Richie had been too blind to see it before. He could only guess that the power of having lost Will was making him see reality for once. His actions indeed did have dire consequences. He hated himself even more.

Closing his eyes, Richie sighed heavily. "What the fuck am I doing…?" Richie asked before hugging his knees, wishing he was wrapping his arms around Will instead.

Notes for the Chapter:

It can't get any worse than this, it's gotta get better... right?

14. Healing Process

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will has a hard time recovering from their break-up. Richie tries to better himself.

Chapter 14

It had been three weeks since Will had left his home in L.A. to move back home with Joyce and Hopper. He'd taken a full week to just lay in bed and nurse his broken heart. He wanted to call Richie, hear his voice again. He wanted to tell him how much he loved hm, but there was no point. They were over now.

Layla had been his main reason for getting up and leaving the house. He walked her around the woods and she seemed to enjoy it a lot. Will could appreciate her love of the woods, but he still couldn't believe he was back in Hawkins Indiana.

Eleven had spent plenty of time with Will when she returned home. The party were fully informed of everything that had transpired between he and Richie. Mike was ready to get on the phone and ream Richie out, but Will begged him not to. Because of telling Mike about he and Richie, Karen was informed of Richie's drug addiction which led Maggie to find out as well. Maggie took it the hardest, blaming herself on some level even though it wasn't her fault at all. Richie wasn't going to be happy that Maggie knew, but Will didn't care, she was going to find out if he had to explain himself anyway.

They had all told Will they'd help find him someone else, but Will shook his head at any mention of such a thing. He would need time at the very least, but it was uncertain if he was ever going to get over Richie. Will found it especially hard to be around Mike who was almost a clone of his former boyfriend.

Max had been oddly the most supportive to Will. She picked him up at his house a few times a week, taking him to the comic book shop or the arcade. Max didn't force him to talk about Richie, she just avoided it altogether which made Will feel comfortable around her.

Max talked him into getting a job as well, to which he wound up taking the job at the book store stocking the shelves and receiving the stock. He didn't hate it, but it was better than nothing if his comic didn't take off. He would have to go back to Los Angeles to sign more paperwork when it was closer to the release, but he had a bit of time before then.

Will was most surprised to receive a call from Eddie his third weekend in Hawkins. His mother had been first to answer, and immediately Joyce made sure it wasn't Richie before handing the phone to Will. "Hello?" Will answered.

"Will? Hey. It's Eddie. How are you holding up?" Eddie asked.

"Oh… I… I'm ok. I'm surprised you had this number… I guess Richie gave it to you?" Will questioned.

"Yeah, he did. I begged him for it so it's not like he gave it up willingly. He told me everything. I'm so sorry about everything that happened." Eddie said sadly.

"Did he tell you the truth or did he lie?" Will questioned wondering where Richie's head was at.

"Richie told me he had become addicted to cocaine from his partying and that you discovered his stash." Eddie told him.

"Oh… he did tell you the truth then." Will sighed, "I guess it doesn't matter now. It's over."

"I still want to be your friend. I connected with you so well in these past few years and I really don't want to lose that. We don't have to talk about him if its hard for you, but I still want you and I to be close." Eddie said making Will want to cry a little bit.

"Thank you. I'd really like that." Will smiled a little, already missing the short brunette.

They spent most of their time that Saturday night talking. Will and Eddie agreed not to talk about Richie, and Eddie also agreed not to tell Richie anything they talked about together. Will didn't want to know how far he'd stooped into his drug abuse, he just didn't want to

think about Richie anymore.

Pushing Richie from his mind had been harder than he thought. The movie they saw on their first date aired on TV one evening when Will was flipping through channels with Eleven. He felt his lip quiver immediately, and then the sob that Eleven couldn't miss followed it. "Want me to turn it off?" Eleven asked him sadly.

"No, I'll… I'm just going to…" Will got up and headed into his room. He climbed under the sheets of his bed and sobbed into his pillow.

Will felt pretty pathetic, still crying over someone he was attempting to forget about. He considered for a moment calling Richie, but then he stopped himself, much like every time he wanted to call him. Calling would do nothing, he couldn't heal if he contacted Richie at all.

Getting up, he called Mike instead. "Wheeler residence." Mike's voice came through on the line.

"Mike? It's Will." Will said softly.

"Hey, Will. Are you ok?" Mike immediately picked up on his sadness it seemed.

"No… El and I were watching TV and, I got reminded of Richie again… this feels so stupid. Why am I so dumb? I can't seem to make these feelings go away." Will sighed with annoyance.

"It's not something that'll go away that easily, Will. It would be the same for me if El and I broke up. I love her more than I've ever loved anyone, and it would ruin me. I can't even imagine what you're feeling right now." Mike said sympathetically.

"I wish I'd never met him, but at the same time… I have so many good memories… memories I wouldn't want to trade for anything." Will covered his face with one hand, "I hate him for this so much… At the same time, I left and didn't give him a chance to redeem himself…"

"No, you did the right thing. You knew it wasn't going to get better. People addicted to things don't think clearly and he wouldn't have

done better had you stayed." Mike assured him.

"I can't even set foot in your place right now. Maggie must hate me so much right now…" Will shook his head as he thought about her.

"Aunt Maggie isn't mad at you in the least. She actually told me you're pretty brave for leaving. She's worried about Richie, and I know she's been talking to him, but I don't talk about you in front of her. Mom knows not to say anything either, that way Richie has no idea what you're up to." Mike explained seriously.

"Thank you. I appreciate that." Will nodded.

"Are you going to be ok? I could come over if you wanted." Mike suggested.

"No, you don't have to do that. No offence, but sometimes looking at your face is hard on me, even though I've known you a lot longer…" Will felt odd admitting it, but he felt the need to say it.

"I get it." Mike understood at least, "Try to get some sleep, ok?"

"Yeah. Goodnight Mike." Will said before hanging up.

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Richie walked out of the rehabilitation clinic feeling relieved. He was finally clean. The doctors who had helped him through it explained to him that the small amount of cocaine he was down to before entering the rehab center was a good effort, making his time there fairly easy in comparison to others.

Sure, Richie had dealt with withdrawals, but they didn't compare to his broken heart. He kept Will in his mind daily, deciding to use his memory as a guide to his new life. It was as though the good-bye letter he pinned to his bedroom wall was a holy scripture as he looked it over several times a day, deciding to do all the things Will had mentioned in the letter, starting with his rehabilitation and then his grand exit from Spotlight.

He hadn't mentioned it to Will before he left, but there was a big show that very weekend that was going to be aired on local channels.

Richie would make a good sum of money off it if he attended, and Richie planned to do so. It was going to be his very last show, but Calvin Silverman would have no idea what he had planned until he performed.

Richie kept busy during the week. He made all the necessary preparations for his future career immediately, knowing by that weekend his world was going to change around completely. Calling up a classmate from university, Richie fidgeted nervously on the couch, unable to sit still.

“This is Braiden.” The voice on the other end of the line picked up.

“Braiden Blakely! Hey man, it’s Richie Tozier. You know, from class?” Richie asked awkwardly.

“Dude, you’re pretty well known around L.A. at this point, forget class.” Braiden laughed, “I certainly didn’t expect someone as big as you to call me. What’s up?”

“I heard you got kicked off the station you were working at after graduation. You got too political on them?” Richie asked.

“Yeah… not exactly a shining moment. Why?” Braiden asked.

“No, I actually listened to that segment as it was playing, and I thought it was brilliant.” Richie said seriously, “I agree with you on the racism and homophobia around this city. There’s been a lot of hate crimes and a lot of other stations are just sweeping it under the fucking rug when they shouldn’t be. They need to bring awareness to it.” Richie told him, “I actually called because I wanted to know if you wanted a job?”

“A job? I don’t think I’d make a good stand up comic…” Braiden said with a small chuckle.

“No, I’m actually about to quit that job after this weekend. My boss doesn’t know it yet, but I’m going to quit after my segment. It’s going to go live on channel eighteen around ten in the evening this Saturday. Tune in if you can. I’ve got some things to fucking say.” Richie told Braiden.

“Holy shit… what have you got planned exactly?” Braiden asked with surprise in his voice.

“I’m gonna start my own radio station. One that’s a little different from the others.” Richie said seriously.

“…Really? How so?” Braiden was captivated by what Richie had to say.

“I want to talk about things that no one else wants to talk about. I want to get into the real issues around here. I also don’t plan on being PG about everything. You know me and my fucking mouth.” Richie laughed a bit, “I want to help people. I want people to know they’re not alone and that someone supports them.”

“You’re really going to put yourself at risk doing this you know?” Braiden told him honestly, “I mean, I’m in, but are you really ready to become a target?”

Richie didn’t hesitate to answer, “Yes.”

“Well… then I’m in. I’ll watch your special this weekend. I know you won’t disappoint.” Braiden concluded.

“I’ll call you Sunday.” Richie decided before the two of them hung up.

Richie sat in silence for a few minutes, thinking over the conversation he’d just had. It was time to make a difference. He needed to talk to a few more people, but a few things were coming together at least. Looking up at the clock Richie decided to place another call. Picking up the receiver, Richie dialled a number and listened to the ringing silently.

“Martin Residence.” A female voice answered.

“Hey Kristina. This is Richie Tozier from class.” Richie said with a grin, “You still looking for a job?” Richie smiled, deciding to get right to the point.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thus the process begins... who's gonna stick around for the rest of this wild ride?

15. Trash Mouth Radio

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie gets his radio station on the air shortly after giving his former boss a kick to the curb. Will finally gets his comic book released to the public!

Chapter 15

Richie felt his chest tightening as he waited back stage Saturday night. His anxiety felt like it was spiking. Normally he'd take drugs or alcohol in order to deal with his issues, but not this time. Never again.

Calvin walked into the dressing room and smiled at Richie, "Hey Richie. You ready to get out there? I have to say, I'm really proud of you. You've come a long way from stand up in my club to getting a TV spot even if its just a one-time thing."

"I suppose it helps that I'm making your club a little more popular. Free advertising right?" Richie put in a smile as he looked at Calvin.

"You turned out to be my golden goose, what can I say?" Calvin chuckled as he was pulling something out of his pocket. A vial of cocaine. "Want some before you go on?"

All Richie could think of was Will begging him to get help and he was immediately against the idea of taking it. "I actually just took some before you came in. If I take too much I'll overdose." Richie laughed.

Calvin smiled, "Well, I'm excited for your set. I looked over your jokes earlier and I think its some of your best work."

"Thank you, I appreciate that." Richie nodded, knowing he wasn't going to use any of that material that was preapproved.

"Break a leg out there. You're going to do great, kiddo." Calvin smiled before heading out of the dressing room.

“Thanks!” Richie said before wiping the grin off his face and looking at himself in the mirror one last time. “Alright, Richie… you can fucking do this… you have to.” He closed his eyes for a moment, wondering what Will would think of what he was doing. He hoped he’d be proud at the very least.

Opening his eyes, he looked back at himself. “Time to get this shit done.”

Walking out onto the stage wasn’t as hard for Richie as it was for some people. Everyone cheered him on, eager to hear him. Richie smiled, “How’s everyone doing tonight?” Richie asked before the crowed began erupting with good vibes.

“I was at the grocery store the other day and I heard some guy saying, ‘two heads are better than one’. It’s a fairly standard saying. Pretty straight forward. Well his wife looks at him and goes, ‘that’s not my experience since marrying you.’” Richie smiled a bit as people in the crowd began to laugh, “She just destroyed him, he didn’t even know what to say to that, but don’t worry ladies I’ve been there. I’ve been in a gay relationship before and let me tell you…” Richie paused before looking at the crowd, “I only ever managed to think with one of my heads and its not this one as my ex would tell you.” Richie pointed at his head receiving more laughs.

Calvin could be seen off stage, glaring as Richie wasn’t using the pre-approved material. Richie laughed a bit before looking to the crowd, “Sorry my boss is back stage giving me the stink eye because I made a joke about being gay. His homophobic ass is hating on me right now, but don’t worry, it gets worse for him because as of tonight this is going to be my last stand up show. I’m moving onto bigger and better things, so if you’re a fan of my work and you’re looking for a change tune into Trash Mouth Radio. Yes, I’ll be using vulgar language. It’ll be live on air by the end of the month for all the real news your typical stations aren’t allowed to talk about. If you want to hear all about the shit you have to go through to become famous, tune in. If you’re a minority, come take a listen you won’t regret it.”

Richie knew his time was limited so he finished up while he still had the crowd’s attention and while the cameras were still airing him. “Sorry to cut this short, but I better get the fuck out of here before

my former boss hires a hitman, or worse, tries to get me addicted to more drugs that could potentially kill me." Richie dropped the mic and walked off stage, he was a bit surprised as the crowd burst into applause as he walked away. "Honk honk, bitch." Richie winked referring to being a 'golden goose' as he passed by Calvin who said nothing.

Grabbing out his car keys, Richie headed straight for the parking lot. He jumped in his car and shoved the key in the ignition before driving home. "Holy fuck… that was exhilarating." Richie said to himself as he drove back home.

As he walked through his door, he heard his phone ringing. Walking over to it, Richie picked it up, "Richie speaking."

"I want to be you when I grow up. I'm fucking in, Tozier." Braiden's voice said on the other end of the line.

Richie smiled, "Good to hear. Coffee tomorrow?"

"Yeah, I'll meet you at the usual place we go." Braiden said.

"Good. Ten thirty sharp I'll be there." Richie said before Braiden and Richie both hung up on each other.

Richie felt good. He accomplished something that evening, and to top it all off, he'd told Calvin to go fuck himself in more ways than one. Heading to his bedroom, he sighed as he let himself lie on his bed. "Will Byers, that one was for you." Richie smiled a little as he started to fall asleep.

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Heading back to Los Angeles after two and a half months away was strange for Will. He didn't want to go back after the way he'd left, but Will had to have a meeting with his publisher before the release of Stranger Things volume one. He rented a cheap car to help himself get around the city.

At a stop light he glanced around to see a billboard depicting red lips with what looked like garbage coming out of it's mouth. Reading the words on the billboard, he froze for a moment, "Trash Mouth

Radio…?" That had to have been a coincidence.

A honking behind him let him know the light was green. Will drove on, swallowing a little as he made his way to his hotel room. Parking outside of it, he headed inside the lobby with his gym bag to get his room. The slender blonde at the counter smiled at him, "Hello, I'm Will Byers. I'm just checking in."

The woman nodded, "Your room is all ready for you, Mr. Byers. Here's your key." She placed a key with a red tag on the counter for him. "Have a good stay."

"Thanks." Will smiled as he took the key, heading up to the second level.

Unlocking the large oak door, Will entered his room. It was decent, complete with flower print bedding and a TV. Will placed his bag down by the dresser before looking over at the clock radio next to the bed. He decided to set the alarm for that morning even though it was late afternoon.

Deciding to order in for the evening, Will skipped through a few channels as he ate his pizza. There wasn't really anything on TV, but it wasn't as if Will had anything better to do. He missed Layla, but Eleven was taking good care of her back home. He managed to fall asleep rather early in the evening, travelling took a lot out of him.

Waking up, Will groaned as he could hear the sound of a familiar voice on the radio. "What the fuck is up L.A.? It's a beautiful sunny Monday morning and it's also two days before a really fucking amazing comic is about to be released." Will slowly lifted his head, eyeing the radio as if it was a hallucination; there was no way he was actually hearing Richie's voice on the radio.

Sitting up, Will listened curiously to Richie's voice, "Stranger Things is about to come out and I can tell you all right now, it's going to be a fucking hit! It's a sci-fi horror story written by the very talented artist, Will Byers. It's got everything, and I mean EVERYTHING. IF you're a comic book fanatic, this is one for your collection." Richie said making Will's heart beat a little faster.

“Let’s get started on everyone’s favourite segment: Dick-face of the day. So, it was a tough call, but a Mr. Justin Arnaught at twenty-five years of age won the honour of dick-face of the day as he was accused, with proof, of beating a transsexual female on Sunset Blvd. Did I mention Mr. Arnaught is a police officer? Oh yes, a shitty cop ladies, gentlemen and others. This isn’t even Mr. Arnaught’s first offense as he was caught two summers ago beating down a black man under the guise of arresting the man for armed robbery. Funny part of that story was that no weapon was found, and Mr. Arnaught was under suspension for the act. Now if you or anyone you know was present at the assault of the lovely lady Mr. Arnaught harmed, I would like you to report this shitty cop. Please don’t let him get away with any more of his bullshit. In fact, the more evidence against this bastard, the better. That’s all for now, I’m Richie Tozier. Please enjoy some David Bowie.” Richie said before putting on a song.

Will caught himself smiling a little, “Stop that, you don’t want him…” Will covered his face with both hands before getting out of the bed, deciding to get dressed.

He didn’t have time to think about Richie, he had to get to his meeting with his publisher. He drove to his meeting, his insides igniting as he couldn’t help but find it sweet that Richie had promoted his comic book. He hated himself for finding it sweet, so he decided to try thinking of something else. Anything else.

Pulling up to the publisher’s building, he parked out front. Heading inside he was greeted by Peter Conlon, his very own publisher. “Will, it’s good to see you again.” Peter smiled shaking Will’s hand, “Are you ready for the big debut of your comic? It’s coming close.”

Will smiled, “I’m nervous more so than anything. I hope people actually want to buy it.”

“Oh, believe me… you’re going to have no problem selling out, you’ve already got publicity. Have you heard Trash Mouth Radio? They’re promoting it daily. They’ve had a count down going on. I don’t know how much you paid them, but they’re really pushing your comic on their listeners.” Peter said with an impressed expression.

“Oh I… I didn’t pay anyone. I didn’t even know I was being promoted

until this morning when I woke up to the radio." Will said looking at the table between them.

"Strange… normally they don't just promote like that… did you happen to know anyone at Trash Mouth Radio?" Peter asked curiously.

"Yeah… I did at one time anyway. Why don't we get to the signing? That's what I'm here for anyway." Will decided to change the subject.

Peter pulled out all the paperwork Will needed to get to. Once every last one was signed, Will smiled a little, "Is that all?" Will asked.

"It is. Did you plan to be there at the comic book store when they release it?" Peter asked with a smile.

"No, I think by then I'll have gone home. I'm sure not that many people will actually pick it up, but at least we have a thousand copies going out to various places around L.A." Will rubbed his arm a bit as he thought about it.

"You have to have more faith in yourself. I read the comic over at least six times more than required to. It's got a certain beauty to it despite the melancholy undertone of it. The storyline is compelling and people are most definitely going to be looking for the second part with how you leave it off. People haven't seen too much that compares to this comic. It's going to be a hit, not to mention the radio station promoting it would bring in more of a crowd too." Peter nodded a bit.

"I hope you're right." Will said before getting up.

"When are you set to go back home?" Peter asked curiously.

Will scratched the back of his head, "This afternoon actually. I didn't really want to stick around too long. I have a dog back home." Will made Layla his excuse rather that explaining Richie to Peter.

Peter smiled a bit, "Well have a safe journey. I have your home number, so I'll let you know how much we sold on the day of release."

“Thank you, that means a lot.” Will smiled before saying goodbye to Peter who had already done so much for him during the entire process of publishing.

Will headed back home as promised. The next couple of days seemed to just drag on for Will. His mother and Jonathan were trying to get him hyped up for the big release of his comic in L.A. but he didn’t feel like it was anything special still.

On the day of release, Will hadn’t thought much about his comic. He hoped he sold enough to actually make a profit, but he wasn’t holding his breath. Sitting on the couch after dinner with Hopper and Joyce, Will zoned out into the television movie they had on.

The phone rang and Hopper picked it up as it sat next to him on the table. “Hello? Yeah just a minute.” Hopper looked to Will, “It’s Peter.”

“I’ll take it in the kitchen.” Will said getting up.

Walking into the kitchen he pulled the yellow receiver off the wall and held it to his ear, “Got it. Hello?” Will asked as he heard the phone in the living room hang up.

“Will! I couldn’t wait to tell you how we did today, so I called you as soon as I could!” Peter sounded excited and it made Will curious about their numbers.

“I take it we made a good amount of money?” Will chuckled a bit, relieved he might break even and then some.

“We sold out of every copy that was distributed. This is only the first weekend! We’re going to have to mass distribute around America at this rate. People are talking about it and already people love it!” Will listened, barely able to believe what he was hearing.

“It… did that good?” Will asked with shock in his voice.

“Yeah, people want more.” Peter laughed a bit, “I’ll have to get you to come down and sign some more forms, it looks like Stranger Things is going to be big in the comic book community.”

“I’ll…. I’ll come down as soon as I can. When do you need me by?” Will questioned.

“The end of August would be best. Think you can manage?” Peter asked.

“Yeah, I definitely can.” Will smiled, “Thanks for sharing the good news with me. I’m going to tell my friends and family about it.”

“You do that. We’ll keep in touch.” Peter said before the two of them hung up.

Will walked back to the living room, Joyce looked up at him curiously, “So how’d it go?” Joyce asked.

“I sold out.” Will smiled brightly, “People are wanting more, so they’re talking about mass distribution!” Will laughed excitedly.

Joyce stood up and wrapped both arms around Will. “I knew you’d hit it big! You’ve always been so talented, honey.” Joyce kissed his cheek, “Why don’t you call up Jonathan and your friends, maybe we can all go out for dinner this weekend and celebrate?”

“Yeah, I’ll get to it.” Will looked at Hopper who was smiling at him, looking proud.

“Good work, son.” Hopper said approvingly.

“Thanks.” Will smiled before running off to the kitchen to call Jonathan first.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Things are going pretty well despite everything. Thoughts?

16. Late Night Show

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will hears how Richie's life has been since he left. A lot has happened since they broke up.

Chapter 16

Will Byers was famous. Not so much him, but his art was. Peter had talked him into showing up for a signing event before the release of his second comic. Will thought it was such an odd concept, someone wanting him to sign a comic he wrote. He had to admit, he was a little nervous to go to a signing. The odds of Richie walking in to try and talk to him were high and he still wasn't ready to see Richie.

It was the beginning of October and the leaves were starting to change in Hawkins but going to Los Angeles it felt like very little had changed since his last visit as the temperature in the cooler seasons were much more forgiving.

Will checked into his hotel and immediately headed out to a pizza place nearby. He didn't get pizza a lot, so when he came to L.A. it was his go to food. Sitting down in one of the small booths with his order cooking away, he couldn't help but notice that Trash Mouth Radio was playing overhead. It wasn't Richie on the air, but instead it was someone named Kristina Martin, or so she introduced herself to be.

"What's up Los Angeles? I'm your weekend host Kristina Martin and today is a very special day for Trash Mouth Radio listeners. Our very own Richie Tozier will be appearing on the late night show this evening around ten at night. Please tune in if you're a fan, we love to include all you beautiful people in our lives! As for me, this weekend I have a set of new local artists to play. If you like them, please feel free to call in and let us know. I'll be taking calls between songs so if you have comments, need advice or even just want to say hello, call us!" Kristina gave the number for the radio station before putting on a new song Will had never heard before, likely from a local band.

The late show would be something Will could see, although he cursed himself for giving into the idea of watching Richie at all. Will heard the man behind the counter calling out his last name, so he headed over to pick up his pizza before sitting back down at his booth with it. Eating quietly, Will listened to the radio station as Kristina began speaking again after the break. “We have our first caller, Madison on the line. How are you Madison?”

“I’m doing really well, thank you Kris.” Madison said over the air.

“Now what did you want to say on air? Remember, you can say anything here, its our safe zone.” Kristina said in her pleasant voice.

“Well, I just wanted to say that I love this station. It’s so refreshing to find a place that is supporting all races, religions and the LGBT community as well. All my life I was in the closet about being a lesbian, but this radio station really inspired me to finally be who I am and be open about it. I told my mom and my brother this afternoon and they took it really well. I’m so glad I came out and I can finally be myself!” Madison sounded both emotional and excited.

“That’s amazing to hear Madison! I’m always so happy to hear about people’s coming out stories. Some are sad, but yours was happy and who doesn’t love a happy ending? Thanks for calling in!” Kristina said in a pleased tone.

“Thanks guys!” Madison said before she was off the air.

Another song began to play as Will finished a second slice of his pizza. He felt oddly proud of Richie for actually making his own radio station. It had been Richie’s goal to be on air but to hear he had his own station, it made Will’s stomach flutter with pride.

Thinking about the cocaine Richie had been storing in his wallet, Will came back to reality. He probably still did drugs. Being so famous he probably did more than ever before. Will sighed, knowing he had to give up on Richie, it was no use to dwell on the past.

Taking his left overs back to his hotel room, Will climbed into bed. It was early, Will didn’t have to be up for another ten hours, but he found himself attempting to fall asleep before he was tempted to

watch the late night show. Will knew he couldn't stop himself, so at least if he slept through it, he wouldn't have to see his ex boyfriend.

Will tossed and turned for a couple of hours before he looked at the clock realizing it was only fifteen minutes before ten at night. "Shit…" Will sighed heavily before he sat up in the bed.

"Nothing bad will happen from me just watching him… maybe if I watch him, I'll be so turned off I won't still think of him…" Will tried to tell himself as he turned on the TV, switching to the appropriate channel.

All the anxiety in his body was planting itself firmly in Will's chest. He breathed deeply, feeling like he wasn't taking in enough air. He grabbed the second pillow that he wasn't using, hugging it as he watched the TV.

The first guest was a star on a new drama on TV. They talked for a bit before cutting to a commercial. Will bit his thumb nail as he watched the candy commercial play through. A couple of other commercials began to play before they were back to the late show. "Alright! We're back. Our next guest has made quite the name for himself these past months in Los Angeles. He's a former stand up comedian and now a radio show host on Trash Mouth Radio. Please give it up for Richie Tozier!" The host said before the crowd erupted into applause.

Watching Richie on the TV screen felt like the most surreal thing in the world. He looked good in his suit and tie, and as per usual he had a confidence in his walk. Richie sat down next to David Letterman on one of the couches with his handsome smile that made Will's insides melt much to his own dismay. "Nope… he's still hot…" Will groaned a bit.

"Welcome to the show." The host smiled looking at Richie before turning to his cue card on his desk.

"Thanks for having me." Richie said happily.

"So, I understand this is your second TV appearance." David said looking at Richie amused.

“Yes it is.” Richie nodded, looking quite calm, calmer than Will remembered him being.

“How would you say your first appearance went?” David asked with a knowing chuckle.

Richie laughed a bit, “Oh, it went fantastic… for me at least. My former boss, not so much.” Richie sat up a little more with a grin.

“You were doing a show for one of the other networks that was meant to star various stand up comics from around the area that were most popular, and can you tell us what happened?” David asked with an amused expression.

“Uh, well I basically told my boss to shove it. I told maybe one joke and then I started self promoting my upcoming radio station and I walked off before they could shut me down.” Richie said looking a bit amused.

“You came out on air too.” David said as a few people in the audience clapped.

“Yes, I did.” Richie nodded.

“Now I know you’ve talked about it on the radio station a few times, but can you give us any context behind why you did what you did?” David Letterman asked him.

Richie sat up in his seat a bit, “So I had been working for Spotlight, which as most of you know is a place where a lot of stand up comedians start out. I had been in school for radio broadcasting when Calvin noticed me on air.” Richie started off.

“Calvin Silverman, correct?” David asked.

“Yes, indeed.” Richie nodded as he continued, “I was making quite a bit there and doing a bunch of shows with them, but every night after a show, they’d pressure the entire staff at Spotlight to come out to whatever club Calvin had been invited to. So, we’d go, but the problem was we were also being pressured into drugs so, naturally I got addicted.” The crowd made sympathetic sounds, but Richie just continued speaking, “Things got progressively worse and I wound up

in the hospital at one point. After that I just couldn't get off cocaine. I kept taking it thinking I was slowly weening myself off it, but you really can't get off that sh- stuff on your own." Richie caught himself before he swore, "So, a certain someone gave me an ultimatum that I didn't take seriously, and I wound up losing someone I really care about. After that I decided it was time to take their advice, so I checked myself into rehab."

"Are you clean now?" David asked curiously.

"Yeah, I am completely off anything now. I don't even touch alcohol anymore. The cool kids are calling it 'straight edge' lifestyle so, I guess I'm a cool kid now." Richie laughed a bit, "Seriously though, it's a good idea to check out a rehab clinic no matter how nervous you feel about it. They're really great, and I got through everything with their support. I never would have made it so far without them, so if anyone has any sort of addiction, I honestly hope you take them into consideration."

"So, I understand that the TV spot you were on was right after you had been released from rehab." David Letterman helped him along.

"Yes, it aired about three days after I was released. I always had to hand in jokes prior to performing them live, so I made up some jokes that I was pretending to perform so that Calvin couldn't stop me, and he fell for it." Richie said.

"He screened your jokes?" David asked a bit confused.

"Yeah, he did. He didn't want me talking politics or anything related to homosexuality. I had a bunch of jokes over my span of time at Spotlight that were cut from my final acts." Richie explained.

"You know, a lot of people would say you were crazy to do what you did on air like that, you could have lost everything, but you went ahead with it anyway." David said to him, "It led to a full out investigation of Spotlight and Calvin wound up in jail for possession of drugs as well as sexual harassment which doesn't relate to you, but he probably wouldn't have been caught for anything had you not spoken up on air."

“The truth is, I had nothing at that point. My radio station hadn’t been started so I figured I’d take the risk and see where it got me.” Richie explained.

“Well I can tell you thousands upon thousands of residents in the area are glad you did. You’ve been a big support to different minorities and a voice of reason that we don’t often hear on the local stations. People are actually afraid of what will happen to them if they talk about certain issues, but your station has really put up a fight to stay strong on these matters. You even found yourself the target of arson recently I hear.” David letterman said glancing at his cue card.

“Yeah, I was actually staying late the night a bunch of skinheads tried to burn the station down. I mean, it sucks that it happened, but I was lucky I was there at all to stop them. Since then we’ve had a lot higher security.” Richie smiled a bit.

“What do you think sparked them to do that?” David questioned.

“About twelve hours before the attack, one of my employees Blaine Blakely had been talking about a story regarding the secret Ku Klux Klan meetings that were being held in town and I guess they didn’t like the negative attention.” Richie shrugged, “Imagine that.”

“You would think people spreading so much hate would be able to take a little, right?” David laughed a bit.

Richie smiled, “Right! Anyhow if anyone tries anything they’re not only going to be caught on camera but our security guards are on duty twenty four hours seven days a week. So, if anyone really wants to have a go at the station again, they’ll have to bring a bigger arsenal.”

“Is that a challenge?” David asked laughing a bit.

“Yeah, my entire crew would tell you the very same thing. We’re all in this together.” Richie nodded with a grin.

“On behalf of a good majority of Los Angeles, I want to say thank you for doing what you’re doing and keep up the great work! Richie

Tozier everybody." David Letterman said as the crowd cheered excitedly.

Will hugged the pillow tightly as the screen faded to black before going to commercial. "Oh my God…" Will felt his heart thudding in his chest as he processed everything he just watched.

Richie had changed. He had changed because Will left him. He had changed for the better and was now not only successful, but heroic as well. Rolling onto his stomach, Will groaned his face in the pillow he was hugging. Now how was he supposed to get over Richie?

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The signing was set for three hours before Will was to have a lunch break, after that he resumed his signing for another two hours. The entire time, he was praised and greeted by various fans of his work who were excited for the next edition to come out. He felt loved and appreciated for his art. It was everything he could have ever asked for. Still he was surprised when Richie didn't stop in to see him, he'd expected it on some level. He'd expected Richie to come find him and beg Will to take him back after everything they'd gone through. No such thing happened.

Will wasn't sure why he expected such a thing to happen on the other hand, he was pretty clear in his letter that he didn't want Richie to contact him. Richie was respecting his wishes it seemed.

Heading towards the hotel room after the signing, Will felt like a cloud of content was surrounding him. He drove past the building that had been converted into Trash Mouth Radio. He glanced up at the building thoughtfully. He had half a mind to park and go inside to see if Richie was there, but quickly he talked himself out of it. What would the point be? He was the one who left anyway, he had no right to go and talk to him now just because Richie seemed better. Will sighed, driving past the radio station towards the hotel.

Notes for the Chapter:

How is Will ever going to get over Richie now? :P

17. Christmas Catastrophe

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie comes to Hawkins on his mothers request to see him for Christmas. Things get weird when Will shows up.

Chapter 17

Maggie Tozier had somehow convinced her son to come home for Christmas. It seemed like a strange thing to be nervous about, but Richie felt like everyone back home hated him. On top of that, he'd have to make sure not to go anywhere near Will.

Originally, Maggie tried to convince him to come home for Thanksgiving, but Richie declined, feeling like it wasn't a big enough holiday to warrant him travelling home for. Maggie was relentless, telling him if he didn't come home for Thanksgiving she was going to hound him at every holiday until he came home.

Richie had offered to fly her out to Los Angeles instead, but Maggie argued that without company, it was a bad idea having two former addicts together in a city like L.A. to which Richie had to agree.

Standing outside the Wheeler's front door far too long, Richie finally lifted his hand hesitantly, knocking on the door. Much to his surprise, Karen Wheeler opened the door, smiling brightly at him, "Richie! Welcome back." Karen wrapped her arms around him, holding him close.

"You're… happy to see me?" Richie sounded surprised.

Karen looked at him confused, "Of course I am, why wouldn't I be?" She stroked his cheek gently with a soft touch.

"I… I fucked up so bad…" Richie looked down, ashamed of himself.

"I heard about your struggles, but I'm proud of you for getting some help." Karen said gently, "Besides, you're my nephew, I'm always going to want to see you."

Richie decided not to get into his other regrets, “Where’s mom?”

“She’s inside.” Karen moved aside, letting Richie come inside with his luggage.

“Richie? Is that you?” Maggie asked coming from the living room.

Richie smiled at her, she was probably one of the few people that still cared about him. He was so lucky to have her. Wrapping his arms around Maggie, he pressed his face into her shoulder. “Mom…” He whispered, trying not to cry.

“Oh, honey… are you ok?” Maggie asked rubbing his back.

Richie pulled back, looking at her with glistening eyes, “I’m sorry I didn’t come home sooner, I was afraid to come back here…”

“Why?” Maggie asked.

“Mom…” Richie shook his head, “Isn’t it obvious?”

“He’s not here. Don’t worry. He’s at his own house far away. He doesn’t know you’re here either.” Maggie told him comfortingly.

“He’s not going to either.” Mike’s voice called from the living room.

The stab of anger from Mike felt oddly right. “Mike, stop it.” Karen scolded him.

The three headed into the living room to see Mike sitting next to his father, his arms crossed, “It’s true. He’s not going to find out. Will’s coming over this weekend and I don’t want him anywhere near Richie.”

“I can just stay in the basement that day.” Richie said oddly submissively.

Mike looked up at him, “That’s not happening. That’s our D&D area and you know that.”

“Well, then I’ll stay literally anywhere you want me to.” Richie said, not giving much for Mike to argue with.

“Your mom’s room then.” Mike said coldly before looking at the TV in silence.

“Yeah. I can do that.” Richie looked down, “Should I put my stuff there for now?” Richie asked his mom.

“Go ahead.” Maggie nodded at him.

Richie left the room, bringing his bags up to the second level. He could faintly hear Karen scolding Mike for his treatment of Richie, but Richie felt like Mike was in the right. It was his best friend Richie hurt. It made sense.

Putting his bags upstairs in his mom’s room, he noticed she had fairly nice room, albeit small. It was Nancy’s old room, and there was a small blow up mattress on the floor, ready to be slept on. It was going to be his bed for the week. Normally Richie wouldn’t have been so keen on leaving the radio station for so long, but Kristina, Blaine and the three interns had him covered. He trusted them a lot and he knew that if they truly needed him they would call the Wheeler residence.

Richie sighed, taking a seat on the small bed set up for him. He debated staying upstairs and out of the way. He could deal with being secluded to a single room in all of Hawkins if it meant keeping everyone else happy. He just wanted to see his mom anyhow. After a few minutes, his mother was standing the doorway, looking at him with concern. “What’s wrong, Richie? Aren’t you going to come downstairs?”

“I… don’t think I should.” Richie looked at her gently, “I’m just pissing Mike off.”

“He can deal with it for a week. You’re their family and more importantly you’re my son and I want to see you.” Maggie said seriously.

“I could just stay here for the week. Just stay where you can spend time with me and out of his way.” Richie suggested.

“This isn’t like you. Why are you so worried about hurting his

feelings?" Maggie narrowed her eyes.

Richie looked down, "I don't know, mom. I guess I just don't like being here. It's not fair, this is his home town. I shouldn't be in his domain."

"Honey, I'm your mother, you're allowed to visit me." Maggie reminded him, sitting down beside him, "Come here." Maggie pulled Richie close to her, hugging him with a loving embrace.

Immediately, Richie began to cry, his tears soaking her shoulder as he clung to her desperately, "Mom… I'm so fucking sorry for what I did…" His voice cracked a little as he spoke quietly to her.

Maggie rubbed his back to sooth him, "I know, Richie. You made the right choice of getting help though."

Richie sat up after a bit, wiping his eyes. "Have you talked to any of your friends about how you feel?"

"I can't." Richie wiped his eyes, "I just… shove those fucking feelings down and pretend we never broke up."

"That isn't helping. You need to talk to someone." Maggie urged him.

"It's been so fucking lonely since he left… He's got his friends, and my friends too. I can't talk to them. I can't risk them telling him anything." Richie covered his face, "I just keep working. I work every single day because if I'm not helping someone else, I'm nothing."

"Don't say that, you're not nothing. You're my beautiful, talented, amazing, smart son. I love you so much, honey." Maggie wiped his tears away with her thumb.

Richie looked at her quietly, "I just wish I had listened to him…"

"Hindsight is twenty-twenty, Richie. You can't change the past." Maggie told him.

"Ain't that the truth…" Richie sighed, taking a few more minutes to adjust before following his mother back down stairs to sit with his mom and his aunt.

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Richie had avoided Mike as much as humanly possible for the next several days, not even talking as much around Mike while they were in the same room. It seemed to be confusing to Mike, but he didn't treat Richie like shit when Richie didn't draw attention to himself.

When Christmas came, Richie desperately wanted to give the wheelers the morning to themselves. "Richie, it's Christmas! You're not going to avoid the world in my room all day."

"Mom, it's ok! I don't need the world, I just need you for Christmas." Richie tried putting on a cute face as he spoke.

"Not going to cut it. Come on, I got you a present and I want you to open it." Maggie told him.

"Can't we do the gift exchange up here? Please?" Richie begged.

"No. You're coming downstairs." Maggie grabbed Richie's arm tugging him out of the room as he slid on the seat of his pyjamas into the hallway.

"I'm going to ruin Mike's Christmas! Don't do this to your nephew!" Richie groaned as his mother proved to have surprising strength as she hauled him to the top of the stairs.

"Richie… don't make me push you down the stairs." Maggie threatened.

Richie sighed, "Fine." He stood up and went down the stairs with her.

The Wheelers were sitting in the living room together, talking amongst themselves. Maggie held onto Richie's arm as she brought him to the living room. He felt like he had stage fright just being in that house sometimes. "Good morning, Richie." Karen smiled, "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, Aunt Karen." Richie said softly before his mother made him sit next to her on the couch.

Ted seemed to be tuned into what ever Christmas special was playing

on TV. Richie sat on the couch with his knees up, both hands close to his face, just his fingers peaking out from his black sweater. Mike looked over at Richie, his expression not as angry as he was used to seeing lately. “Richie…” he said suddenly.

Richie looked over at Mike, expecting something rude to come from his cousin. “Can I talk to you for a minute?”

Getting up from the couch, Richie followed Mike into the kitchen. He half expected to get the times for when he could and couldn’t be outside of Maggie’s room. When Mike turned to look at him, there was something different in Mike’s eyes. Guilt? “Look, I know I’ve been a jerk to you lately… I didn’t realize how much it was affecting you and I’m sorry. I just know how much you hurt Will and that hurts me a lot. I can tell you’re hurting too, so I’ll lay off.”

“I…” Richie swallowed and just nodded a Mike, “Thanks…”

Mike nodded a bit in response. “You can relax around me. You don’t have to be so worried about what I think.”

“I guess that’s the problem… I wasn’t worried about what other people thought before and there were consequences… I don’t want to make that same mistake again.” Richie said before turning his gaze to the floor as he thought about how he disregarded Will’s thoughts and feelings for far too long.

Mike scratched the back of his neck looking at Richie for a long moment, “Do you need to talk about anything?” Richie looked at Mike like he was nuts, “I know… I’m Will’s friend, but you have my word that Will won’t hear a word of this.”

Richie swallowed a bit, his hand resting on the counter as he leaned looking thoughtful, “I just… I really regret this whole situation. I fucked everything up. I didn’t listen to him when I should have. I didn’t take his feelings seriously and I was all around a horrible boyfriend. I should have done more to make him happy, but I fell short.” Richie sighed, “There’s not much more to say, I just… I miss him, and I’ll always love him so fucking much it hurts. Now I have to live with what I did and didn’t do. It fucking sucks…” Richie concluded.

Mike nodded, taking in everything Richie said. “I get you.” Mike said after a second, “I wish things had gone differently for both of your sakes.”

It felt like a weight had lifted off Richie’s chest knowing that Mike didn’t hate him. Dustin, Lucas and Max all showed up at Mike’s heading down to the basement for their D&D night. They each greeted Richie with awkward mixed feelings. Richie just tried to stay calm and casual, but he could feel their judgement, especially from Lucas. Putting that aside, he managed to enjoy the day, but by mid afternoon a knock sounded at the door. Richie didn’t waste a second as he ran up the stairs knowing it had to be Will. Maggie followed after him, heading up to her room with him, “Sweetie, you don’t have to run like that.”

“Uh, that’s where you’re wrong mom. I do. I really can’t let him know I’m here. It would ruin his whole day. I can’t have that.” Richie said peaking out the blinds seeing that it was indeed his old truck sitting in the driveway.

Maggie crossed her arms, “Richie…”

“No. Please don’t let anyone know I’m here.” Richie begged her, desperation in his eyes.

Maggie sighed, “Fine.”

“Maggie! Joyce is here!” Karen called.

“Coming!” Maggie called out before turning back to Richie, “What if they stay for dinner? Are you just going to miss out on that?”

Richie nodded, “I have to.”

“God, you’re so stubborn… I’ll bring you some food so you don’t end up starving.” Maggie closed the door behind her.

Richie let himself lie on his bed, his bed was near the vent, meaning he could hear most of what was being said downstairs if he was quiet enough. Closing his eyes, he listened as much as he could.

Will felt like something was off the moment he entered the Wheeler’s

house. Eleven kissed Mike's cheek, taking his hand as Layla began barking loudly making Will look around curiously. "What's wrong?" Mike asked as Will held Layla's leash.

"Is Richie here?" Will asked, watching Mike's eyes go wide for a moment.

"What? Why would you think that?" Mike covered looking at Will like he was crazy.

"One, my dog is freaking out and two… I just sense it." Will said unable to explain it.

Mike shook his head, "Nope. He's not. He's probably in L.A. right now, sitting alone in his living room or something."

Will didn't believe Mike, but he had no reason to press on. Letting Layla off the leash, he watched her run up the stairs. Jonathan and Nancy showed up almost immediately after Hopper, Joyce, Will and Eleven had arrived. "Come on, the party's downstairs." Mike led Will downstairs.

Hearing whining and scratching at the door, Richie felt his heart melt. Opening the door to the bedroom, Layla ran inside, immediately wagging her tail excitedly as she jumped on him, licking his face excitedly. "Baby… oh my God, I missed you so much." Richie felt the hot tears streaming down his face as he hugged the white lab.

Lying down on his bed, Richie held Layla, letting the bitter sweetness of seeing her again flood his heart. Layla began to nap on him, making it clear she had missed him very much. Richie couldn't seem to let go of her as he laid on the bed on the floor in complete darkness after the sun went down.

The Wheeler's kitchen table was extremely full, meaning the party ate separately in the living room with TV treys. Maggie made up a plate of food in the kitchen separate from her own. Will noticed this immediately. His dog still hadn't shown her face since she ran off earlier either. Everything pointed to Richie. Why were they hiding him from Will? Better yet, why did Will have priority over Richie for Christmas dinner in the Wheeler house?

Maggie snuck up the stairs when she didn't think anyone was paying attention. Will abandoned his plate, following her upstairs. Looking back, Maggie looked at him alarmed, "Will. What are you doing? The bathroom is downstairs."

"Just looking for my dog. Is that for Richie by the way? I noticed everyone's been lying to me about where he is." Maggie said nothing to Will's question, so he continued to speak, "I know he's here. I can just tell. Why is everyone hiding him?"

"Honey… no one wants to upset you. Richie didn't want to upset you either." Maggie said seriously.

Will looked annoyed as she confirmed his suspicions. "Where is he?" Will asked.

"He's in my room." Maggie said watching Will head for the bedroom door.

Will opened it before Maggie could stop him. When he flipped on the light switch, he spotted Richie lying on the cot with Layla curled into his side. Richie squinted for a moment, unable to tell that it was Will in the room for the first few seconds, "Mom, what the fu-" Richie froze when he spotted Will and stared at him stunned.

"You're up here hiding? Really?" Will questioned with annoyance in his voice.

Richie looked like Will had just kicked him in the gut, "I'm sorry… I just thought-"

"You just thought I'm some sort of fragile baby who can't handle being in the same vicinity as their ex? Nice. It's good to know everyone thinks so highly of me to follow you with this huge lie." Will said before snapping his fingers, watching as Layla got up and followed him out of the room.

Richie watched Will go, staring after him sadly. He'd fucked everything up again. Putting both hands over his face, he couldn't help but tear up. Maggie was at his side instantly, hugging him close. Richie could hear yelling downstairs. Mike and Will were going at it

loudly it seemed.

“Mom… I didn’t mean for this to happen.” Richie said through his tears, “I really didn’t…”

Maggie stroked his hair, “Shh… it’s ok baby. This isn’t on you…”

Richie held Maggie close, burying his face in her red Christmas sweater.

Richie had managed to cry himself to sleep on Christmas night. By boxing day, he felt like someone had hit him with a truck. His entire body hurt, and his eyes were sensitive to the light for a majority of the morning that followed.

Mike hadn’t said anything to him about the argument between him and Will the night before. Mike seemed to be quiet as he sat on the couch watching TV. He looked over at Richie as he came downstairs, taking a seat on the couch. “…so… I guess that plan failed…” Richie said with a sigh.

“You think?” Mike scoffed.

“I really didn’t know he was going to walk in there…” Richie said honestly.

“I don’t blame you for this if that’s what you’re thinking.” Mike said honestly, “I even reminded him last night that he specifically wrote for you not to contact him, so you were just following his wishes.”

“I guess on the plus side, I got to see Layla again last night for some quality time… that won’t ever happen again but at least I got my last chance.” Richie shrugged a bit.

Mike looked at him sympathetically, “I guess that’s true…”

Richie decided to change the subject, “So, have you and Eleven set a wedding date yet?”

“Yeah. It’s going to be this summer.” Mike nodded, “June 30th.”

“That’s great. I’ll be sure to send you guys something nice.” Richie

said honestly.

“You can come to it you know?” Mike offered, “I know it might not seem appealing after last night, but I would be happy with you going.”

“Thanks, Mike.” Richie smiled softly.

The sound of a familiar creaking vehicle pulling up to the Wheeler house caught both Mike and Richie’s attention. Mike looked outside before heading to the front door. Opening it he disappeared outside. Richie sat where he was as there was no reason to hide from him a second time.

Mike walked back inside and stood next to the couch, “He… wants to talk to you.” Mike said seriously.

Richie got up slowly and walked over to his shoes. He slipped into them before pulling his black peacoat on. Heading outside, Richie saw Will standing on the front path of the Wheeler house. “Well… here I am.” Richie slid both of his hands into his pockets as the air was so cold outside he could see his own breath.

Will looked at him with a neutral expression. “I just wanted to apologize for yelling at you last night. After talking to Mike, I know why you were hiding from me. I didn’t leave you with much option. I told you quite clearly to stay away from me and you listened. I… should be thanking you for respecting my wishes.” Will said looking a bit uncomfortable.

“You’re welcome.” Richie said, not sure what to say as standing before Will was harder than he expected. “Was that everything? Charlie Brown’s Christmas Special is starting soon, and I really can’t wait for Lioness to start his piano solo.”

Will’s face twitched a bit, but he remained serious, “Just… I want you to know that I understand you’re here to see your mom. She lives in Hawkins. Not much you can do, especially if she doesn’t want to fly out to L.A. to see you.”

“Yeah…” Richie looked at the snow for a moment.

“It’s inevitable that I’m going to run into you… whether it be here in Hawkins or in Los Angeles when I’m dealing with my comic books. I don’t want it to be weird. I don’t want you to feel like I’m someone you need to fear.” Will told him seriously.

“I’m not afraid of you.” Richie said honestly before he shrugged a bit, “Congratulations on the comic book sales by the way. I knew you’d make it big.” Richie couldn’t help but smile a bit.

Will looked at him, “I had some help… help I didn’t ask for.” Will said pointedly.

“I’m sure I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Richie reached for the door handle, “Now if you’ll excuse me, Charlie Brown is starting.”

“Richie…” Will said quickly making Richie turn back to look at him, “…I’m really proud of you. You got help. That’s really great.” Will nodded looking him in the eyes.

“Someone who’s a lot smarter than me thought I should, so I figured I had better.” Richie said before looking at Will with a bitter-sweet expression.

Will returned the expression before speaking, “No more hiding, alright?”

“Aye aye captain.” Richie said, “I guess I’ll see you around, Will.”

“See you, Richie.” Will said knowing it was time to go.

Richie headed back inside, closing the door behind him. He listened to Will pull away from the house. He certainly hadn’t expected that to be the start of his day, but he was going to take it if it meant no more hiding from Will any longer. “Hey Mike, wanna watch Charlie Brown with me?” Richie grinned as he headed into the living room.

Notes for the Chapter:

Finally! They meet again!

18. Malfunction

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will gets his second comic ready for distribution. The Loser's Club moves to L.A.

Chapter 18

After the new year, Will found himself back in Los Angeles. His second comic had made just as much money as his first. He had a 4.5/5 Star rating with various comic book critics. He was amazed that people were enjoying his work so much.

Looking at all the Valentines Day decorations hanging up in the different shops around the city, Will was reminded once again that he was single. Not only was he single but had just broken up with his first love several months ago. It had left him with a certain sting in his chest as he walked back to his hotel room with some take out for the evening.

He immediately turned on the radio, picking the station that Richie happened to be on that night. Will wasn't going to lie to himself, he missed hearing his voice. "It's getting closer and fucking closer to singles awareness day." Richie said into the mic.

"That it is." Blaine's voice replied to him, "That reminds me, Richie, you're on the market. You're single right?"

"I'm single yes, but no, I'm not looking." Richie chuckled a bit.

"So, is it too late to tell you I've signed you up for singles speed dating this Valentines Day?" Blaine joked with a laugh.

Will smiled a little, scooping some noodles into his mouth as he listened to Richie who seemed to be in a fairly pleasant mood as he worked along side his co-worker. "Blaine, you can suck my ass."

"How romantic." Blaine laughed, thoroughly enjoying teasing Richie on air.

“That’s really weird, Blane… that’s exactly what your mom said last night.” Richie shot back making Will laugh a bit.

“Hey, come on now…” Blaine said making Richie laugh a bit, “I think it’s time to tell the viewers the question that several of them have been asking in their letters to the station.”

“What’s that?” Richie asked.

“Have you ever been in love?” Blaine questioned him.

“Yes.” Richie said abruptly.

“That’s it?” Blaine asked sounding disappointed, “That’s weak man! Details! The people demand it.”

Will stopped eating for a moment, listening intently as Richie began to speak, “I fell in love a few years back with my cousin’s best friend. We were together for two years before he left me.” Richie said seriously.

“He left you?” Blaine asked.

“Yeah, he left me for a good reason. I was addicted to cocaine, and who really wants to date a drug addict? Long story short, we most likely would have still been together had I actually gotten help prior to him leaving me.” Richie explained.

“Sorry to hear that, man.” Blaine said sympathetically.

“Don’t be, I can teach others not to follow in my footsteps. Get help before you lose someone you love. Don’t be like me!” Richie preached.

Will felt sad about leaving, but he knew in the end it had been the catalyst that turned Richie’s life around for the better. Now Richie was rich, famous and got all the attention he deserved daily. He had fans and he had a career to envy.

Listening to the radio for several more hours, Richie finally signed off, leaving Blaine alone to do his own thing. Will dosed off and woke to his alarm going off the following morning. Getting himself

showered and ready, Will drove down to Peter's office. He parked out front before heading inside to greet his publisher.

"Hey, Will." Peter smiled at him, shaking his hand again.

"Hey, Peter." Will smiled, "So how's everything going?"

"Very well. The comic series is already being rated one of the top comics of the year. I'd say you've got a lot to be proud of." Peter told him seriously.

Will was happy to hear it. Being appreciated for his hard work wasn't something he took lightly, especially when it was tens of thousands of people appreciating it. "Your friend at the radio station seems to be really on the ball when these are being announced. I think its the only comic book he actually promotes." Peter said breaking Will from his thoughts.

"I should really thank him I suppose." Will said as he sat down at the desk.

"Ready to sign your life away?" Peter joked with a pleasant smile.

"I think so." Will laughed as he grabbed a pen off Peter's desk before getting to work signing.

***

Richie had been a little happier knowing that all his friends had decided to move to Los Angeles. The six of them had pooled their money together to afford a house. Richie actually pitched in what they couldn't cover despite the fact he wasn't going to be living there; he still had his and Will's apartment that he was reluctant to leave.

"Come on, Richie, just move in with us." Eddie urged him hauling a box of electronics into the living room.

Bill set down the huge coffee table with Mike's help. "Y-Yeah there's f-f-four bedrooms." Bill reminded.

"I don't need it. Besides, Will sometimes comes to L.A. for his comic books, you could always let him stay in the spare room and just

convert it to a guest room." Richie suggested as he helped them unpack the living room.

"Why wouldn't you move in with us? Aren't you still living in the same place you started in when you moved here? You make a lot of money, why live in a cheap apartment?" Bev asked confused.

"I like it there." Richie said simply, not willing to explain that he didn't want to leave the last place Will had lived with him.

"Are you staying there because you're still hung up on him?" Stan asked with a bit of surprise.

Richie scoffed, "Stan, you're nuts." Everyone could see right through him as he looked away quickly.

"That's not healthy, Richie." Beverly looked at him sympathetically as she hung up a picture on the wall with Ben's help.

"Relax, I know he'll never be with me again. It's not like I'm so deluded to think I have a shot." Richie said with a shrug as he reached into one of the cardboard boxes for some books to place on the book shelf.

"You're looking for someone new right?" Ben asked with concern, "You're not just giving up on yourself, are you?"

"You all sound like I'm committing suicide." Richie looked around the room at them, "Stop it."

"We just want you to be happy, Richie." Mike spoke honestly, "We love you."

Richie smiled at them, "I have the coolest fucking radio station ever, why wouldn't I be happy?" They simply stared at him for a moment, their eyes looking him over sympathetically, "Guys stop that! I'm fine. Really." Richie tried to convince them.

"If you say so…" Stan eyed him for a moment.

"I do say so, Stan-The-Man. I'm good guys. I'm better than good. I'm making an actual difference in the world and it's the best feeling

ever." Richie declared, "Honestly, you guys have nothing to worry about, I'm happier than I've ever been. Honest." He lied with a convincing tone in his voice.

"Fine, but if things get to hard, promise you'll talk to us?" Eddie offered.

"I promise." Richie nodded at him with a smile.

***

Once Richie's friends had been fully moved into the four-bedroom house, they all sat on the couches, watching the TV until late in the evening. Richie watched Mike and Stan make out on the couch as they usually did together. Bev and Ben snuggled happily, and Eddie sat in Bill's lap as they watched TV together.

Richie sat quietly, trying to look as tuned into the TV as possible. He had to expect this. He knew he'd feel left out when he hung out with the other three couples. Richie hated himself for it. Bev and Ben eventually got up together, "We're going to head to bed. It's been a long day." Ben announced as he and Beverly waved on their way out of the room.

"Goodnight." Richie said as he relaxed more on the couch without them there.

After about half an hour, Eddie began yawning repeatedly. It was quite adorable to witness. Bill eventually rubbed his back, "Bedtime?"

"Yes." Eddie nodded, getting up with Bill, "Goodnight guys." Eddie said before yawning again as he and Bill left the room.

Mike and Stan were sitting on the other couch, now whispering to each other. Richie couldn't hear them, but he didn't have to wonder long what they were talking about. "Richie?" Stan spoke up suddenly.

"Yeah? You guys heading to bed? I can go home." Richie sat up.

"We were actually wondering if you wanted to stay with us tonight?" Mike asked.

“Oh… um… sure.” Richie nodded as he got up.

It would be weird sleeping next to his friends. He was getting used to sleeping alone for the past several months. Heading into their room, Richie watched as they pulled off their clothing, tossing them into the laundry hamper. “Should I just… sleep in my boxers then?” Richie asked a bit cluelessly.

Stan and Mike shed all of their clothing and looked at Richie, “I mean you could if you want, but Stan here is looking to ride you like a stallion so you might want to take them off.” Mike smirked a bit.

Richie let out a small laugh, “Funny.” Richie climbed into the bed, shaking his head.

Stan and Mike looked at him for a moment before Stanley spoke up, “I really am. I felt it was time you topped me.” Stan said crawling up the end of the bed, hovering over Richie.

Richie looked surprised, “Oh. Alright.”

Stan leaned in, pressing his lips to Richie’s. Closing his eyes, Richie kissed Stan back. It felt weird kissing someone. He hadn’t kissed someone in months. Stan pulled back and began pulling Richie’s boxers down. Pausing for a moment, he looked a bit confused. Mike laid down next to them, “What’s wrong, Stan?” Mike asked.

“He’s… limp.” Stan said before looking at Richie’s face.

“Sorry I just… I haven’t really been using the thing for it’s more enjoyable purposes in the past several months.” Richie stated feeling a bit awkward.

Stan looked at him with a small smile, “Well, let me just get you ready…”

Richie watched as Stan dragged his tongue along the tip of his penis slowly. Richie concentrated hard, harder than he should have just to get a little harder. “There we go…” Stan said as he wrapped a hand around the base of his cock before shoving the rest of it in his mouth.

Something just wasn’t right. Richie wasn’t feeling it. Sure, what Stan

was doing felt good, but it wasn't enough. Closing his eyes he attempted to think of something that would help turn him on. His mind immediately went to the image of Will with his lips wrapped around his erection. He realized with disdain he shouldn't be thinking of things like that when it came to Will. His eyes began to water and he covered his face letting out a strangled sob.

Stan sat up on his knees, rubbing Richie's leg, "Hey… are you ok?"

Mike rubbed one of his shoulders gently, "Hey, I would have thought this was your ultimate fantasy or something. Don't cry…" Mike said softly.

"I'm so sorry… I can't…" Richie's voice cracked as tears streamed from his eyes, "I can't get it up… I'm fucking useless…"

Mike pulled him close, hugging him tightly. Stan climbed up behind him, hugging him warmly. "It's ok, Richie… it'll be ok. We're not mad." Stan assured him.

"Are you going to tell us the truth?" Mike asked him, "We know everything isn't as ok as you say it is."

Richie let himself cry hard, it felt good, but it also felt awful to let it out. "I just… I miss him… I wish he hadn't left… I can't deal with it, I don't know how…" Richie confessed before looking at Mike's face, "Please don't tell Eddie… Eddie talks to Will all the time and… I can't have Will find out about this. Please." Richie begged.

"You can trust us, Richie. Mike and I won't tell anyone." Stan assured him.

"You haven't talked to any of us since you broke up about how you were feeling. You just told us you two broke up and that's it. We've been worried." Mike told him seriously.

"I didn't know who I could talk to, so I just didn't bother talking at all." Richie said through his tears, "He has his friends and he also has my friends… it's just my mom that I've talked to a little bit, but… I can't talk about it all with her, its weird." Richie sniffled.

Stan held Richie close, draping himself over Richie's back gently.

“You can talk to Mike and I. We wouldn’t talk about it with anyone else.” Stan promised, “It’s true, we love you very much.”

Richie had never felt like he was allowed to talk about his breakup, but Stan and Mike were catching him in a vulnerable state. He had no choice but to spill his feelings. “I love him so much. I don’t think I can move on from him. I can’t even fuck Stan, how would I be able to fuck anyone else? I don’t even touch myself anymore…” Richie admitted with a bit of embarrassment, “The way we broke up wasn’t the same as other couples break up… he didn’t lose interest in me, and I didn’t lose interest in him, I was just being an idiot with drugs. I don’t know how he feels about me anymore, but the last time he spoke to me, he just seemed…” Richie didn’t know how to explain it, “… I couldn’t tell how he felt I suppose…”

“Stan and I don’t talk to him, but Eddie does. Eddie doesn’t tell us anything.” Mike told Richie.

“I don’t expect any of you to tell me how he’s feeling either. It wouldn’t be fair.” Richie said calming down a bit, “I just want him back… I would trade my job, my home and my money if it meant having him back.”

Stan ran his fingers through Richie’s hair. “You deserve to be happy Richie, but you have to try to move forward.”

“I know… I just can’t bring myself to do it.” Richie sighed, closing his eyes, “I’m so tired…”

“Sleep, we’ll hold you.” Mike told him.

Richie nodded, “Goodnight you two… and thanks.”

Stan held onto Richie, “Goodnight, Richie.”

It didn’t take him very long to drift off after that. Richie’s only regret was that he had a dream of Will. He dreamt they were still together and still happy. It felt so nice, he wished he wouldn’t wake up from it.

Notes for the Chapter:

You can't tell by this chapter how affected Richie is, can you?

19. Nice and Hard

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie comes home for mother's day.

Chapter 19

It was the end of April when Mike Wheeler called Richie to ask him an important question, “Richie, could you be my MC at the wedding?”

“Uh… yeah I can do that.” Richie said, “Are you sure you don’t want Dustin to do it?”

“I don’t think Dustin is as comfortable in front of crowds as you are.” Mike explained.

“Well then I’ll do it for sure. I want you to have the best day possible.” Richie said honestly.

“I appreciate that, Richie. When will I see you next?” Mike asked him curiously.

“Mom wants me to come down nearly every month, but I’m going to surprise her on Mothers day I think. “Richie explained, “How is planning the wedding going for you and El?”

“It’s alright. She’s mostly been planning with my mother. I think my mom is living vicariously through us at this point… which is really weird.” Mike said with a sigh.

“Well tell Aunt Karen I miss her. You can expect me to be down in two weeks.” Richie told Mike calmly.

“Will do.” Mike said before the two of them said their goodbyes.

The two weeks leading up to Richie’s trip to Hawkins Indiana flew by quickly. Richie had only informed Mike he would be coming down, so when he showed up at the Wheeler’s front door with a bouquet of fiery orange roses for his aunt Karen she was absolutely surprised by

it. “Happy Mothers Day Aunt Karen.”

“Richie! Oh my God, this is such a nice surprise.” She smiled, pulling him in for a warm hug.

Richie hugged her close. “You mother and Joyce are talking in the kitchen. Did you want to go see her now or wait?” Karen was still considerate of his feelings.

“Oh, I’m alright. I’ll see her now.” Richie smiled holding onto a second bouquet of fiery roses from the florist’s downtown.

Karen led him inside, heading straight for the kitchen. “Maggie… there’s a delivery for you.” Karen smiled before she moved out of the way for Richie to enter the kitchen with a big smile on his face.

Maggie’s face lit up immediately, “Richie! What are you doing here?”

Richie hugged his mother, towering over her as per usual, “It’s mothers day, I had to see my mom of course.” Richie smiled as she kissed his cheek.

Joyce smiled at Richie, no animosity in her expression, “Hey Richie, how are you?”

“Hey Joyce.” Richie nodded to the flowers he’d given his mom, “Had I known you would be here I’d have gotten another bouquet.”

Joyce smiled a little wider, “Oh, you’re sweet, but that’s alright. Will got me flowers this morning as well.”

“Well then he’s being a good son. What about Jonathan?” Richie asked curiously, trying to slide Will out of the topic.

“He’s taking me to dinner actually.” Joyce smiled.

“Mike was going to take me out to dinner, where are you guys going?” Karen asked.

“Louie’s Italian Restaurant.” Joyce said before taking a sip of her coffee, “It’s a nice place.”

“Me too, maybe I’ll see you there.” Karen laughed a bit.

A sound of barking caught Richie’s attention immediately. Running out of the basement, a white lab came running at Richie. “Layla! Hey baby…” Richie knelt down on the linoleum floor of the kitchen, wrapping her in both arms.

Layla whined and began licking his face affectionately. Her tail was slapping against the chair at the table so hard it was knocking into the table repeatedly. “You’re such a pretty girl!” Richie smiled rubbing behind her ears as she licked his nose.

Mike and Will headed upstairs from the basement, spotting Richie on the floor with Layla. Richie didn’t notice them right away as everyone was enjoying how much Layla was excited to see Richie. “Did you miss me?” Richie asked only for her to bark and whine some more, “I missed you too, beautiful.”

Will felt his heart melting as he watched Richie and Layla interacting. Richie looked up at Mike and Will after moment, “Oh hey.” He said to them both before standing up, wiping the white hair from his black jeans. “How’s it going?” Richie asked them both, trying to be as casual as possible.

“It’s good.” Mike said taking an apple out of the fruit dish before biting into it.

“How was your flight?” Will asked as Layla ran from one parent to the next excitedly.

“You know after the tenth anxiety attack, it gets better.” Richie smiled a little.

Will smiled back at him, making his heart do flip flops. Richie felt the need to pull his gaze away, so he turned to his mother, “What did you want to do for Mother’s Day? Movie? Dinner? Strip club?”

Maggie laughed, rolling her eyes a bit. “Oh definitely the strip club.” Maggie paused for a moment, “Oh, maybe not… my coworkers will wonder why I came into work on mothers day.” She said dryly.

“Aunt Maggie… no.” Mike shook his head scrunching his nose.

“Oh, it’s not like I’m totally naked when I go up on stage. I wear nipple tassels.” Maggie said making Richie laugh uncontrollably at Mike’s expense.

“No! Stop that!” Mike plugged his ears, “I’m not hearing this!”

“Stop scarring my son, Mags.” Karen elbowed her sister.

Richie calmed down his laughter, but his heart continued to beat fiercely in his chest as he remembered Will was in the same room as him. He tried not to look at Will, extremely aware of the fact that he was standing less than a meter away. “Fine, I guess I know what I want to do, but I’m not sure if you can handle it.” Maggie said to Richie.

“Oh yeah? What’s that?” Richie questioned.

“Let’s go get our nails done just like when you were little.” Maggie suggested.

Mike laughed, “What?”

“It’s funny you should say that because I didn’t want everyone knowing about that, but sure we can go.” Richie said before clapping his hands together once, “Want to go now?”

“Sure. Let me just get my purse.” Maggie said before leaving the room.

“So, I hear you have your own radio station, Richie. How’d that happen?” Joyce asked curiously.

“Oh, yeah I used my money from stand-up to get a building and all the equipment. I pretty much hired a tone of people from my graduating class to work with me. It’s a lot of fun.” Richie smiled at her as he reached down to stroke Layla who was pressing her front paws to his thighs.

“That does sound like fun.” Joyce smiled at him.

“Have you bought yourself a huge mansion yet with your millions?” Karen teased him.

Richie smiled a bit, “No, I still live in the same place as before.”

Will furrowed his brows, “Why? You could afford something much nicer than that dump. Didn’t your friends move to L.A. anyway?”

Richie shrugged, “I hate moving. Besides, that place is a hidden gem, I know each of the spiders in the apartment by name, and they’re courteous enough to just stay in their designated corners.”

Will couldn’t help but laugh a little at that, “Well I guess that’s fair.”

Maggie walked down the stairs just as Richie was soaking in the sweet sound of Will laughing. “Ready to go, mom?” Richie asked.

“Yeah, I’m ready. See you all later.” Maggie waved heading out the door with Richie.

Richie waved behind him as he headed out with his mother. Richie opened the passenger door of the rental car for his mother before climbing into his side. “Sorry about taking so long getting my bag.” Maggie apologized, “I know that wasn’t the best situation for you.”

Richie shrugged, “It was nice to see my dog at least… my former dog…” Richie pulled out of the parking spot.

“It still can’t be easy seeing Will. I know if I saw your father I’d have a hard time. Then again, I sort of feel like strangling your father whereas you don’t actually want to kill Will.” Maggie scoffed a bit.

“If we ever see dad again, we’ll kill him together. I’ll help hide the body.” Richie said making his mom laugh.

“This is why you’re my favourite son.” Maggie told him.

“Thanks mom.” Richie smiled knowing he was her only son.

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Will ended up staying over at Mike’s house that evening, which Richie had to admit was weird. Richie, Mike, Will and Dustin sat in the living room together watching TV. Richie had taken the lazy boy for himself, Layla curled up on his lap as his one source of comfort as

they watched ‘Aliens’ together.

“That is so gross. If I ever saw a face hugger, I’d probably piss myself.” Dustin said as Mike and Will shared their bowl of popcorn with hm.

Dustin held out the bowl to Richie, “Want any popcorn, Rich?”

“No, I’m good. Thanks though.” Richie said rubbing behind Layla’s ears gently.

The movie progressed on, the most cringeworthy moments catching reactions from everyone on the main couch, but Richie felt distant from the film on screen. His freshly manicured red nails swept through Layla’s fur as he treasured the fleeting moments he had with the white lab.

Dustin got up from the couch finally, “Well guys, it’s been a pleasure, but I better get home. My mom wants me to do a few things about the house for her bright and early.”

“Ok, sounds good. I’ll see you tomorrow.” Mike said to his friend.

Will smiled at Dustin, “See you.”

Dustin and Richie gave each other a high five before Dustin headed out. “It is getting pretty late. Did you want to head to bed?” Mike asked Will.

Will nodded, “Sure.”

“Use protection.” Richie said before he could stop himself.

“Shut up, Richie.” Mike said as he and Will left the room together, heading up to Mike’s room.

When Richie was finally alone with Layla, he sighed, leaning back into the lazy boy with relief. Layla got off him after a little while and started whining at the front door. Richie knew what it meant by now. Grabbing the red leash from the wall, Richie hooked Layla onto it before heading out front with a plastic bag in hand from the container next to the door.

“Alright, let’s make this quick. Daddy just watched a horror movie and doesn’t want to get killed out here.” Richie said to Layla as he shivered in the cool spring air.

The front door opened, and Will poked his head out at him, “Oh… I was just about to take her outside myself. I almost forgot earlier.” Will said wearing a dark blue coat over his red plaid PJ pants.

Richie looked at him with a gentle smile, “Yeah, don’t worry about it. I’ve got her.”

Will stepped outside, closing the door behind him. Richie didn’t understand what Will was doing. It seemed Will was more comfortable being around Richie than Richie was about being around Will. “So, how is everything in California?” Will asked, trying to strike up conversation.

“It’s good. It’s nice to have the losers club back together in one place.” Richie said watching as Will nodded at him.

“Eddie told me that I could stay in their guest room if I visit. I told him I wasn’t too sure about that.” Will said watching Layla sniff around the grass before peeing.

“Why not?” Richie questioned.

Will shrugged, “I guess I just don’t want to overstep. They’re your friends.”

“They’re your friends too, Will. They like you a lot.” Richie reminded him, “Besides, no one is taking anyone’s side in this. I think we can all agree its my fault we broke up.”

“No, I…” Will looked at Richie for a moment, “I didn’t mean it like that. I just know its weird. Even talking right now is weird.”

“I’m glad I’m not the only one who thinks so.” Richie said before picking up Layla’s droppings with a grimace on his face.

“I don’t want it to be weird.” Will said in an oddly honest way, “I… I want to still be able to talk to you.”

“You want to talk to me?” Richie looked at him confused, “Believe me, you’re not missing anything by not talking to me. I’m still the same asshole who makes stupid jokes at inappropriate times.”

Will’s eyes reflected a bit of sadness, “I’m sorry… forget it.” Will went to go back inside, but something in Richie sparked up.

“I listened to your letter, you know?” Richie blurted out as Will paused with his hand on the door, “I didn’t try to find you or contact you. I left you alone. I got help for my addiction and I got back into radio broadcasting. I stopped that shitty job at Spotlight, just like you wanted.”

Will turned around to look at him, “You shouldn’t have done it for me.”

“You leaving really made me realize how bad I had fucked up. I just wish I had listened to you sooner.” Richie told him honestly.

“For what it’s worth… I’m glad you listened to me, even if it was after I was out of your life.” Will told him seriously.

“I guess I just wish I could have done things differently before it got to that point.” Richie said looking away.

Will looked at Richie observantly for a moment as he tossed out the dog poop into the garbage can outside, “Thank you for still supporting me and my comic… I didn’t really expect that. It likely is the reason I sold so many copies. People love your station and they listen to what you say.” Will paused for a moment before continuing, “I’m glad you quit your job the way you did too… Calvin Silverman belongs in jail, even if its only for a few years.”

Richie looked at Will curiously, “How did you know that?” Richie asked quickly.

Will looked at him before shrugging, “I was in L.A. the same night you were on the late show.”

“So… you watched me? Sounds almost like you might have missed me a little bit…” Richie smirked a little.

Will looked away with a slight blush forming on his face, “I was in a hotel room and you were on TV… Not my fault that was the only thing on.”

Richie let out a small laugh, “I’m just messing with you.”

Will tried to calm down a bit, not expecting Richie to blindside him like that. “W-We should get Layla back inside. It’s cold out here.”

Richie tugged Layla’s leash a little and the lab followed them inside. Will looked a little flustered still. Out of instinct, Richie decided to ease him, “I didn’t mean to be a jerk out there. I um… I honestly just got really comfortable talking to you for a moment.”

Will looked at him, the two standing in the Wheeler’s kitchen with Layla. “It’s ok… you’re not wrong. I do miss you. Talking to you like this is both nice and hard.”

“Kind of like my dick?” Richie asked before he could stop himself.

Will broke into laughter, “Richie…”

“You set yourself up with that one.” Richie laughed a bit.

“I admit it, I did.” Will nodded, smiling brightly as he was reminded once again how funny Richie was.

Richie smiled, feeling his heart begin to glow. “Well, I guess I should get some sleep. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Goodnight, Richie.” Will smiled before ascending upstairs to Mike’s room.

Richie waited for a bit before climbing the stairs after him, heading into his mom’s room to rest on the cot that was once again set up for him.

Notes for the Chapter:

> You guys still hanging in there? Sorry to keep you on the edge like this!

20. Mike's Wedding

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will attend Mike Wheeler's wedding. Certain feelings surface.

Chapter 20

June arrived quickly for Richie, Mike's wedding was under way and his cousin was nervous. It wasn't that he was questioning if he should Marry Eleven, but it was rather the stress of planning a wedding that was getting to him.

Mike decided to have his bachelor party at home with his best male friends. They had gathered in the basement for a D&D match that actually included Richie this time. It felt oddly normal, as though he and Will had never broke up, just without any sort of affectionate touching. "Alright, who wants a beer? I'm going to start us off." Dustin said looking around.

"I'll have a beer." Lucas agreed.

"Yeah, but just vodka coolers this time, not beer." Mike nodded.

Will nodded, and Richie just remained silent. Dustin looked at him, "Richie?"

"None for me. I'm off everything now." Richie said calmly.

"Even alcohol? You're fine drinking, man." Dustin told him.

"Nope." Richie shook his head, "I will completely make a jackass of myself if I drink around you guys so, I'm done with that."

"If you say so." Dustin shrugged, bringing vodka coolers over to the table along with some beer cans for he and Lucas.

Will looked almost hesitant to drink around Richie, but Richie looked at him questioningly, "What is it?"

“Well... should I be drinking around you? You know how I get…” Will blushed a bit.

“That’s a very good point.” Richie nodded before gesturing to Mike, “You can show him what he’s missing out on before he gets hitched.” Richie mockingly covered the side of his face as he spoke to Mike, “Spoilers: it’s dick.” Richie chuckled along with Lucas and Dustin.

Will rolled his eyes while Mike made a sour face, “Richie… you’re always just pushing the limit, aren’t you?”

Richie smiled and got up from the table, “I’m gonna go let Layla have her bathroom break and then I’m going to get some sleep. I’ll see you all tomorrow morning.” Richie said to them as he headed for the stairs.

“Why are you leaving?” Will asked sounding almost hurt that he was going so soon.

Richie looked back at him with a knowing expression, “I’m leaving before drunk you shows up, because I DO know how you get when you’re drunk.” Richie winked and smiled a little before going upstairs.

Will couldn’t say anything to that, he just turned back to his friends as they stared at him. “What?” Will questioned.

“Will, I’m not an expert on relationships or anything, but you and Richie definitely still want each other.” Dustin said seriously.

“Yeah, it’s pretty hard to miss you giving each other googly eyes all day long.” Lucas nodded.

“What? No… that’s not what’s happening.” Will furrowed his brows.

“Oh no? Then why were you staring at him for most of dinner?” Lucas asked pointedly.

“I-I wasn’t…” Will lied, going pink in the cheeks.

“It’s a two way street, because Richie can’t keep his eyes off Will when ever Will’s back is to him.” Dustin pointed out.

“Just leave them alone. If they decide to talk to each other about everything that’s their decision, we need to stay out of it.” Mike told them.

“Nothing’s happening, stop it.” Will shook his head before cracking open the cooler and drinking it down.

The party continued on with their game, drinking and talking about the old days when they were just children. They reminisced on the days before they knew of real monsters, before Eleven and the Hawkins Lab incident. It felt so good to talk about the past, but it still made them wonder what the future had in store for them.

Mike wound up helping Will over to the bed in the basement. “Here you go. Did you want any water or anything before you go to sleep?” Mike asked as he watched Will lie down on the bed with a silly smile on his face.

“Mm… I’m ok… come cuddle me?” Will asked Mike cutely, his fingers running through Mike’s mane that reminded him so much of Richie’s.

Mike chuckled a bit, “You know I’m not going to do that. The last time we ‘cuddled’ drunk in high school, you tried to kiss me. You need to go to sleep ok?”

“I love you so much… You’re going to be a good husband to Eleven.” Will said reaching up for Mike who gently took his hand.

“You’re very sweet. I love you too. Goodnight, Will.” Mike said to him softly before letting go of Will’s hand.

“Can you send down Richie?” Will asked, “I really miss him. His big hands… and his nice lips…” Will's voice sounded dreamy as he thought about Richie.

“No. You’d regret it when you woke up. Trust me.” Mike said before turning out the light while Will grumbled, “Have a good sleep. See you tomorrow.”

Richie was lying on the lazy boy when Mike went upstairs. He was looking peaceful with Layla curled up on his lap. Looking over at

Mike he smiled gently, “Going to bed?”

Mike nodded, “Yeah. I guess I’ll see you tomorrow morning?”

“Yeah, see you then, Mike.” Richie said as he stroked Layla’s fur.

Richie closed his eyes, resting in the reclined position. When the morning sun peaked through the window, Richie wiped the drool from the side of his mouth and got up with Layla. He decided to take her outside to do her business.

Once Layla was finished outside, Richie brought her back inside. He figured since he was the first one up in the morning, he’d get breakfast started. Thinking about the night before, playing D&D with the party, it made Richie feel a little more relaxed. He and Will had a new normalcy together. It was better than nothing.

Richie fed Layla her wet food in the little red plastic bowl Will had brought over. She ate hungrily as he refilled her water dish next to her. It felt nice to be able to take care of Layla again, even if he knew it was short lived.

In the middle of his preparation of eggs and bacon, Richie heard Will come up the stairs to the basement. He looked tired, but he was more than likely hung over. Richie immediately prepared him a glass of water, handing it to him, “Hey, how do you feel today?”

“Hey… I feel kind of sick, but overall, not too bad.” Will looked at him taking the water in hand, “Thank you.”

Richie smiled, “That’ll help.”

Will took a few drinks of the water before looking into the frying pan as Richie made scrambled eggs. “Why are you cooking?”

Richie looked at him and shrugged, “I don’t know, I figured I’d be helpful.” Richie flipped the bacon over onto its other side, “Why don’t you take a seat? It’s almost done.”

“Ok.” Will nodded heading over to the kitchen table.

Richie brought in two plates of food, one for himself and one for Will.

Richie had made Will's eggs exactly as he knew Will liked them right down to seasoning them with salt and dill. Richie placed the ketchup on the table, knowing how much Will liked it with his eggs. Will smiled a little and poured some on his eggs. Richie ate next to him quietly. He couldn't explain why, but there was something tranquil and peaceful about sitting with Will at a table alone.

"I didn't… do anything stupid last night, did I?" Will asked Richie.

"I don't know. I didn't see you after I left the basement." Richie said honestly, "Did you get that drunk that you don't remember?"

Will nodded a bit, "Yeah… I had quite a few drinks." Will looked over at him, "Why don't you drink anymore? Is it really because of the drug addiction?"

Richie glanced at him as he ate but quickly averted his eyes, "It's a few reasons, but one of them is the addiction. I was asked to remain sober for a year to help ensure my success. It's been a year, but I just don't feel ready to drink even one glass of anything." Richie said.

"What's the other reason?" Will asked as he finished up the eggs and began working on his bacon.

In truth, he didn't want to get so drunk that he begged Will to forgive him and come back home to L.A. only for Will to be disgusted with him. He'd already made so much progress with Will, he didn't want to be back to where he was when they broke up. Richie shook his head, "It's better if you don't know."

Will opened his mouth to speak but Mike, Dustin and Lucas were all making their way down the stairs, talking loudly. Richie looked up at them, "Food's in the kitchen, help yourselves!"

"Thanks, Richie." Mike smiled as he headed to the kitchen.

The group sat together at the kitchen table, Dustin talking about the latest technological advances in video games while Lucas shut him down when his enthusiasm went to far. The rest of them listened for a bit until Dustin changed the subject, "I can't believe Mike's getting married in less than six hours."

“I’m so nervous…” Mike sighed, running his fingers through his black mane of hair.

“You’ll do great. You two are the most compatible people and I know, and you are truly in love. There’s nothing that could go wrong.” Will told Mike gently.

“Thanks Will.” Mike smiled a little at him despite his nerves.

Will smiled at him warmly. Richie got up, collecting the plates from those that had finished their breakfast. Richie brought them to the kitchen and began cleaning them quietly. It was going to be a good day and a bad day. He knew it already. The day was all about true love and lifelong happiness, but for Richie, it was also a day to remind him that he was alone and would be alone quite possibly forever. He’d made up his mind about moving on a while ago. It simply wasn’t going to happen. He was in love and it wasn’t worth hurting someone else just as a means of not feeling lonely anymore.

Richie called Mike into the bedroom upstairs while the others were busy watching TV for the remainder of the morning. “I was going to leave this with the rest of your gifts, but I didn’t want you opening it around anyone else…” Richie handed Mike a thick orange envelope.

Mike furrowed his brows confused, “What is it?”

“It’s just a gift. You don’t have to open it now. Just don’t open it in front of anyone but Eleven.” Richie said before placing his hand on the door as he was ready to leave.

Mike opened the envelope and peaked inside, “Richie, what the Hell? I can’t accept this.” Mike looked at Richie like he was crazy.

“No, you can and you will.” Richie held up both hands. “Not everyone gets a good start in life, but I want for you and Eleven to have the best possible start. You’re soulmates and you two deserve to relax and have something to fall back on if you ever need it.” Richie reasoned with him, “Please, just don’t fight me on this.”

Mike looked into the envelope again, “This is a lot of money… like way too much.”

“No, it’s not. Not for you.” Richie smiled a little.

Mike walked over and pulled Richie into a warm hug. “Thanks for being a good cousin to me… you always have been. Even when I’ve been shitty to you…”

Richie held him warmly, “Hey, I know you mean well, Mike. You’re a good guy.”

Mike pulled back and looked at Richie after a moment, “You know… you should really talk to Will again…”

“Where were you last night, Mikey? I was in the basement with the lot of you playing D&D?” Richie laughed a bit.

“No, that’s not what I meant.” Mike looked at him seriously, Richie knew where this was going, “You still love him, and I can tell he still loves you. If you don’t make the first move, he probably won’t. I’ve known him long enough to know that about him.”

Richie looked at Mike for a moment, “I appreciate your blessing, but Will deserves the best. Better than what I can give him. Still, I thank you.” Richie placed his hand on the door knob again and attempted to open it.

Mike caught the door before Richie could escape, “You ARE the best, Richie. You really are.” Mike said before letting go of the door, letting Richie slip away without another word.

The ceremony started at exactly three in the afternoon. Mike nearly lost his breath when he saw Eleven in her dress, walking down the aisle, Hopper leading her down. Richie couldn’t help but take the time to stare at Will who was standing beside Mike for the entire ceremony. The blue tie, the charcoal suit. The way his beautiful hair was styled, longer in the front and gelled up. Richie was just happy he could stare without anyone realizing what he was doing.

Sitting next to his mother in the church, Richie wondered to himself if God hated him. It was a question he asked often. His mother rubbed his leg once the ceremony was over, “Ready to go host the wedding?” Maggie asked with a smile.

“Oh, I’m always ready for the crowd, you know that.” Richie smiled at her with a wink.

The wedding party got their photos taken, Max looking the most feminine Richie had ever seen her in a sky-blue gown and her hair half up with makeup on her face. Richie stayed for the photos required of him but quickly headed back to the Wheeler’s place to help everyone else set up for the reception.

Richie provided Mike with much relief as he managed to be the best MC he could for the evening. Richie had no sense of stage fright what-so-ever. He kept the crowd entertained with more appropriate jokes than Mike was even banking on. When Richie was finally able to relax, he sat down for a bit next to Steve and watched as people danced together in the grass. Eleven and Mike danced together, Mike clearly aware of how much she enjoyed it.

“So… how’s your bathroom since I last saw it?” Richie asked dryly.

“About the same. A little lonelier I suspect.” Steve responded glancing at Richie as he drank his glass of wine, “How are you doing, Richie? Still holding up alright?”

“I’m still here aren’t I?” Richie smiled weakly.

Steven looked at him sympathetically, “I’ve been there before you know? I used to date Nancy a long time ago before Jonathan. It wasn’t easy letting her go but… she’s happier with him.” Steven looked at the table, “I still miss her sometimes, but at least I know she’s in good hands.” Steve took a drink of his wine before adding, “Also if you tell anyone I said that, I will make you eat your own socks.”

Richie smiled a little before nodding his head, “No worries. I’ve got no one to tell anyway.” Richie patted Steve’s arm, “I’m gonna turn in I think. Have a good night.”

“You too.” Steve said before looking out at Jonathan and Nancy who were talking in the crowd.

Richie nearly walked right into Will as he headed for the house. “Oh,

hey Richie." Will said holding a glass of Champaign, "Where are you going?"

"Just to the basement. That's where I'm staying tonight." Richie said before taking another step towards the back door, "I'll see you."

Richie thought he was alone as he stepped inside, only to hear feet following him. Turning around, Richie looked back at Will who had followed him inside, "Is everything ok?"

"No…" Will shrugged, "I don't know…"

Richie could tell there was something weighing on his mind, but he wasn't sure if he should ask or not. After a moment of deliberation, Richie took the plunge. "Did you want to talk about anything?"

"I um… I just…" Will looked unsure if he should speak or not, his eyes looking from Richie's eyes to his lips.

Richie felt his chest getting tight as Will had a certain look in his eyes, "How much have you had to drink?" Richie asked quickly.

"Two glasses of champagne. That's it." Will said honestly.

Richie nodded, deciding Will wasn't even drunk, just possibly a little buzzed, "So this would be your third then…" Richie took the long stem glass and downed it's contents immediately, making a face as the alcohol burned his throat, "I'm sorry if today was hard for you at all." Richie said suddenly, "It was sort of hard for me too. Still, we both should be happy that Mike's happy."

Will looked at him for a moment, not commenting on the champagne Richie just stole from him, "I'm happy for him… I really am." Will nodded, "I guess just the whole idea of marriage got to me… you and I were basically married… not officially, but we lived together. Common law essentially." Will sighed heavily, "Sometimes it just hurts still… I shouldn't be talking to you about this though…"

Richie watched Will turn his head thoughtfully. "I feel the same way." Will looked back at him.

"I know I fucked everything up, but that doesn't mean you can't still

be happy…" Richie felt like he could strangle himself as he spoke the next words, "You could always find someone else who makes you happy in ways that I couldn't. You really deserve it… someone who can make you happy."

"Richie. You made me happy in every way possible. The drugs were what got to me. The drugs, the lying and the job at Spotlight. Those were the problems." Will told him seriously, "Everything else was perfect."

Richie smiled, a melancholy expression on his face despite the smile. He thought about their life together, and it really had been perfect. "It was." Richie looked into Will's eyes as he spoke, "I felt so complete. I've never felt that way around anyone before. I regret so much about the way our last year together went. I should have been better to you, and I should have done what was right, not what I thought would make us the most money. In the end, I have all this money, but for nothing." Richie scoffed, "It's literally for no reason now, because I don't have you. That was entirely why I did that fucking job for so long… I thought it would keep us stable, and free…" Richie's eyes watered, "How stupid was I?"

Will stared at him with sorrow brimming in his green rimmed eyes, "Richie…"

"I really do regret everything. I'm so sorry for what I did." Richie looked at him sadly before he headed towards the basement.

Will's hands wrapped around Richie's arm, pulling him to face Will once again. "Please don't go." Will said, teary-eyed.

Richie quickly pulled Will close, hugging him warmly. It felt so good to hold him. Richie felt like his entire body was lighting up, starting with his heart. Will clung onto him, resting his head on Richie's shoulder as they embraced. Tears slipped from both of their eyes, but they tried to blink them away. They held onto each other for far too long before Richie gently pulled back, "I should get to bed. I have to fly out to California tomorrow morning."

There was a strange sort of desperation in Will's eyes. One that told Richie to hear him out. "Can we just… just one last time? I think we

both want to…" Will asked him without saying specifically what it was that he wanted.

"What?" Richie asked.

Will looked a bit uncomfortable to have to say what he was thinking, what he was feeling. "Let me come down there with you…" Will nodded to the basement.

Richie comprehended what Will was saying immediately and accidentally squeezed the Champaign glass in his hand so hard it shattered. "Shit…" Richie looked at his hand before examining the mess on the floor, "I um… I should probably clean that up…"

Will watched as Richie frantically picked up the pieces of the glass, his hand managing only a tiny scratch from the break. Will realized how much his words had affected Richie, "I'm sorry for asking that… I don't know why I did…" Will felt a sense of regret for saying anything at all, maybe Richie didn't want to sleep with him again, even for a last time.

Richie stood up once the glass was all cleaned up. He looked at Will, standing before him, "I would love to, I really would, but I can't. I'm sure I'm going to regret saying this, but…" Richie sighed, "I still love you. I still wake up every day, wishing you were lying here next to me. When ever I see one of your comics, I think of all those times I would read them right after you finished one. I think about our dog and how much I miss her. I can't stop thinking about us, all the time. If we go down there together… it won't help us feel better. It'll only make all this pain worse because I'm going to end up loving you instead of just fucking you, and I know it would just end in misery, and you'd never talk to me again after that."

Will looked at him softly, "…You're right."

Richie stared into the mossy green rims of Will's eyes as he gently took both of Will's hands, lacing their fingers together, "Now, I'm going to go down there by myself and we're going to forget about this entire conversation. Next time I see you, please promise me we'll still be talking like normal. I like how we've been lately and I really don't want to lose it. It's one of the few things I have to look forward

to.” Richie said sincerely.

Will smiled gently, “We can forget it. It didn’t happen.” Will nodded, “Next time I see you, things will be good. We’ll talk and be comfortable around each other just as much as we were before this.” Will promised, holding up a pinky.

Richie smiled a little, making a pinky swear with Will. They parted ways, and although Richie gave up what could have possibly been his last time with Will, he felt good about himself. He’d made the right decision. It wasn’t worth the risk of hurting each other again.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hang in there! Things are getting better!

21. Dinner With The Losers Club

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will comes to LA for another comic book release, this time he stays with the losers. Richie takes them all out to dinner. Madness ensues.

Chapter 21

Mike's wedding had been the last time Will saw Richie. It had been almost a month and all he could think about was the very thing he promised to forget. Richie did love him still. It made his heart swirl with emotion as he let the words repeat in his head over and over again. He felt alive for the first time in over a year.

Packing up a suitcase for California, Will had headed off to both visit the losers club and also to sign more release forms for his comic. When he arrived at the airport, Eddie had been the one to pick him up. "Hey handsome." Eddie smiled as he pulled up in his convertible.

"Hey." Will smiled at him warmly, "Long time no see."

Getting into the car, Will looked around at the leather interior, "This is a really nice car…"

Eddie pulled his sunglasses from his head onto his eyes, "Thanks! I was saving up for it for months to get a down payment on it."

Will enjoyed the ride to the house. The warm wind whipped through Will's hair, and the sun kissed his skin. "How are you and Bill doing?" Will asked as they drove through the city streets.

"We're doing really good still. Bill's already got his first novel in the publishing process. I'm so proud of him." Eddie smiled before looking to Will, "What about you? Are you doing any better?"

"I mean… I sort of am." Will shrugged, "I guess everything still hurts though…"

"Richie told me you've seen each other several times now since the

break up. He said you two are on talking terms." Eddie glanced at Will as he drove.

"We are. That's all it is though. We're just talking when we see each other." Will nodded.

"You know, Richie's come a long way since when you two broke up. It'd be nice if you two gave your relationship another chance. He likes to lie to us and tell us he's fine, but I know for a fact he misses you." Eddie informed him before he pulled into the parking lot

Will looked up at their grey brick house in the residential area. It was nice and looked to be about two stories with an attic as well at the top. "This place looks beautiful on the outside." Will stated.

"You should come see the rest." Eddie led Will inside, holding his arm gently.

Eddie gave the grand tour before allowing Will some time to get his things settled into the guest room. Will liked the room a lot, it looked comfortable. "This room is nice. Why didn't one of you take it?" Will asked.

"We offered it to Richie, but he refuses to leave that shitty apartment." Eddie shrugged, "Yet another reason I'm sure he's still hung up on you."

Will said nothing, looking around from the white curtains to the cream coloured walls. Eddie eventually walked Will to the living room, "Richie will be here after his shift at the radio station is up. We were all going to go for dinner and drinks at the seafood restaurant. You in?" Eddie smiled already knowing the answer.

Smiling, Will nodded, "Yes I am absolutely in for that."

Will hugged everyone in the living room warmly, it had been over a year since he'd seen them in person, so he really missed them a lot. The feeling of Bill wrapping his arms around him felt particularly good. Perhaps it was the lack of sex that made him think so.

He sat beside Eddie on the one three-seater couch that could easily fit four. They talked about how their lives were going. Will found

himself getting caught up on their lives, it felt nice to hear their stories.

When the front door opened in the main hallway, Will knew immediately that it was Richie. “Did someone order a tall handsome radio show host that’s hung like a fucking horse?” Richie asked as he walked into the living room.

“No one wants any, send it back!” Bev called out to him jokingly.

Richie’s eyes fell on the person sitting next to Eddie, “Oh, hey Will.” Richie smiled at him brightly, “How was the flight?”

Will smiled a bit, “It was good. How was work?”

“It was a good day. I argued with someone on air which is generally pretty fun.” Richie looked around the room at everyone, “We all ready to go for dinner?”

“Yes, we are.” Bill nodded.

“Alright, two vehicles or one for the drive?” Richie asked.

“We can all fit into my van.” Ben assured them.

“Then let’s do that.” Richie nodded as everyone stood up, heading for the door.

Beverly sat in the front seat with Ben. Mike, Richie and Stan sat in the very back row while Will sat between Bill and Eddie in the middle row. Richie caught himself staring at the back of Will’s head a few times on the way. Everyone chattered amongst themselves and it was nice. Things almost felt normal to both Richie and Will, except the underlaying sorrow of being broken up.

The group got the biggest table together near the back of the restaurant. It was rather private, as it was typically used for parties. They at least seemed like a party to the staff of the restaurant. Stan ordered the first bottle of wine. When Stan attempted to pour some into Richie’s empty water glass, Richie placed his hand over the top of the glass, “None for me.”

“Oh, come Richie, you don’t drink with us anymore.” Stan rolled his eyes.

“Leave him alone, babe. If he doesn’t want to drink, we don’t have to make him feel bad.” Mike took the bottle from Stan to pour himself a glass.

Will looked at Richie, “You drank a glass of Champaign at your cousin’s wedding.”

“What?! You’ve been holding out on us!” Beverly looked at him wide eyed.

Richie rolled his eyes a bit, “Thanks Will.” He looked at Ben,” If I don’t drink, then it means you can. That way I can drive us home. Everyone wins.”

“I appreciate that.” Ben said to Richie seriously, holding up his glass for Mike to pour wine into.

Will looked at Mike who poured him a glass, “I’ll only have one glass, because I really shouldn’t get drunk.”

“Why n-not? I like you drunk.” Bill smirked deviously at Will.

Richie shot Bill a look that Eddie seemed to pick up on, “He’s just kidding.” Eddie said to everyone without singling out Richie.

Will smiled a little bit before looking at the menu before him. The idea of having sex with Bill was an idea Will didn’t need in his mind, but he felt deprived after a year and a half of just using his toys and memories of his past encounters with Richie. It made him feel a bit tense.

The group ordered together, some of them getting sea food pasta, while others got the sea food dishes that seemed to be recommended on the menu. Everything looked very delicious, and smelled even better.

Richie had gone with a lobster tail and shrimp linguini while Will decided to go with a shrimp, clam and muscle bake with vegetables. The table talked amongst themselves while Stan ordered another

round of wine. It seemed the person drinking the absolute most was Stan, but that wasn't entirely unusual when it came to wine.

Everyone got their buzz on except for Richie and Will. For Will, he was more worried about coming onto Richie again like at Mike's wedding. He noticed that as their friends became louder and more excitable, Richie became more quiet, almost as if he was just the shell of the person he used to be. It hurt Will to see.

Bill found himself carrying Eddie to the van, Eddie giggling obnoxiously the entire way. "Bill… can we play when we get home?" Eddie purred, biting Bill's earlobe.

"Absolutely." Bill smiled as he put Eddie in his seat, buckling him in.

Richie climbed into the driver's seat, already hating where the night was going. Of course, his friends were going to bang one out. Stan was just as drunk, sitting between Mike and Ben in the back while Beverly sat next to Eddie. It was a surprise when Will opted to sit in the passenger's seat next to him. Richie drove them through the streets of L.A. as Eddie shouted out the window a few times for the prostitutes on the corner to 'have a nice night' and to 'get some'. Everyone couldn't help but laugh at him.

"Hey… hey Will… wanna come to our room tonight?" Eddie asked looking up at Will who looked a bit surprised at the suggestion.

As much as he wanted to, there was no way he could do that to Richie. "I… um… it's ok, thanks though." Will stammered a bit, going a bit pink at the thought of it.

It was clear he wanted to. Richie could even tell. Richie felt a stabbing feeling in his chest, fearing he was holding Will back somehow. As much as he didn't want anyone else touching Will, he didn't want Will to be unhappy like he was.

"You… you can you know?" Richie said to him quietly, "If you want to." It took everything in Richie not to visibly cringe at the idea of his two best friends fucking the love of his life while he was no longer able to attain him.

“Why don’t you both come to our bedroom and fuck us?” Eddie asked, clearly not aware of their break-up in his current state, “Just like old times!”

“No thanks. I’m not feeling it.” Richie said calmly as he turned onto their street.

“Assuming Richie could even get it up.” Stan suddenly blurted out, making Richie’s blood run cold.

“Stanley…” Mike said warningly as he wasn’t nearly as drunk.

“What? It’s the truth…” Stan scoffed.

“Shut the fuck up, Stanley!” Richie shouted at him warningly.

Judging by his tone, Will understood there was some sort of reason why Stan had said it. “What does he mean?” Will questioned Richie softly.

“Nothing, he’s drunk.” Richie lied looking a bit distressed.

“I’m not drunk, you just can’t get it up anymore now that you’ve been dumped. You had my mouth on your cock and you were softer than bubble gum…” Stan said with annoyance, not realizing just how hurtful he was being after six glasses of wine.

“Stan! Stop…” Mike warned him, “What’s gotten into you?”

“Not Richie…” Stan giggled a little bit.

Will looked at Richie, seeing his jaw clenching with both anger and embarrassment. His grip on the steering wheel was so tight his knuckles had gone ghostly white. Stan wasn’t lying. Will could hardly believe it.

Richie parked the van and turned it off. He got out of the van and tossed the keys to Ben who caught them easily. “Where you going?” Ben asked Richie.

“Home.” Richie said abruptly before pulling out his keys.

“Hey, don’t l-listen to him. He’s d-du-drunk.” Bill reminded him.

“Yeah, he’s drunk and he’s a fucking prick.” Richie said with annoyance.

“Hey, no need for name calling!” Mike glared at Richie.

“Don’t worry, I’m not sticking around to call him anything else, but believe me, there’s a few other fucking things I’d like to call him.” Richie was pissed off, more so than anyone had ever seen him especially over something Stan said.

“Richie…” Mike looked at him shocked.

Will looked at Richie sadly, having pieced together what was going on. “Richie… you don’t have to go.” Will said sadly, “We were having a fun time… don’t leave yet.”

“I’m glad you guys had fun, but I’m kind of pissed at the moment, so I’m fucking going now.” Richie said unlocking his car door shakily. “Don’t worry, I’ll fucking get over it. I always do because I’m Richie Tozier, the man of one thousand voices and zero feelings of my own.” Richie said sarcastically before the door finally unlocked.

Everyone watched Richie nervously, not sure what to do as he pulled out of the driveway, heading off down the road. Will watched him go sadly, wishing the night hadn’t gone so sour.

Will sat on the couch as Eddie and Bill headed to their room while Mike helped Stan to their room. Bev and Ben sat with Will in the living room. “I… don’t even know what that was all about…” Ben said honestly as he looked at between Beverly and Will.

“Me neither.” Bev held up both hands, “I just hope its better tomorrow.”

“Yeah…” Will nodded looking to the carpet; he felt bad, although he wasn’t sure why.

Notes for the Chapter:

Get ready for next chapter! It drops in three days!

22. Trial

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will decides to go see Richie after his meeting with his publisher. He asks him a very important question.

Chapter 22

Stan had felt horrible for what he'd said the night before while he was drunk. He didn't want to disclose anymore than he already had, but it didn't stop everyone from questioning Stan. By the time Will left for his publisher's office, Stan had been trying to reach Richie on the phone to apologize.

Will did his usual business of going over the sales results of his last comic with Peter. The popularity of the comic was spiking with each release. Will signed off on the forms required of him and headed outside. He looked up at the billboard not far from where he was. It was the Trash Mouth Radio billboard. Will knew the building was only a few blocks away, so rather than calling a cab, Will headed to Richie's radio station instead.

There was something on his mind, something he'd been afraid to discuss, but it seemed to Will that he was finally ready to talk to Richie about it. Once he entered the double doors of the building, he came up to a receptionist with plenty of piercings and tattoos on her body. Her multicoloured hair was beautiful, but it was clear most jobs were against such a look. "Hey. Can I help you?" She asked.

"I'm here to see Richie… when he's available." Will said to her.

"Is he expecting you?" She asked curiously.

"No. I'm his… friend." Will caught himself, "Will Byers."

"One moment." She wrote something down on a square of paper before heading over to the door behind her.

Will was left waiting there, wondering if Richie would even want to see him after what had transpired the night before. Suddenly she

returned with Richie following her out. “What’s wrong?” Richie looked at him, clearly thinking something was up for him to be there.

Smiling softly, Will shook his head, “Everything’s fine… can I talk to you?”

Richie nodded, “I’m just about to head home. Did you want a ride back to the house?”

“Sure.” Will smiled softly.

Richie waved at the girl at the reception desk, “Have a good rest of your shift, Laura.”

“Bye, Mr. Tozier.” She smiled before getting back to her work.

Will found himself outside the building, walking with Richie to his car. “So, what brings you to my radio station? After last night, I wasn’t expecting you to ever talk to me again.” Richie asked him curiously.

Will felt his toes and his chest go a bit numb with nerves, “I… I wanted to ask you if you’d go out with me tonight?”

Richie paused, looking at Will puzzled, “What?”

Will responded quickly, “You. Me. Dinner. Tonight?”

Richie opened his mouth and then closed it before looking at Will sternly, “This isn’t because of what Stan said is it?”

“No.” Will said honestly, “It’s because I really want to go out with just you. I miss you.”

Richie felt his mouth go dry, “Oh… Um…” Richie tried to let the shock subside, “Yes. Where did you want to go?”

“How about that sushi place we went to a while back?” Will suggested, “That place was good.”

Richie nodded, a small smile forming on his face that he couldn’t seem to stop, “Yeah, it was.”

Will and Richie both climbed into his car. Buckling himself in, Will smiled over at Richie, “It’s nice to see you smiling again.”

Richie couldn’t wipe the smile off his face as he drove, “I guess you just have that affect on me.” Will giggled at that and sat in his seat, feeling like he was a giddy teenager again.

“Did Stan ever get a hold of you?” Will questioned.

“Yes, he did. He apologized, and I forgave him.” Richie shrugged, “He didn’t mean to be an asshole, he was drunk. I get it.”

Will nodded, “He didn’t remember doing it… he looked utterly humiliated this morning. He didn’t tell anyone anything more about it, but Beverly was grilling him hard for details. I think she was worried about you.”

Richie shrugged, “I don’t know why she bothered, I think it was pretty obvious what happened after last night.” Richie grimaced a bit, “It’s not your fault either… that’s why I was hoping you weren’t just asking me out because of that…”

“I know…” Will nodded as they pulled into the driveway of the Loser’s house.

“I’m going to go home and finish up a few things… want me to pick you up here at seven?” Richie asked him, feeling odd just saying the words.

Will smiled, “Yeah. I’ll see you then.” Will got out of the car, waving at Richie as he headed towards the front door.

Richie smiled and began driving home. He couldn’t even help himself as he sang to the songs on the radio along the way.

The entire loser’s club was at Will’s side as he confessed to them his plan to take Richie on a date that evening. Beverly insisted immediately on helping him find an outfit with what he’d brought in his bag. Will wound up wearing black pants and a white buttoned up shirt. Stanley offered his collection of ties to Will, ensuring he had a complete look as Will went for a black tie.

By the time it was seven in the evening, Will stood by the door, peering out as Richie pulled up to the curb. Will felt his heart stop as Richie walked up to the door with black dress pants, a black jacket and a white buttoned up shirt. He looked good, Will couldn't stop staring as he opened the door. Richie smiled at him, "Hey. Ready to go?"

Will smiled brightly, "Yes. I'll see you guys later." Will looked at the losers as he left the house, heading to Richie's car with a skip to his step.

Richie opened the door for him, "There are you are sir." Richie smiled a bit as Will climbed in before he closed it.

Richie waved at his friends who were watching them from the windows before climbing into the driver's seat. "This is a little fucking weird… I'm picking you up from my friend's house and they're staring at us like you're their son." Richie chuckled as he began driving towards the downtown area.

"I'm happy we're doing this… I was really nervous to ask you…" Will admitted as they passed a more congestion on the road.

"Did you really think I'd say no?" Richie asked him with a goofy grin, "I would never say no to spending time with you."

Will smiled a bit, "I don't know…" Will looked away, "I guess I just worried you were still bitter about me leaving you…"

"No. I was never bitter towards you. I mean for the first five minutes yes, but after that I knew it was my fault. I could have done a better job of being a good boyfriend." Richie confessed as he parked outside the sushi restaurant.

"You've come a long way since then. I'm proud of who you are now." Will told him as Richie turned off the car.

Richie looked pleased to hear that from Will. It mattered to him a lot what Will thought of him. It always would. The two went inside of the restaurant, noting not much had changed in the year since they were last there. Richie and Will were led to a table by the window for

two. “This is a nice place to sit.” Will smiled as they had a nice view of the park from their seats.

Richie looked out the window and smiled a bit before looking at Will, “Anywhere with you is a good seat.” Richie told him before looking away, unsure of why he felt like he was messing up over a silly line.

Will smiled, “Are you going to avoid alcohol tonight since you’re driving?” Will asked.

“You know me. I don’t drink much anymore. I probably should stay sober, unless you want to be taking a cab home later.” Richie looked at him honestly.

Will shrugged, “It’s up to you. I just want you to know I support your decision either way.”

Richie looked at him gently, “Sitting here with you… it makes me want to be sober. Completely sober. I’m enjoying this too much to add alcohol into the equation.”

Will smiled softly, “You’re so sweet.”

They looked over their menus, their chests fluttering with the feeling of butterflies. It was nice to be together again, even if it was just a trial. The waitress took their orders and headed off with a smile on her face, pleased to have a celebrity like Richie in the building. “Looks like you’ve got a fan.” Will giggled.

Richie nodded a bit before pausing, “Will… I wanted to say something.” Richie looked at him seriously, “I know this doesn’t mean we’re getting back together or anything, but… I hope that maybe one day we could… do you think that could happen?” Richie looked at Will as though Will’s answer would make or break him.

“I think it could.” Will nodded, “You told me at the wedding that you still love me… well I still love you. I had an option to start seeing someone else in Hawkins, but I didn’t do it. I didn’t want to. If it wasn’t you, it wasn’t worth it.”

Richie’s eyes were half lidded as he listened to Will speak, his mouth open a little as he thought about someone else taking his place. It

wasn't the first time the thought had occurred to him, but it still hurt just the same. "I used to tell myself all the time that you could do much better than me. I still think that way to be completely fucking honest… but at the same time, I never could stand the thought of you moving on. I guess it's because I know I couldn't." Richie looked at him for a moment,

"So, you haven't been with anyone? Just… Stan I guess?" Will couldn't help but question it.

Richie decided he'd better explain, "I think Stan and Mike both took pity on me… they asked me to sleep in their room, so I did… then Stan offered to bottom for the first time ever… I should have been excited I guess but… I couldn't be. I couldn't fucking get it up and I just ended up crying instead. Not my shining moment."

"If it makes you feel any better… I haven't done anything either. The last time I had sex was with you." Will looked at the table as he blushed a bit.

"You're right…" Richie caught Will's attention, "That does make me feel better." Richie winked with a grin, watching as Will began to smile a bit.

"You're horrible." Will laughed.

Their food came before long and the two ate together in a rather cheerful mood. "Layla really misses you…" Will said after a few bites in.

"I really miss her too." Richie said softly, "I miss you both… but it was definitely hard being without her."

"When I took her with me, I felt conflicted. She was my gift from you but… she was also yours just as much as she is mine." Will said looking at him with guilt.

"I'm glad I still get to see her sometimes. She's such a pretty girl." Richie sounded so sweet when he spoke about Layla. It made Will's heart skip a beat.

"She really is." Will nodded as they continued to eat their dinner.

The rest of the night they spoke about lighter topics, and things Richie had achieved as a radio host for such an influential station. It felt good to be on a date again. Richie nearly grabbed the bill, but Will was much faster than him, anticipating the action. “Nope. This is my date that I initiated. It’s my bill.” Will told him sternly.

Richie looked at him amused, “You know, I don’t mind.”

“I do mind.” Will put the money in the leather holder before closing it and leaving it on the table.

Richie looked to Will as they exited the restaurant. The sunset painting the sky multiple colours. “So, did you want to go back home, or did you want me to take you anywhere else?” Richie asked Will once they were back at his car.

Will smiled, “Could we watch the sunset at the beach?”

Richie smiled, “Sure. I remember how much you fucking love that place.”

“It’s beautiful.” Will said as Richie began driving for it.

The waves crashed into each other as the red sun loomed over head. Parking in a quiet place, Richie and Will got out of the car, the two headed to the beach together. Despite their non-beach attire, they decided to walk along the sand. “This is one of those things I do miss about California.” Will said as they walked side by side.

Richie gently laced their fingers together, Will squeezed his hand back, indicating the contact was allowed. “You look good, you know?” Will looked up at Richie.

“Tell me something I don’t know.” Richie winked running his fingers through his black mane dramatically.

Will laughed, “I guess I walked into that…”

“You did. As for you, I’d say you’re just as beautiful as ever.” Richie said kissing the back of Will’s hand with a grin.

Will smiled warmly at him. Their hands didn’t break apart even as

the sun set. They continued to talk, about anything and everything. It felt so nice to be so comfortable and so close once more. Walking along the beach, they decided once the sun set, they would head back to the car.

Richie got into his seat, “I guess I should probably get you back home before your-” Richie was cut off as Will pressed their lips together gently before he sat back in his seat with a smile. “…Curfew.” Richie stared at Will surprised, "What was that?"

"A kiss." Will said dryly.

"I'll show you a kiss..." Richie said in a tone that made Will's heart skip a beat.

Cupping Will’s face with one hand, Richie leaned in, pressing their lips together again. The thought of taking Will back to the loser’s house was forgotten for a full half hour. Their mouths didn’t part longer than a few seconds at a time. Sliding his tongue across Richie’s, Will felt himself lost in the familiar bliss he once had with Richie before everything had fallen apart.

When they finally did pull away from each other, both Richie and Will held happy expressions on their faces. “That felt nice.” Will smiled looking into Richie’s dark eyes.

“Fucking tell me about it… I missed your mouth a lot…” Richie smirked a bit before running his fingers through his own hair, looking at the water in the darkness. “I guess I should get you home.”

“That’s probably a good idea.” Will nodded, not sure what he might do if they remained on the beach together for too long.

Richie drove towards the house, “Will… I’m going to say something and… you don’t have to respond or give me any indication of an answer what so ever… but I have to say this.” Richie reached over to take his hand, Richie’s other hand on the steering wheel, “I want you to come back. I want you and Layla to move back in with me. I really think I can be the boyfriend you deserve. The worst is behind us and… fuck, I just love you so much I’ll do anything to be with you again.” Richie told him.

Will looked ready to speak, but Richie shook his head, “No words. Think about it. Don’t give me any sort of an answer. I just want you to take your time and make the decision based on what is best for you. If you answer now you might regret it later…” Richie looked at him, “If you decide not to move back in with me, then we can stay friends and pretend this conversation never happened, but if you one day show up at my door… then it was worth it to say all of this.”

Will thought about it for a second, “That’s fair. I’ll think about it.” Will said, feeling his chest erupting at the thought of moving back to California.

Richie parked outside of the loser’s house. “So… when do you go home again?” Richie asked Will curiously.

“Tomorrow morning. I have an early flight back to Indiana.” Will explained.

Richie nodded a bit, “Are you supposed to come back any time soon?” Richie questioned.

Will shrugged, “I’m not sure yet. It depends when my publisher calls me back.”

“I guess I’ll see you around then.” Richie looked at him softly, a feeling of longing running through his veins as he wondered when he’d see Will again.

Will looked at him for a moment before leaning in. Richie leaned into him, pressing their lips together again. “Mm…” Richie groaned softly, enjoying the feeling of their mouths together once again.

Pulling back after a few seconds, Will smiled at him, “Thank you for the really awesome date.”

Richie smiled brightly, “Thank you as well. You made my fucking night.”

Will giggled, “See you around.” Will got out of the car, although he really didn’t want to.

Waving back at Richie, Will headed to the front door, knocking

before Mike Hanlon opened it for him. Richie waved at them before watching the door close once Will was inside. Gripping the steering wheel, Richie let out a sigh of relief before he began his drive home. He felt elated for once.

Notes for the Chapter:

Is everyone feeling a little better now?

23. Upside Down

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will are on very good terms. The only problem is, things can still turn upside down for them.

Chapter 23

Weeks had gone by and Richie felt like the clouds had parted and the sun was shining on him. He didn't know if Will was going to come back to him or not, but Will still loved him. He said so. Richie knew it might have been too soon for Will to return to him if he wanted to, but Richie still held his hopes close.

Will called him a few times a week, the two talking about anything and everything just like they used to do. Hearing Will giggle was one of Richie's biggest rewards. Friday night had been one of the nights Will chose to call Richie. "You have reached the incredibly handsome Richie Tozier." Richie answered the phone, listening to Will giggle on the other end of the line.

"You seem to be in a good mood." Will said sounding relaxed.

"You called me, so I have a very good reason to be in a good mood." Richie grinned as he sat on his couch to get comfortable.

The two talked for a while before Will brought up something that seemed to be bothering him. "You remember the lab here in Hawkins?"

"How could I forget?" Richie responded.

"Well… a bunch of government officials have moved into the lab and they won't tell anyone what they're doing there. Hopper's been on their case about it, but they don't seem to be giving up any reasons for being around. I'm just glad Eleven isn't here anymore. Her and Mike got a house in Massachusetts and they're fully moved in." Will explained.

“Maybe those clowns will realize they’ve got nothing to find in Hawkins and leave.” Richie sounded hopeful.

“I can only hope.” Will said softly. “I’m sorry to cut this call short, but Jonathan just came over, so I better see what he’s up to. I’ll call you on Sunday night?” Will asked.

“I shall wait for your call good sir.” Richie smiled a bit.

“Talk to you then.” Will giggled before hanging up.

Richie was excited for Sunday night. He ordered some food from a shop nearby and decided to spend the evening at home. Richie was sitting by the phone at eight in the evening, around the time Will usually called him. There was no call at eight, or nine for that matter. Richie waited impatiently, assuming Will got stuck doing something else, but his gut began to worry. By midnight, he still hadn’t heard from Will, and the odds of Will calling after that point was slim.

As much as Richie wanted to call, he knew he shouldn’t risk waking the household up at that time. Heading to bed, Richie didn’t know how to feel when he closed his eyes. Where was he? Why hadn’t he called?

The sound of the phone ringing cut through his dream like a knife. Richie picked up the phone next to his bed, “Hello?” He asked tiredly, hoping it was Will calling him to talk.

“Richie?” Mike Wheeler’s voice asked.

“Mike? What are you doing calling me?” Richie asked confused as he rubbed his eyes.

“Wills missing.” Mike said abruptly, “Get back to Hawkins as soon as you can. I’m heading there now.”

“Mike, what-?” Richie felt his heart skip a beat.

“Joyce can’t find him anywhere. He’s missing. I have to go. Meet me as soon as you can at the Byers house.” Mike hung up after that, not wasting another minute.

Richie was stunned, he didn't know how to process the information. Calling one of his co-workers, he got all of his shifts for the next week covered. Richie immediately headed to the airport, not bothering to pack anything at all. He didn't have the time.

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The rental car drove fairly fast up the driveway of Joyce and Hopper's place that evening. Richie walked into the house, not bothering to knock. Joyce approached him as the rest of the party was bickering in the living room. Richie looked into her eyes, seeing the fear he dreaded the entire way to Hawkins. "What can you tell me?" Richie asked her.

Joyce looked distraught to say the least, "We don't know much. He took Layla outside just after seven, but he never came back. Layla was found at the end of our driveway by Hopper, but we have no idea where Will went." Richie glanced down at Layla who was whining at him lovingly.

"Do you think he's in The Upside Down?" Richie couldn't help but ask.

"Eleven is trying to find him right now in her room using the TV. We'll know soon I hope." Joyce placed her hands on Richie's shoulders, "I'm glad you're here."

"I'd never let anything happen to him." Richie said honestly.

Eleven came out of her room with a bleeding nose before approaching Mike in Richie's peripherals. "I know. That's exactly why I told Mike to call you." Joyce said to him honestly.

Mike was behind Joyce when Richie looked up, "Richie, we have to go to the woods." Richie was handed a baseball bat, "Eleven found him running through the woods… but he's not alone. Something's out there with him."

Richie took it into his hands and followed Mike and his friends into the woods. The idea of Will being hunted by something made him sick to his stomach. Eleven followed close to Mike, a hammer in her

hand as it seemed they were taking any last-minute weapons they could find.

“Did you contact Steve?” Mike asked Dustin.

“Affirmative. He’s going to be here soon. I told him to meet us in the woods.” Dustin informed them as they headed behind the Byers house.

“How much do you guys want to bet this all has something to do with that lab?” Max asked them.

“I’d bet a lot on that.” Mike said as he led the way into the woods.

“We have to find him and fast. The longer it takes us to find Will, the less likely we are to find him at all.” Lucas reminded rather grimly.

“Hey, don’t fucking talk like that!” Richie glared at him, “We’re going to find him and bring him home.”

Mike handed out several radio’s and flashlights, one to each person. “These are all set to the same channel. If you see anything, or get lost, call in. One of us will find you.” Richie took one from Mike before attaching it to his belt carefully.

Heading off into different directions, Richie could hear the party calling out Will’s name. Richie didn’t see the point. If he was being hunted, he wasn’t going to call back.

They walked around in the woods for what felt like hours, looking everywhere for Will. Richie didn’t want to lose hope, but he was. Stepping in something mushy, Richie glanced down at his shoe to see a bluish grey mush on the bottom of his shoe. Something about it seemed strange although Richie couldn’t exactly pinpoint it.

He decided to listen to his instincts and search around the area. Looking around the ground, there seemed to be more grey goop along the forest floor. Dead plants surrounded him and immediately, Richie felt like he was on the right track.

As Richie stepped over a log, he noticed an animal carcass that was both fresh and fly infested. It was a deer, it had been caught within

the past several hours by the looks of it.

Lifting his head, Richie froze, spotting a familiar tear in the side of a tree. Lifting up the walkie talkie, Richie spoke into it, “Guys… it’s Richie… I found a tear in a tree. I’m not sure where I am…”

“Richie, stay where you are. We’ll come find you.” Mike spoke over the radio.

The slit was growing bigger and he could see a world of darkness through the veil The faint sounds of frantic breathing and running could be heard just beyond the tear, but it was hard to say who it was making the noises. A shadow passed by the tear. Will. It had to be Will. Richie held up the walkie talkie again, “Guys, I’m by a fallen log and a half chewed up deer… this big ass tree has the tear. I can’t wait here for you, I have to go find him.”

“Richie, abort! Do not go in there! You don’t know if that’s where Will is.” Dustin shouted over the speaker.

Richie didn’t waste another moment, he noticed the tear was beginning to shrink. Quickly, he dived inside, puncturing the mucus membrane that divided him from his world and The Upside Down. Richie looked around, noticing how cold it seemed to be inside. “Fuck…” He whispered, swallowing nervously as he gripped the flashlight in one hand and the baseball bat in the other.

Richie thought about the times Will had opened up to him about The Upside Down. It came flooding back to him immediately. Will had hid inside of Castle Byers from the Demogorgon. He didn’t quite know what direction he was heading in, but he at least had a destination in mind. He attempted to backtrack, stepping back over a fallen log that was covered in grey goop.

The sounds of something scurrying caught his ears, making Richie immediately hid behind a tree to stay out of sight. It wasn’t a human making those noises, that was all Richie knew for sure. The spores in the air let Richie know that the air he was breathing was quite possibly toxic. He wasn’t too worried about his lungs for the moment.

Richie headed onwards, wishing he could call out Will’s name, but he

knew it would only draw attention to himself that he didn't want. When he was certain he was headed in the right direction towards the Byers house, Richie picked up a little more speed. He spotted something on four legs running by in the distance, but it didn't seem to notice him so he continued on. If it had just been Richie in The Upside Down, he'd be afraid, paralyzed with fear in that place. This time though, he was looking for Will. He didn't have time to be scared of dying, he had to do everything he could to save Will.

A clearing in the woods was up ahead and Richie could see it. Hiding behind a tree, Richie scanned the area ahead, making sure nothing was around to spot him. Castle Byers was just a short distance away, he had to make it there.

Sucking in a deep breath, Richie made a run for it. He dashed his way into the clearing, not daring to look back as he ran inside the small sad looking structure Will and his brother Jonathan made over a decade ago. Looking down at the floor of Castle Byers, Richie expected to see Will lying there, waiting out his time until someone rescued him. Richie was instead greeted by fresh blood. It wasn't a lot of blood, but it was enough to tell him something had become injured and exited the structure as the blood trail led to the outside of the fort.

Taking as much cover as he could, Richie followed the trail to the back door of the Byers house. He jiggled the handle, but the house was locked. Will. He had to be inside. Hoping to find another way inside, Richie circled the house, hearing the howling of some sort of creature in the woods. Richie noticed the windows were covered inside. The curtains had been drawn to provide privacy and protection to the person inside. It had to be Will.

Tapping on the window, Richie tapped to a beat that a monster couldn't possibly make in Will's window. After a few seconds, Richie saw the curtain move, and the beautiful hazel eyes of Will Byers stared back at him. Richie looked at him relieved. Will motioned for him to go to the front of the house.

Richie moved quickly, not willing to be spotted by anything that wanted to eat him. Will unlocked the front door for Richie. Launching himself inside, Richie wrapped both arms around Will,

listening to the blonde's panicked whimpering, "I told you Richie, I told you… don't come here for me…" Richie could feel Will's tears on his shoulder as he shut the door, locking it with one hand as he held Will close through the sobbing.

"And I told you, Will…" Richie pulled Will back so they'd look each other in the eyes, "I'd rather die here with you than live in our world without you." Richie felt his own tears forming as he watched tears stream down Will's face.

Glancing down at Will's leg, he noticed Will's calf was bleeding slowly, "What happened?" Richie asked him with concern, "Did something get you?"

Will shook his head, "No… I fell in the woods when I was running from a demodog… I'll be ok…"

"I better fix that up…" Richie said even though it was hard to tell if there was anything around to clean it up with.

Leaning down, Richie stood back up with Will over his shoulder. Carrying him to his bedroom, Richie set Will down in the darkness of his bedroom. Will waited on the bed as Richie went to the bathroom to look for something, anything that could stop the bleeding. Finding some cotton balls and bandages, Richie returned to the bedroom. He carefully rolled up Will's pant leg before taking in the slightly deep cut in Will's leg. Pressing the cotton to the opening, Richie firmly wrapped his leg in the fabric of the bandage. The only light provided was a small candle Will had lit in his room prior to Richie arriving. It wouldn't last forever, but it was all they had in that dark world.

"Alright… now let's go find the exit." Richie said to Will confidently.

"Richie… it's not that simple…" Will shook his head.

"Why? I found a split in the dimension and crawled through. We can do the same to get back can't we?" Richie asked.

"It's a matter of finding a split. Typically, only the Demogorgon or Eleven can open the dimension… I think we're trapped here until we find the Demogorgon. It's too dangerous to look for him and you only

have a baseball bat… that's not enough." Will explained.

"Well we can still look. Now that we're together, we have a shot at leaving this place." Richie told him, "I'll get you home. I promise."

"I'm so tired, Richie… I can't do any more right now… I need to rest." Will said sounding utterly exhausted.

Richie sighed, at least if they stayed quiet for a bit, they might be safe. "Get into the bed and get covered up. It's cold here… I'll keep watch." Richie told him.

"Richie… just hold me." Will pleaded.

Nodding his head, Richie watched Will get under the covers. He placed the candle next to the bed before climbing in next to Will, not bothering to take his shoes off as he climbed inside. Pressing himself against Will's back, Richie wrapped his arms around Will. The feeling of being so close again, in such an intimate position, it sent a surge of happiness through him despite their current situation.

Richie rested his head on top of Will's both shielding him and providing him warmth. It felt a lot like how they used to cuddle in their sleep long before Will left him. Richie breathed in the scent of Will's shampoo, feeling relaxed from it. Will laced their fingers together. They didn't say anything, letting the silence of the house fill their ears. Richie closed his eyes, soaking in the bitter-sweetness of holding Will in his arms.

Memories of spooning Will to sleep nearly every night were hard to push from his mind. Richie tried to pretend he was with Will in their apartment rather than in the upside down. He tried to trick his mind into believing Will had come back to him and they were going to be happy. He wished he was so gullible.

"…I love you." Richie's eyes snapped open as he heard Will's voice cut through the darkness.

"I love you too." Richie whispered before pressing a kiss to Will's cheek, "Always."

Rolling over, Will cupped Richie's face, looking into Richie's obsidian

eyes. Richie fixed Will's messy hair gently, admiring the beauty before him. Will leaned in, pressing their lips together softly. Richie kissed him back, their lips parting as Richie slid his tongue inside of Will's mouth.

His hand found their way up the back of Will's shirt, cupping his cold back warmly. Holding Will close, kissing his lips, it was the best high Richie had ever felt. He wished he had known that before Will left.

Without a sense of time, it was hard to tell how long they kissed each other before they finally felt calm and relaxed enough to sleep. It felt like an hour had passed. Will finally broke the kiss, pressing his face in Richie's neck. Richie placed a hand on the back of Will's head, holding him close as sleep finally took them.

Notes for the Chapter:

Enjoying the upside down?

24. Survive

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie attempts to escape the upside down with Will.

Chapter 24

Hours had passed before Richie and Will were woken up by the sound of scurrying outside. Richie sat up, alerted by the noise. “Will… get up…” Richie whispered.

Getting to his feet, Will followed Richie to the living room of the upside down version of his family house. Gripping the baseball bat tightly in hand, Richie was on alert. Will stuck close to Richie, he wanted to find a weapon of his own, but there was nothing appropriate enough to wield.

A sound emitted from the front door. A loud bang. Another one followed. Something was trying to get inside. “Back door. Run.” Richie said to Will before they ran towards the back hall. Richie unlocked the door as Will threw it open.

Closing it behind them, Richie heard the door in the front of the house shatter. Will moved as quickly as he could on his injury as they let the adrenalin flood through them. Richie and Will made their way into the woods behind the house. Richie pulled Will behind a tree with him as he stopped to make sure nothing was following them.

Looking around, Richie’s eyes landed on Will, “I think we’re safe for now…”

“Where should we go?” Will questioned.

“I came through a tear in the woods. If it’s still there, maybe we can get back home.” Richie suggested.

Will nodded a bit, “It’s worth a try.”

“The party is looking for you. They know I came here to find you. All we have to do is hang in here.” Richie said, offering Will a little more

hope.

“Eleven and Mike too?” Will questioned.

Richie nodded, “Yes. She’s the one who knew you were in the woods.”

Will looked mildly relieved, “Let’s keep going then.” Will nodded his head, taking Richie’s hand.

The two made their way through the woods, taking advantage of the odd quietness that surrounded them. It was too quiet. A sound of feet against dried leaves caught their attention. It didn’t sound human, so they proceeded with caution. After passing by a few more trees, they spotted the Demogorgon. It appeared to be searching for something. Was it looking for them?

Richie noticed the fresh tear in the tree next to the Demogorgon. He tapped Wills side, indicating to the tear. Will looked at him alarmed. How were they going to get to it with that thing hovering around?

Picking up a large rock by their feet, Richie threw it several feet away. The Demogorgon heard the sound immediately and began running towards it. “Run.” Richie told Will before they broke into a run for the tear. The Demogorgon spotted them and began running back towards them.

Richie pushed Will through the tear first before climbing through after him. The two landed on the ground together. They weren’t out of the woods yet, so to speak. Helping Will off the ground hastily, Richie pulled Will with him through the woods. Seeing the dawn peaking through the trees, there was some relief to be had. At least soon, the monster wouldn’t be able to be outside much longer.

Trying to outrun a monster with a leg wound wasn’t easy, and Will felt himself tripping even as he held Richie’s hand. Richie knew they couldn’t outrun it. He made a decision hastily to stop running, handing Will the walkie talkie. “Run. Get home. Get help.” Richie said, readying the bat as the Demogorgon came closer.

“I’m not leaving you.” Will pulled at Richie’s arm.

“I’ve got this. Go get help!” Richie commanded watching as Will thankfully took his orders, heading towards the Byers house, speaking into the walkie talkie as he ran.

The monster opened its face, “You’re fucking ugly, but I’ve seen a lot worse than you.” Richie shouted before he swung at it’s head.

The sound of the bat crushing against the Demogorgon’s skull was a sickening thump Richie wouldn’t soon forget. The monster was thrown off kilter as he crashed his shoulder into a tree stump. Richie knew he just had to hold out until the sunlight brightened the sky some more.

Whacking the monster a second time, Richie was horrified as the bat utterly shattered upon contact. If only it had been an aluminum bat instead. Richie instinctively ran towards the Byers house as fast as he could. The Demogorgon was on his heels, and with one quick slash of it’s clawed hand, Richie felt a searing pain across his back. He let out a painful howl as he felt the blood dripping down his back, beneath his two shirts.

He couldn’t stop. Not now. He was too close to safety. Richie could see the Byers house in the distance. Being able to see it meant Will had made it there. Will was safe. His thoughts were broken as he felt a sharp pain in the back once again, his legs buckling under the pain, making him land on the ground hard.

Richie couldn’t move without feeling the painful sting of his back bite at him. Whimpering with pain, he closed his eyes, feeling like it was the end for him. He thought about Will, the taste of his mouth and the softness of Will’s lips. They had come so far since the break up. It hardly seemed fair it was over for Richie. Thinking of Will’s soulful eyes, he hoped that was what Heaven would look like. Will was a worthy final memory for him.

The sound of a gunshot hit his ears as the loud sound echoed off the trees. The sound of something heavy hitting the ground behind him told Richie he was safe. His eyes began to close, the weakness of blood loss over taking him. “Richie?” He heard Hopper’s voice before he completely blacked out on the forest floor.

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Waking up again, Richie realized he was lying in a hospital bed. An IV was stuck in the back of his hand as he was lying on his stomach. Richie tried to lift himself off his stomach, but a hand pressed down on his shoulder, “Richie, don’t move. You’ll pull a stitch.” Maggie Tozier’s voice spoke, making him lie back down.

“Mom?” Richie asked curiously.

“Yes, honey. I’m here.” Maggie ran her fingers through his hair.

“Is Will ok?” He asked, making it clear where his priorities were.

“He’s fine. He’s in the waiting room. You saved his life… you almost lost your own had Hopper not arrived on time.” Maggie informed him. “Do you want me to go get him?”

Richie nodded weakly, “Yes.”

Maggie headed out of the room before returning with Will. “Hey, Richie. How are you feeling?” Will looked at him gently. “I feel really good… like… really good considering my back got hurt…” Richie muttered to her relaxed.

“You’re on morphine for the pain, that’s probably why.” Maggie informed him.

Richie felt a tinge of fear in his chest. No. He couldn’t be. He’d just gotten Will’s trust back and now he was on drugs again. “No! Take it out… please…” Richie grabbed the IV with his teeth attempting to rip it out of his hand.

“Richie no!” Will looked horrified by what he was witnessing.

“Stop it! Richie!” Maggie forced him to let go of his IV, “You need the morphine for the pain.”

Richie’s eyes teared up, “I can take the pain, I can’t live without Will…”

Will grabbed his hand gently, looking to Maggie, “I’ll take it from

here."

Maggie nodded before leaving the room to give them some privacy. Will looked at Richie's face, "Richie, you need the morphine. Don't fight it ok? You've been through enough. I don't want to see you in pain."

Richie nodded a bit, a sad look in his eyes, "Will…"

"Yes?" Will sat next to the bed, holding Richie's hand gently.

"Does my ass look good right now?" Richie asked.

Will laughed a bit, "I don't know… there's a blanket over your ass."

"I bet it looks fucking good…" Richie smiled a bit, looking quite silly to Will. "I really miss fucking…" Richie closed his eyes, relaxing into the pillow below him.

Will patted the back of his hand, not commenting on what Richie had just said, "You'll survive. The doctor says you're going to be mobile in a few days. You've just got to stay relatively inactive for two weeks for the scars on your back to heal up."

"Oh, thank fuck… I thought I was never going to walk again…" Richie sighed with relief.

"Don't worry. It's pretty serious, but not so serious that you're disabled." Will spoke to him gently, "…I won't forget what you've done for me, Richie. It was very brave."

"I can't live without you… I had to go…" Richie told him like it was a selfish act.

Will shook his head, "Richie… you almost died trying to save me."

"It was worth it." Richie closed his eyes again, looking like he might pass out any second.

Will looked at him gently, watching as he slowly drifted away into a morphine dream. Will glanced at his back, remembering how much blood he had lost on the drive to the hospital. Will had sat in the

front seat with Hopper while Richie took up the back seat on his stomach. Will thought Richie was done for, never to see the light of day again. That part bothered him the most, the idea that he'd never see Richie again once he went into ER.

Richie spent several more nights in the hospital before he was released into the care of his mother who kept a watchful eye over him. Lying in the Wheeler's basement plenty of memories came to mind. He thought about all the holiday's he'd spent there, not to mention all the times he and Will had sex on the very futon he was lying on.

Lying around in the basement wasn't exactly ideal for Richie, but when he was able to walk around on his own, he took the initiative of climbing the stairs to sit in the living room. He watched shows with Holly on TV and let his mind relax for a while.

The radio station was supportive of him, understanding the situation without much convincing. They were a good crew, and Richie knew the moment he came back home he was going to have to give them all a raise.

On his final day in Hawkins, Richie called up Will from the basement to let him know he'd be leaving the following day. "This soon? Don't you have more healing to do?" Will asked with concern.

"Well, Dr. Byers… if you're so worried, why don't you come check up on me back home? I hear sexual healing is the latest trend." Richie suggested boldly.

"Very funny, Richie." Will said in response. "I'll be back in Los Angeles in about three weeks for my next comic's release, so coming earlier than that would be too many trips away from home. It wouldn't be fair to Layla."

Something about Will's response told Richie Will still hadn't made up his mind about coming back to L.A. or perhaps he had, and the answer was no. Richie decided if dates with Will once a month was all he had, he would take it. After all, having him a little was better than never at all.

“So, I guess I’ll have to take you out for dinner then. There’s plenty more places I’d love to take you.” Richie told Will, hiding his melancholy thoughts.

“Oh yeah? Are you sure you want to take me out? I feel like I should be taking you out again after everything you’ve done for me.” Will told him.

“I’m sure. If that’s the only time I’ll get to see you, I want it to be special.” Richie wiped a tear away from his eye as he considered the possibility of never living with Will ever again.

“Are you ok, Richie?” Will questioned, suddenly catching onto his mood.

“Yeah, I’m alright. I just…” Richie wiped his eye a second time to stop it from leaking, “I just know once a month when you have a comic out is our thing now and I want it to be memorable every time. That’s all.” Richie didn’t want to admit it to himself, but he was fishing for an answer of some sort.

“Well, I won’t have a comic out every month, but most months yes.” Will said, making Richie feel a bit sick.

“I should get packing. I’ll see you in a few weeks.” Richie said, hanging up immediately.

It was a blatant lie. He hadn’t brought a single thing with him to Hawkins. Even the clothing he was wearing were things Mike left behind. His chest hurt, but he knew it was something he’d have to get used to. Will wasn’t coming home. He was going to live in that shitty apartment forever by himself, with just the memories of Will to keep him company. With a sigh, he decided perhaps it was just how things were meant to be.

At least Will was in his life at all.

Notes for the Chapter:

Stay tuned for the final chapter!

25. At Last

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie wakes up to a knock at his door. Who could it be?

Chapter 25

Richie had spent two weeks moping around his apartment. He couldn't stop thinking about Will, and how much he missed their relationship. He felt depression creeping up on him, making him more antisocial than usual, to the point the losers took the time to call him every day to check in on him if they didn't see him. On the plus side, his back was much better, he didn't have to worry anymore about the pain, he'd even stopped taking his pain medication early, mostly out of fear of addiction.

Waking up around noon on a Monday morning to someone knocking franticly on his door was not the way Richie intended to wake up. "I'm coming! I'm coming!" He grumbled as he sauntered into the hallway in just his PJ pants and a promotional Trash Mouth Radio t-shirt. "This better be fucking good…" Richie grumbled as he unlocked the door.

When the door was fully opened, Richie froze as he came face to face with Will Byers. "Hey." Will smiled at him, "Can we come in?"

"We?" Richie looked around before realizing Layla was on a leash, "Oh! Of course." Richie found it odd that Will had brought Layla all the way from Hawkins, but he was too tired to make sense of it all.

Moving aside he noticed Will pulling along a large luggage bag. "Don't mind me, I was just sleeping before you arrived… I'm not totally fucking awake yet." Richie rubbed his face a little as Will unhooked Layla's leash before going into his luggage to pull out her water dish.

"That's ok. Sorry I woke you." Will smiled a little as he filled Layla's water dish in the sink before placing it on the floor where it used to

be.

Richie wasn't able to make sense of why Will had brought her in the first place, let alone why he brought her water dish from home as well. Will passed by Richie a second time to pull out Layla's dog bed, placing it on the floor in the living room where she used to sleep.

Without a moments notice, everything seemed to click into place in Richie's mind. "Wait… Will? Why did you bring Layla and all of her things… also… why did you bring so much luggage if you're just in the city for a few days?" Richie furrowed his brows. "Better yet, why would you stay here when you'd have your own room with the losers?"

Will smiled at him warmly before standing in front of him, "I thought about it." Will said making Richie's eyes light up.

"Yeah?" Richie smiled brightly.

"Yeah." Will rested both hands on Richie's shoulders, looking up at his face, "I trust you not to fall into the same destructive habits that broke us apart. I know it was circumstantial and you've worked hard at remaining clean and drug free. You've got your life together now… It's something I want to be part of."

Richie smiled, he hadn't felt that happy in over a year. Finally, he had Will back. Richie looked into Will's eyes, "We can take this as slow as you want. I won't rush anything. I just want you to feel comfortable-" Richie was cut off as Will cupped his face, pressing their lips together heatedly.

It was more than just a kiss, it was an invitation and Richie knew it. Wrapping his arms around Will, Richie lifted him off the ground. Will's legs locked around his hips as Richie pressed Will's back into the wall. Will's kiss became deeper as his pelvis began grinding against Richie's. "Mmm…" Richie groaned, erecting immediately as he felt Will's body rub against him.

Richie broke the kiss, "Will… are you sure?" He was breathing heavily as he looked into Will's eyes.

“I haven’t had sex with you in over a year. I want it.” Will said before leaning back in to kiss Richie deeply.

Without needing to be told twice, Richie carried Will to his bedroom, laying him down on the bed. Will immediately pulled his shirt from his body, tossing it on the floor so Richie could admire his smooth torso. Richie leaned down kissing along his chest. Running his fingers through Richie’s hair, Will enjoyed the attention he was getting.

Richie undid Will’s pants immediately, pulling them down along with his boxers. Once Will was lying naked before him, it felt like Richie was seeing it for the first time again. His eyes roamed Will’s body, “Fucking gorgeous…”

Will propped himself up on his arms so he was sitting up, “Come on, Richie…” Will begged.

“Hang on, I just have to get out my clothes before I can fuck you…” Richie grinned before he began pulling his shirt off, once it hit the floor, he got to work pulling off his PJ pants and boxers. Reaching into the drawer, Richie pulled out the lubricant.

Will gripped Richie by his hips, pulling him closer while he let his tongue drag along Richie’s torso slowly, he was so in the mood he was having trouble being patient. Richie watched as Will moved lower, taking his erection into his mouth. Richie groaned, “Fuck…” He pressed on Will’s head to make him stop, “If you don’t quit I’m going to blow my load before you even get my dick…” Richie warned before gently pushing Will onto his back.

Feeling a lubricated finger circling his opening, Will whined softly, “Oh God… put it in… I’m ready..." Will said as Richie pressed his finger inside.

“You sure?” Richie wasn’t sure how ready Will was after so long without activity of that nature.

“Yes, please just put it in.” Will urged desperately.

Richie lubricated himself before carefully inserting just the head of his erection. Will squeezed him tightly, making him groan as he

pressed into Will to the hilt. Moaning, it sounded to Richie that his boyfriend was anything but in pain. Moving his hips, he watched Will relax below him, as if he was getting the fix he needed. Biting his lip, Richie was having trouble focusing on anything other than how good it felt to be fucking Will once again.

“Richie! Oh my God!” Will moaned, gripping Richie’s shoulders as the lankier man rutted into him deeply.

“That’s it… keep talking…” Richie urged in his ear softly before his lips trailed down Will’s neck, “I love your voice.”

It sounded almost like a purr that came out of Will as he felt Richie’s mouth on his neck. “Richie… more! Please give it to me!” Will urged.

Richie bit his lower lip, bracing himself on the bed as he moved his hips much rougher into Will’s tightness. Groaning, Richie wasn’t sure how long he could last. They were both desperate to climax, it was something they both needed after being apart for so long.

“Richie! Oh yes!” Will cried out, wrapping his fingers around Richie’s mane, tugging it gently.

The feeling of his hair being pulled made Richie grunt before pumping his hips faster, utterly pounding into Will below him. “Oh God!” Will groaned before Richie’s mouth was on his.

Kissing him deeply, Richie didn’t let up, his muscles already feeling strained from activity his body wasn’t used to. As tired and sore as he was going to be after, nothing but Will could stop Richie at that point.

“God, I love you so fucking much.” Richie said between kisses as he trailed his lips along Will’s jaw, towards his neck. “I love you, Will.” Richie said in a breathy voice.

Will felt Richie start leaving hickies on his neck, “Richie… you’re so amazing, I love you so much.” Will purred as his body began building up.

“God I can’t believe this is real…” Richie whispered, kissing his neck sweetly as he continued to rut his hips, “… You’re so fucking

beautiful."

Will tightened around him, "Richie! Oh my God! I'm almost there!" Will was a wailing moaning mess below Richie, and there was no other way Richie wanted him in that moment, "Richie! Yes! Oh Yes!"

Rolling his eyes back a bit, Richie released as Will released. Feeling Will's seed coating his abdomen was a welcoming feeling. Both of them were panting heavily, their bodies spent. Richie rolled off Will, lying next to him on the bed. Looking down at his slowly softening penis, Richie grinned, "Welcome back, Cockzilla…"

Will giggled a bit, looking over at him with sweat glistening on his skin, "That felt so good… God I missed that…" Will rolled onto his side, his lips peppering over Richie's shoulder.

Richie smiled at Will warmly before he paused. "Wait a minute…" rolling onto his side, facing away from Will, Richie picked up the phone and began dialling a number.

Will moved closer to him, placing soft kisses over the scars on his back. "Hello?" A male voice on the other end of the line asked.

"Is this Stan?" Richie asked.

"Yes? Richie? What's going on?" Stan asked curiously.

"Get your fucking body ready, because one of these days I'm coming over and fucking the shit out of you." Richie announced excitedly as Will giggled softly in the background, his lips on Richie's back still.

"What…? Wait… are you and Will back together?" Stan asked suddenly.

"You fucking better believe it! Now, if you'll excuse me…" Richie glanced over his shoulder at Will who was spooning into him, "…I have a beautiful blonde boy in my bed to love on. I'll talk to you later, Stanley." Richie hung up on Stan before rolling over to hold Will with a smile.

"Did you really have to make that a priority?" Will smiled at him, not at all angry about Richie's fixation on fucking Stan, but instead very

amused.

“You bet your ass I did, but don’t worry, because before we go over there, you’re all mine and I’m your love slave for the rest of today and the rest of my life.” Richie leaned in pressing their lips together.

Will kissed him deeply, The feeling of being back together running through his chest pleasurably. “Let’s never break up again…”

“Agreed… although this make-up sex thing is pretty fucking dope.” Richie laughed as Will rolled his eyes.

“You would say that, you perv.” Will smiled, tracing his fingers over the scars on Richie’s back gently.

Richie looked at him more seriously for a moment, “Will Byers, would you marry me someday?”

Will smiled at him, “As soon as it becomes legal, I’ll marry you in a heartbeat, Richie Tozier.”

Richie looked at him warmly, “In the meantime, I’m buying you and I matching rings.”

“You don’t have to do that for me.” Will assured him.

“I don’t have to, but I really want to.” Richie looked into Will’s Earth toned eyes, “You’re everything I could ever want. I want people to know how much I love you.”

“Funny you should say that.” Will smiled gently, “You’re everything I could ever want as well.” Will pressed their lips together again.

Richie reached down, his hand cupping Will’s penis that was already hardening again. “Mmm…” Will pushed on his shoulders, “What are you doing?” Will asked with a smile.

“You’ve only come once… I think I want to make you come as many times as I can before nightfall.” Richie said before rolling Will onto his back, slowly sliding down his body.

Will watched as Richie kissed down his slender frame, before he felt a

mouth wrapping around the head of his erection. “Oh…” Will closed his eyes, melting into the bedding.

Richie moved his head slowly, taking his time with Will. Fingers ran through his black mane and he felt the tingles that followed. Will stared down at him, making soft noises that Richie had missed for the past year and a half. “Richie… I want on top of you…”

Popping off Will’s cock, Richie looked up at Will, “You’re going to have to give me some more time to get the bloodflow going. Let me take care of you for now.” Richie said before pressing two of his fingers inside of Will, watching his fingers curl into the pillow above his head.

“Oh God… I don’t know if I can come again this soon…” Will knew what Richie was capable of doing to him.

“I recall that you can.” Richie winked before wrapping his mouth around Will’s hardness once more.

Richie’s fingers pressed against his prostate, massaging it just the way Will liked it. He wrapped his legs around Richie’s shoulders, whimpering and whining as Richie was building him up again.

“Oh my God… Richie…” Will’s body was shaking, he loved what Richie was doing to him.

Richie rubbed his tongue around the underside of Will’s cock before he began slowly stroking it with his hand, “So, are you still opposed to sitting on my face? I’m kind of feeling it.”

Will shook his head, unable to hide a smile, “I’m not sitting on your face… oh my God… no matter how much you ask me…”

Richie smirked before grabbing Wills hips and flipping him onto his stomach swiftly. “Have it your way.” Richie said before dragging his tongue along Will’s opening.

Will moaned, his body still shaking as Richie pumped his cock with one hand, his tongue sliding inside of him. “Fuck! Oh my God! Richie! Let me fuck you!” Will begged, getting more fired up by the second.

Richie smacked his ass in response, making Will whimper as he was feeling slightly over stimulated. “Richie… please… I want to ride you.” Will begged.

Pulling his mouth back, Richie pressed his two fingers inside, still working Will’s shaft with the other hand, “I know you do, but its been so long since I’ve eaten you out and I’m enjoying myself.” Richie smirked, knowing full well he was driving Will insane.

“Please, Richie…” Will begged louder.

Richie smirked and rolled onto his back on the bed, his erection completely hardened once again. Will wasted no time, straddling his hips, inserting Richie’s hardness inside of him. Biting his lip, Richie gripped Will’s hips, watching as Will began moving at a speed that put Eddie to shame. “Oh God! Richie!”

“Fuck yes! Scream it!” Richie moaned blissfully as Will rode on top of him.

Will’s hair was damp, clinging to his forehead as he bounced quickly on top of Richie. “Richie! I love you so much! Oh God!”

“Will! Fuck! I love you too! Please don’t ever leave me again…” Richie was breathing heavily, his body heating up so much he felt like he had a fever of some sort.

“Never! Oh God!” Will began muttering almost incoherently, his body moving hard and fast on top of Richie.

Richie couldn’t help but fuck up into Will as Will came crashing down onto him. The friction was perfect, better than it had ever been before. Richie felt like he had died and gone to Heaven. There was no way anything real could feel that good.

“I’m close, Richie! So close!” Will announced, his hands moving to grip the wall above the bed.

“Fucking come, baby! I want you screaming!” Richie said as he began rubbing Will’s erection smoothly.

“Yes! Yes! Richie! You’re a fucking God! Oh yes!” Will screamed out,

his body reaching climax so hard he was seeing stars.

Richie felt his eyes rolling back into his skull as he released upon hearing Will calling him a God once again. “Oh fuck…”

Will rolled off Richie, lying next to him, both of them sweating and panting so hard they couldn’t touch one another right away. “Jesus fuck…. That…. Oh yes, I missed that…” Richie ran his fingers through his hair, panting heavily.

Smiling blissfully, Will looked over at Richie, “Let’s go have a shower and then sandwich Stan between us.”

Richie’s eyes lit up, “I love the way you think.”

Richie and Will both stumbled their way to the bathroom, dodging their dog as they began their shower together. They scrubbed each other down, both of them enjoying the shower immensely. It felt good to be showering together after so long apart. Richie hoped if he was dreaming he’d never wake up.

Will and Richie got dressed before heading out of the apartment to make their way to the loser’s house. The moment they parked, the two wasted no time heading up to the front door together, big smiles etched across their faces.

Bill opened the door, taking a moment to look them over with a smirk, “A-After you’re done with S-Stan, Eds and I are next.” Bill said matter-o-factly.

Will nodded, “Yes you are.”

Richie smirked at Bill as the two of them headed inside, “Stanley! We’re here to fuck you!” Richie called out.

“It’s so nice to see you back together again.” Ben said as he and Beverly passed by them in the hallway.

“Thank you, sir!” Richie saluted Ben.

“He’s upstairs.” Bev informed them.

“Thank you.” Will smiled at her brightly.

It seemed like sunshine was radiating from Will and Richie as they moved through the house. Eddie was seated on a bench by the big window on the second level of the house, reading a car magazine. He looked them both over with a smile, “Have fun, you two.” Eddie said before going back to the magazine.

Richie smirked at Eddie, “Always.”

Will waved at Eddie with a sweet smile before they opened Stan’s room without bothering to knock. Stanley was sitting at his computer desk, a spreadsheet open as he worked on some of his accounting forms. He whipped his head back at them, his blonde curls bouncing as he moved, “…Are you serious? Right now?” Stan asked surprised.

“Fuck yes!” Richie said as Will began pulling off his clothing starting with his t-shirt.

Stan’s eyes scanned over Will before he looked to Richie, “Well, I guess this is what I get for offering it once.”

Stan stood up from the computer chair, undoing the belt of his dress pants. Mike entered the room behind them, looking from Richie to Will for a moment before his eyes fell on Stan, “I get to watch, right?” Mike asked with a smile forming on his face.

“Of course you do!” Will smiled brightly.

Richie removed his clothing as Will sat on the bed, he let himself lie back, his knees bent as he looked over at Stan who had finally removed his last article of clothing. “For the record, I’m glad you two are back together again. You two made no sense apart.” Stan said to them.

“Aw, thank you.” Richie said before cupping Stan’s face, pressing their lips together.

Mike pulled lubricant from the dresser next to the bed, setting it next to Will before he took a seat on the computer chair looking quite pleased with what was about to take place, “I feel the same about you two. You belong together.”

Will smiled sweetly at Mike, “We’ll never be apart again.”

Richie looked at Stan, “You ready to fuck Will’s brains out while I fuck you?”

Stan looked into Richie’s eyes, “I can’t wait to fuck your boyfriend. You, I could resist.” Stan said, egging Richie on even more.

Richie chuckled before smacking Stan’s ass so hard he yelped, “Go get him.”

Stan climbed up Will’s body, reaching for the lubricant as their lips pressed together. Mike had the best seat in the house for what was going on.

Richie watched as Stan lubricated himself before slowly sliding into Will. The sounds of Will moaning softly only made Richie’s erection harder as he began rubbing lube onto his hardness. Climbing up behind Stan, he carefully inserted a lubricated finger inside of Stan’s opening to get him prepared. “I can’t fucking believe this is happening…” Richie grinned before he lined himself up with Stan’s ass.

Pressing himself inside, Richie let out a low groan, hunching over Stan in the process. Once the three were connected, Richie began rutting his hips, causing Stan to rut into Will. Stan groaned, his body clenching tightly around Richie.

“Fucking Hell, this is amazing!” Richie moaned as he thrust his hips hard in and out of Stan.

Will and Stan kissed passionately, their moans stifled as Richie continued to move them with each powerful thrust. “Oh God…“ Stan groaned as Will moved his mouth to his jawline, moving towards Stan’s neck.

Richie enjoyed the sounds coming out of Stanley as Will sucked a hickey onto his pale shoulder, a place he could easily hide a hickey. “How’s it feel to fuck us, Stan?” Richie asked breathlessly.

“Shit! I love it!” Stan moaned, his hands bracing on the headboard, listening to it bang against the wall repeatedly with each thrust.

“Fucking right!” Richie smirked as he reached down, rubbing Stan’s balls as they continued to move together, “You’re fucking Will so good… shit…”

Richie observed as Will, who was already over stimulated, arched his back, wreathing below them both. “Yes! Oh God! Don’t stop! Both of you! Don’t stop, please!” Will screamed as he was reaching his climax.

Stan seemed more and more into what was happening as he focused on Will’s hard orgasm below him. Richie rutted harder, making Stan release next. “Oh shit! Oh shit!” Stan moaned, his back arching.

“That’s right Stanley. Come on my cock, you know you want to…” Richie taunted.

Stan released into Will with a whining moan, his body falling limp onto Will as Richie spilled into his tightness. “Fuck yes!” Richie cried out, feeling beyond blessed in that moment.

Mike watched them go limp, piling on top of each other. “That was impressive. Was that everything you hoped for, Richie?” Mike asked with a smirk.

Richie looked back, moving his damp curls out of his eyes, “Fuck yes… it was amazing…” Richie smiled back at him.

“Can you get out of me now?” Stan asked looking back at him.

“No, I want to savour this forever… I finally fucked Stan Uris in the ass!” Richie announced excitedly, making Will giggle below them.

“Get out of me before I hurt you.” Stan warned.

“Fine, fine.” Richie complied, pulled out and sitting on his knees.

Stan climbed off Will, his hair looking messy as Will had ran his fingers through it during their time together. Will looked rather pleased, rolling onto his side, “I liked that a lot.”

“Now you have to fuck the rest of the household, or at the very least, Bill and Eddie. They’ve missed you two, you know?” Mike reminded

them.

“We’re gonna have to stop fucking for a little while before we can do that, but it’ll be nice to fuck them again.” Richie said, the glint back in his eyes that had been missing for the duration of his and Will’s breakup.

Will smiled up at Richie. It was nice to see the fire ignited back in him.

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Both the losers club and the party were pleased to hear about their reconnection. Everyone knew they belonged together, so the very idea of them being apart for so long was bothersome. To celebrate properly, Will invited the party up to California, Richie helping with their tickets and hotel rooms.

Richie had given the losers a stern talking to about not bringing out their swinger side in front of the party. Everyone had promised not to expose them, not that it was anyone else’s business anyhow.

The losers and the party both hung out on the beach together. It was a fun experience for all of them. Max was pleased to see the ocean again. It was one of the few things she had missed since moving away from California.

Richie spotted Stan looking over his cousin every so often. It amused him to no end. “Will… is it just me, or is Stan eye-fucking my cousin?” Richie whispered as they sat together on the same beach towel while their friends played a game of volleyball together.

Will giggled, “He’s totally eye-fucking your cousin, but then again, so are Eddie and Bill.”

Richie held his arm around Will’s shoulders as the three girls amongst their friends began talking to each other. Beverly didn’t often spend time with girls, so it was interesting to see her around Max and Eleven. They all seemed comfortable with one another. Not that Will doubted they’d get along, but it felt so surreal having both groups of friends together.

Mike Hanlon and Lucas bonded almost instantly as did Dustin and Ben. Will smiled a little, just observing his friends as Richie held him. It made him happy to be surrounded by so many people he loved, he let his guard down, resting his head on Richie's shoulder as they sat together.

"I'm so happy we asked the party to come here." Will spoke softly.

"I am too. Everyone gets along better than I expected." Richie nodded.

"I think it just goes to show our relationship was meant to be. Everyone we love gets along." Will smiled.

"I know our relationship is meant to be because I can't fucking live without you, and I think you can't live without me too." Richie rubbed Will's shoulder gently.

Will thought about it for a moment, but he knew how true Richie's words were. He really couldn't live without him unless he wanted to be alone forever. He loved Richie too much to ever move on fully. Now that they were back together, Will and Richie had everything they needed to be happy.

Kissing Richie on the lips, Will ran his fingers gently along Richie's jaw. Public affection had been a new thing for Will and Richie since they rekindled their relationship. They were much less worried about public criticism, especially Will. Still, it didn't mean they were clear of public criticism by any means.

"Seriously? That's fucking disgusting!" Someone not very far away exclaimed breaking Will and Richie from their kiss only to look up at three rather rude twenty-year-old males with ripped abs and swim shorts.

"Hey! Don't you idiots have anything better to do than harass a couple on the beach?" Mike Wheeler had abandoned the volleyball game with his friends to defend Will and Richie.

Eleven was by his side rather quickly, only for Eddie and Bill to come stand next to Mike. Richie and Will got to their feet immediately,

Richie lacing his fingers with Will's, a protest to the three jerks who just insulted them. "They're a couple alright, a couple of disgusting homos." The man with the sandy blonde hair scoffed at them.

"Are you guys really gonna take a tantrum over a gay couple? From what I hear, it's usually gay guys that are closeted that have the most homophobia in them." Stan said walking up to stand next to Bill, Mike Hanlon following him.

"Nice try Shirly Temple, but its written in the bible." The man with the most medium brown hair spoke up.

"So… either you're a bunch of virgins who follow the bible completely, or you're a bunch of hypocritical morons who just picks out what they want from the bible because they're insecure and can't be happy for other people." Mike Wheeler shrugged, "So which is it?"

"We're not fucking virgins; you guys are nasty fucking homos." The blonde shouted at them.

"Oh, you don't like gay people?" Eddie asked before grabbing Bill's face, pressing their lips together.

Mike Hanlon wrapped his arms around Stan, pressing their lips together in support of Bill and Eddie.

Dustin grabbed Lucas's hand, "Yeah… fuck off." Dustin shouted at them.

"Yeah, you really don't want to fight a whole army of gay people, now do you?" Mike Wheeler asked pointedly.

The guys made a disgusted face at as he realized they weren't going to stop the losers club and the party now that they were standing their ground , "Are you fucking serious?! Let's get out of here… Wouldn't want to catch what ever AIDs they have." One of the darker haired males said before heading off with his friends.

Richie looked over at his friends with a grin, "Nice save."

Lucas and Dustin let go of each others' hands, "God, you're sweaty…" Lucas complained as he wiped his hand on his shorts.

“I’m sorry Lucas, its just warm out here.” Dustin scoffed.

“You guys are amazing.” Will smiled at his friends, “Thank you so much for defending us like that.”

Mike Wheeler smiled at him, “Hey, love is love. If you two are happy, that’s what matters the most.”

Max laced her fingers with Lucas’s, “This is the one time I approve of you stealing my boyfriend like that, Dustin.”

Dustin chuckled a bit, “Let’s get back to our game, I was winning.”

Richie and Will sat back down on the beach towel only for Mike Wheeler and Eleven to sit next to them. “So, I hear you two are planning on moving in with these guys.” Mike said looking over at them squinting.

Will smiled and nodded, “Yeah, they’ve fixed up the house they’re in to increase the value and we’re going to get a place just on the outside of L.A. so we’re close to work, but out of the city scene.”

Mike smiled and nodded, “They seem pretty cool. I really like your friends, Richie.”

Richie grinned, “Thanks, Mikey. You and your friends are always welcome to stop in for a visit. I know it’s a bit of a fucking distance, but still.”

“Well I don’t mind the travel for the people I care about.” Mike smiled at him.

Eleven ran her fingers through Mikes hair gently before whispering, “Ice cream.”

Will smiled a bit at that before Mike looked back at them, “We’re going to go get ice cream. You guys want anything?” Mike asked.

“I think we’ve got everything we need here.” Will smiled as he played with Richie’s fingers gently.

Mike smiled, “See you shortly.” Getting up, Mike and Eleven headed

for the canteen.

Richie looked at Will, “Are you excited for the move?”

Will nodded, “Yeah. It’ll be nice to be with our friends, but more importantly, I’m happy anywhere you are.”

Richie smiled, “As you should, because I’m not going anywhere without my beautiful fiancé.” Richie grinned kissing the back of Will’s hand, Will’s new gold ring glimmering in the sun.

Leaning into Richie, Will smiled, closing his eyes. After everything they’d been through, Will knew he and Richie were forever. That was enough for Will.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Thank you so much for sticking we me to the end of this one! I know it was a long and hard (heh heh) road, but we made it! Don't worry, the Ryers ISN'T over. I have more in the works for these two, so check back soon! I love you all!

Author's Note:

> If you have any thoughts, comments, or feelings you'd like to leave with me, please do! Reviews feed my soul, and help me survive!